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Sold Every Week

May 10, 1967

Registered in Australia for  
transmission by post as a  
newspaper.

*The Australian*  
**WOMEN'S WEEKLY**

PRICE

**15c**

New Zealand 1/6 (15c)  
New Guinea 33c  
Malaysia \$1.00

**MIGRANTS  
HAVE THEIR  
SAY ON  
LIFE HERE**

**LIFT-OUT  
COOKBOOK:  
ALL ABOUT  
PASTRY**

*Make a mad cap for skiing . . . directions, page 2*



# The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

Overseas prices of The Australian Women's Weekly: New Guinea, 35c; New Zealand, 1/6; Malaysia, \$1.00 (Malaysian currency).

Head Office: 168 Castlereagh St., Sydney. Letters: Box 4088WW, G.P.O.

Melbourne: Newspaper House, 247 Collins St., Melbourne. Letters: Box 195C, G.P.O.

Brisbane: 81 Elizabeth St., Brisbane. Letters: Box 409F, G.P.O.

Adelaide: 24-26 Halifax St., Adelaide. Letters: Box 388A, G.P.O.

Perth: C/o Newspaper House, 125 St. George's Terrace, Perth. Letters: Box 491G, G.P.O.

Tasmania: Letters to Sydney address.

Printed by Compres Printing Ltd., of 168 Castlereagh St., Sydney, at 61-63 O'Riordan St., Alexandria, for the publisher, Australian Consolidated Press Ltd., of 168-174 Castlereagh St., Sydney.

MAY 10, 1967

Vol. 34, No. 50

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## TO CROCHET OUR COVER MAD CAP

● The mad cap on our cover—pulled down well over the ears and with cut-outs for eyes—would make a conversation piece in any ski wardrobe.

Here are directions to crochet the cap:

**Materials:** 4 balls Emu Sports; No. 6 crochet hook; small amount contrast yarn.

Use yarn double and work in h.t.r. into back loop only. Make 3 ch., join into a ring.

**1st Round:** Work 6 h.t.r. into ring.

**2nd Round:** Inc. to 12 h.t.r.

**3rd Round:** Inc. to 16 h.t.r.

**4th Round:** Inc. to 20 h.t.r.

**5th Round:** Inc. to 26 h.t.r.

**6th Round:** Inc. to 30 h.t.r.

**7th Round:** Inc. to 36 h.t.r.

**8th Round:** Inc. to 42 h.t.r.

**9th Round:** Inc. to 46 h.t.r.

**10th Round:** Inc. to 50 h.t.r.

**11th Round:** Inc. to 60 h.t.r.

**12th to 19th Rounds:**

Work 60 h.t.r.

**20th Row:** Work 38 h.t.r.,

turn, crochet over these 38

sts. for 3 rows. Then make

32 ch., join across opening

to other side of 38 sts. Work

2 rows over all sts. Fasten

off. Rejoin yarn to 9th st. on

upper edge of opening. Work

6 h.t.r., turn, work 5 h.t.r.,

turn, work 4 h.t.r., fasten off.

Stitch these 4 sts. to lower

edge of opening. Crochet

one row double crochet in

contrast yarn round eye-holes.

# He'll put Paris in the swim

—John Konrads coach to  
multi-million-dollar  
French country club

By BARBARA MARTYN

**S**OMEONE taking French lessons doesn't make a story — unless the person is someone like Olympic swimming star John Konrads, and the reason is a new job at a multi-million-dollar country club near Paris.

John left last month, flying to Paris via Tahiti and Los Angeles, where he planned to visit friends he had made during two and a half years at university there.

John called in before leaving for Paris to tell us about his fabulous offer — and about his French lessons.

"I first heard about the job two years ago through my friend Lew Hoad, who knows the president of the club very well," John said.

"The club was then in the planning stage, and they had decided to try to get world-renowned sporting figures to run their various sporting facilities. They approached me to run the swimming activities."

"Building has been under way since then and they have now completed more than half the construction, including the outdoor swimming-pool."

"The club is called International Club du Lys and is

at Chantilly, about 25 miles from Paris. A total of \$18 million will be spent on it.

"When completed it will have a 600-room guest house and more than 100 apartments for members' private weekenders. There will be an outdoor and an indoor swimming-pool, both heated. The 50-metre-square outdoor pool has a restaurant in the middle with underwater observation panels, and the indoor pool will be 25 metres square."

"There will be two 18-hole golf courses and 50 tennis courts."

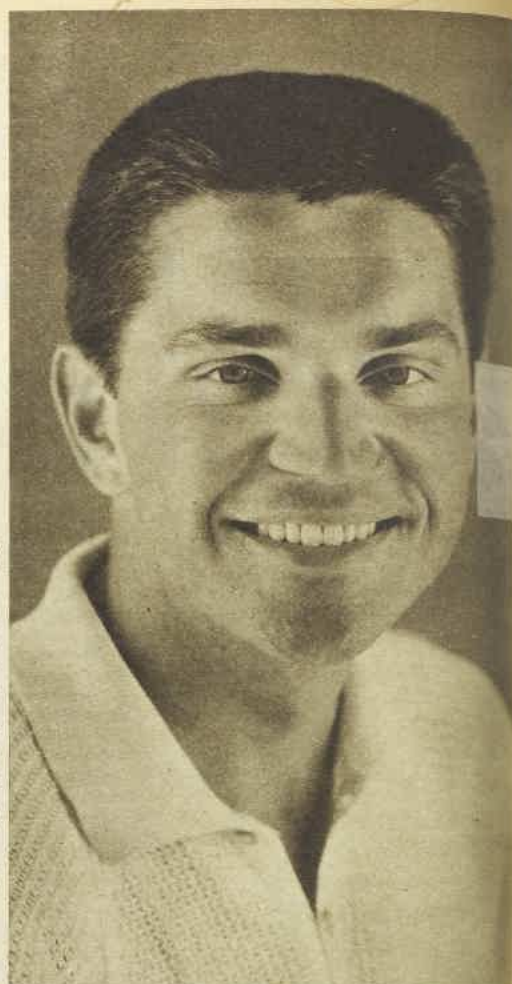
"There are also horse riding facilities on the grounds. I'm not sure how large the grounds are, but there must be several hundred acres."

"It's a private club, financed by member subscriptions," John said. "Membership has been limited to 3000 families, who each pay \$5000 for life membership, plus annual dues."

"This is an American idea. Many such clubs already exist in America, but this could be the first club of its kind in Europe."

"The club is situated in a very popular area, near the Chantilly racecourse. The Aga Khan has a house there, and so do some of the Australian jockeys who work in Europe and ride at the Chantilly course."

"Will any other Australian



John Konrads, one of the greatest names in Australian swimming, began his international career when he was 14 at the 1956 Games.

sporting personalities be employed by the club?" I asked.

"No, I don't think so. I understand they have a French golfer and a French tennis champion for those two activities," he said.

"My job may be only seasonal if they don't finish the indoor pool in the near future. If that's the case, I will come back to Australia to work for the summer. In fact, I would prefer it that way. But I will be working with the club for an initial 18 months, anyway."

"I will give swimming tuition at the club and also organise swimming events, possibly a club swimming team, and pool maintenance."

"My main interest will be to organise a swimming team. In Europe it is the private clubs, and not municipalities, who sponsor swimming teams."

"This is one of the reasons why there are more opportunities overseas to make living out of sport. The money I will be earning there is very good, and certainly a lot more than I could ever hope to earn here."

"I want to make sport my career. It is what I love best and like most."

"Does this mean Australia might be losing one of its greatest swimmers?"

"Not for good, if I can help it. I would always want to make Australia my permanent home."

Of his French lessons John said:

"I had a tourist-agent in French already, and since taking private lessons I feel it has improved very much. I expect many of the guests at the club will be able to speak English, anyway. I can also speak German, which may be of some use. (John was born in Latvia and his family lived in Germany for some years before coming to Australia.)"

"I am looking forward to seeing Europe again. I was there for the 1958 Commonwealth Games and the 1960 Olympics, but didn't have much time to look around."

"My sister, Ilse, will also be touring Europe this year, and I will see her in France."



Konrads (right) at the moment of his greatest triumph, when he won the gold medal for the 1500 metres freestyle at Rome in 1960, is hugged by his countryman Murray Rose, who came second.



# Australian hostesses at Expo 67

—their bright uniforms are much admired

● How high above the knee should an Australian girl wear her hemline to be eye-catching but discreet? The answer is 3in. "more or less."

THIS is the opinion of the 21 girls representing their country at the Australian Pavilion at Expo 67, the giant world fair, which opened in Montreal last month.

"There's no official ruling about it," said Virginia Young, of Canberra, as she ironed her dress carefully the night before the pavilion's all-important international Press preview. "We just more or less settled on this length. English hostesses wear theirs a lot shorter, but we aren't entering any competition."

The "Mademoiselles Australiennes," as the French-speaking Canadians call them, are probably right. Even without mini-skirts, the girls in their "hot orange" uniforms are proving one of Australia's biggest attractions at Expo 67.

Well-dressed, beautiful hostesses have become commonplace at the Expo site, but the Australians have received more than their share of accolades — either envious glances at their uniforms from other hostesses, blowing car horns, or simply whistles from local workers.

The girls enthusiastically approve their uniforms and are relieved at not having

By TED SHEIL, in Montreal

to wear hats like hostesses from most other countries.

"The hot orange color compared with the colors of the other hostesses' uniforms has been very successful," said Sue Wallace, 23, of Sans Souci, N.S.W. "It's striking but not flamboyant."

The girls, apart from some early shocks over the cold weather and the cost of living, "wouldn't miss Expo for the world."

They expressed surprise at reports from Australia that they were unhappy about their accommodation in a block of two-bedroom apartments.

"Of course they're a little small. We have trouble all cooking our eggs in the kitchen in the morning, and only one bathroom makes it a little difficult," said 21-year-old Meg Fraser, of Mosman, N.S.W.

"But we are very happy. With all the Australian staff living on two floors of the apartment house, the flats have become a home away from home."

The girls receive about \$65 a week and pay \$8 a week rent. "Our salary is enough to live on and we aren't on the poverty line," said Meg. "But most of the girls had expected to save money, and this is very difficult."

"The cost of living is astronomical compared with home. A shampoo and set costs \$3 to \$6. A good warm coat about \$180, and cosmetics are terribly expensive."

"Good steak is \$2 a pound and it costs us 90 cents a day to get back and forth from Expo."

The girls have received scores of invitations to parties, but mostly go as groups.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — May 10, 1967



SOME OF THE HOSTESSES at the Australian Pavilion at Expo 67. From the front, they are Supervisor Rosemary Fenton, Helen Ward, Ann Aczel, Lyn Harper, Barbara Hudson, Hedy Glesinger, Meg Fraser, Jenny Knight, Virginia Young, Rosalind Roberts, Sandy Lucas, Caroline Hannaford, Annette Crothers, Renata Werner, Fiona Spence, and Kay Swinney. All say their Expo jobs are a marvellous experience.

"It's not so much that there's safety in numbers, but simply that the invitations are for a group, and we get on so well together that we mix mainly among ourselves," said Helen Ward, 23, of the Sydney suburb of Willoughby.

There have been exceptions, however, and some of the girls who have been out with Canadians and Americans have found a big difference between them and Australian men.

They find Canadian men of French extraction more gentlemanly and charming than those of British extraction.

"The British-Canadians seem to model themselves on the American men, and many seem egotistical compared with the boys back home," said one girl. "The French-Canadians are quite charming, however, particularly if you know a couple of French phrases. They seem tremendously pleased that you at least try to understand their language."

The only trouble is this encourages them

to speak even more French and this can lead to a very bewildering evening."

In crowds, the Australian girls agree, the motto of North American men seems to be to treat women "rough and tough."

"In Australia, you might not really expect to get a seat in a bus or train," said a girl who travels to Expo every day. "But at least in Australia a girl doesn't have to fight to get on public transport."

The girls find interest in Australia intense, but superficial. "Everyone expresses interest, but questions are mainly confined to the Australian weather — especially during the cold weather here, to sportsmen, and, of course, kangaroos and koalas," said 20-year-old Renata Werner, of Perth.

Renata says the ignorance of Australia even in Commonwealth countries sometimes surprises the girls. "When we visited the Ceylon Pavilion we were complimented on our good command of English," she said.

Country girl Barbara Hudson, 21, of Barham, N.S.W., has become the girls'

unofficial expert on kangaroos. "The girls get asked all sorts of questions about them — even whether a kangaroo has a fur-lined pouch," she said.

Besides studying Australian history and geography, the girls spend their off-duty time learning details of the Australian pavilion's exhibits. But there's time for relaxation, too.

Caroline Hannaford, 24, of Melbourne, and her apartment friends have been delighted by the variety and standard of Montreal's many small restaurants. Most of the girls also have become ice-hockey fans.

Lyn Harper, 22, of Adelaide, says the girls were a little depressed during the cold weather of the first four weeks after their arrival, but spring and the promise of summer have cheered everyone.

"I think we miss the sunshine most of all, and we never seemed to be warm outdoors," she said.

"But that's a small price to pay for the experience we are having. Where else will we ever get the chance to meet and work with people from just about every country in the world?"

Picture by ROBERT FELDMAN





**RAIN OR SHINE** a red, white, and blue checked scarf and smoky-blue clip-on visor protect the hostess' hairdo and make-up between flights.



**BASICALLY ALL WHITE**, the new wardrobe includes a rain-suit of a wrap-around kilt with a matching water-repellent cape (left). Outfit can be topped with the reversible navy-and-white cape coat. Boots and carry-all are shiny white vinyl.



**COVERALL SMOCK** in peppermint stripes is made of paper and is completely disposable. It snaps on to protect the mini-dress when the hostess is serving meals.

# HIGH FASHION TEST FLIGHTS

● An American airline has had a smart mod sample wardrobe designed for some of its hostesses to wear on selected flights to test passenger reaction. Comments so far indicate hearty approval, and it seems likely that the outfits will become the new official uniform.



**HOW THEY USED TO LOOK** In 1933 (far right), hostesses wore a man-tailored, double-breasted suit in dark wool. It was worn with a shirt and tie until 1936, when it was replaced by a single-button jacket and a burgundy-colored blouse (second from right). As this picture shows, the close-fitting suit and little cap have survived with few variations until recent years.

**STRETCH-KNIT** mini flight dress (below), worn with fishnet stockings and snub-toe white vinyl shoes, is washable for easy care. Hostesses also wear a red, white, and blue bow at the back of the head and a red, white, and blue vinyl belt. Washable gloves with fishnet cut-out complete the flattering new wardrobe.







● Casting director Hilary Linstead in front of pictures of some of the 700 names in her advertising agency's casting list.

## Actress is a casting director

● Providing a soup can with a "foody" voice, producing a typical English Guards officer or a realistic housewife, or approaching good-looking young men she spots in the street — it's all part of the daily routine for slim, red-headed Englishwoman Hilary Linstead.

— "An unselfconscious child's expression is winner," she says

**ALTHOUGH,** Hilary said, laughing, "I've become a bit wary about approaching young men.

"They mostly think I'm trying to pick them up when I ask them if they would like a screen test. You can imagine how embarrassing that becomes."

Hilary Linstead, 28 ("I am not bashful about my age"), an English actress who came to Australia seven years ago, is casting director for a big Sydney advertising agency.

She casts all the agency's TV and radio commercials, Press ads, and an occasional cinema film, finding exactly the right personality to taste soup, vacuum a floor, eat ice-cream or potato chips, use a shampoo, smoke a cigarette, wash clothes or dishes—and the right voice to extol the virtues of the product.

Wherever she is, she is constantly studying faces and voices.

She has an acute sense of fun and incredible energy. Her professional training comes through in the theatrical

gestures she uses to illustrate a story, in the warm English-accented voice, in her throaty, infectious laugh.

Her job is demanding. Although her firm's casting list is constantly being pruned, it never contains fewer than 700 names.

And no matter what the commercial's script calls for, Hilary is expected to produce it — quickly.

Hilary's love of the theatre stemmed from the time she left school and wanted to act. Her father, Sir Patrick Linstead, rector of the Imperial College of Science and Technology, thought acting a most unstable profession, and sent her to Geneva to study French.

But, as red hair and determination usually go together, she joined the only English-language repertory company in Geneva.

Since coming to Australia she has toured New South Wales and Queensland as understudy and assistant stage manager with a company formed by the Arts Council of Australia, done radio work for the ABC, and acted in a Terence Rattigan

play, "Harlequinade," for ABC-TV.

She formed her own amateur dramatic company and came second in a British Drama League Festival of one-act plays with her production of Molnar's "President." In another year she came third with "Billy Liar," in which she acted as well as produced.

Hilary was offered her present job when she called in for a TV test. She accepted

aided and abetted by their parents, they rarely have minds of their own.

"Their glitter is a little too brittle for the naturalness we want. Also, they are very adult in their criticism of another's performance.

"I remember one boy who, coming face to face with a girl on the set, turned to the director and said, 'Surely I don't have to work with HER again, do I?' He was all of eight.

By GLORIA NEWTON

it on the condition that she was allowed to continue with as much freelance acting as she could fit in.

"It is a combination that has proved excellent for the job," she said. "I belong to a company that tours Sydney schools, so I can watch children reacting to the theatre and pick out suitable 'possibles' for TV."

She finds professional child actors unsatisfactory.

"Child actors lack self-confidence and spontaneity. They are over-precocious. If they are being encouraged or

"I look for children in schools, at theatres showing children's programs and Christmas pantomimes.

"Also I have good contacts with dancing schools — teachers send any pretty kids along to me. They can pick out the ones who won't be camera-shy and are uninhibited.

"If you can catch a completely unselfconscious child's expression on camera, it is a winner."

Hilary's pride and joy at the moment is a closed-circuit TV which allows her

to conduct an instant screen test in the room next to her office.

"Now when someone comes in wanting TV work, all I have to do is put them in front of the camera and see if they come across satisfactorily," she said.

At the moment she is also concentrating on finding fresh voices for commercials — the unseen voices heard on television screens.

"We have been hearing the voices of the same commercial announcers and disc jockeys for so long they sound similar and people cease to listen," she said.

"I was quite desperate recently when I wanted a voice for a 'talking' soup can. Listening to TV one night I heard just the voice — a well-known actor who was pretty new to TV — so I grabbed him and he was marvellous. He has such a beautiful 'foody' voice.

"There's no routine really about this job. I thought for a while I was stuck when I was asked for a distinguished-looking English-type gentleman of about forty.

"I had a bright idea. I

rang a couple of Navy bases and one invited me to meet its officers. I had a marvellous time being plied with food and liquor and I found the exact type needed. He thought it was all good fun.

"But, in general, you must have trained adult actors and actresses.

"I'm always on the lookout for presentable young people for cigarette commercials. As I said, it has proved embarrassing to approach them in the street, so now we get a lot from the daily social columns.

"If they look good and seem photogenic, my secretary tracks them down and asks them if they would like to do a TV commercial. Most say, 'We'd love it.'

"They are not asked to speak lines.

"For just a visual-impact family situation, we can use people-in-the-street, people who are really believable in such situations.

"Here I often call on my friends, their friends, people I might meet at parties. The average housewife usually enjoys a few hours at a studio and earning \$20."





## Shining hair, so beautifully held ...it's the loveliness of Gossamer

Gossamer keeps your hair beautifully in place without stickiness or lacquer. There's no dulling film with new Gossamer . . . it's diamond bright to keep your hair shining. Gossamer accents

the natural beauty of your hair with lustrous highlights. Gossamer brushes right out leaving your hair with a just-washed feeling. Everything you want a hairspray to do, Gossamer does best.





SAYS A FRIEND OF THE ABORIGINES:

# "Let's tell the world there's only one Australian, and his color doesn't matter at all"

By KAY KEAVNEY

"I wanted to understand," said Faith Bandler. "I wanted to know why a man should be an outcast in his own country just because his skin is black."

FAITH had just been elected—at a packed meeting of Aborigines and whites—to direct the N.S.W. campaign for a Yes vote in the Aboriginal rights referendum on May 27.

She has fought all her life for what she sees as a question of human dignity.

Her own skin is deep café-au-lait. She has not one drop of Aboriginal blood. Her father was Melanesian, from the New Hebrides. Her mother was part-Scotts, part-Indian.

But she is colored, she knows what prejudice and poverty mean. She grew up, one of a family of eight, near Murwillumbah, N.S.W.

Time till the referendum is very short, the job is enormous, even if Faith could work at it full-time. Funds are almost nil, unless a sympathetic public rallies to help.

Substantially, the campaign is being run from the living-room of the house in the Sydney suburb of French's Forest where Faith lives with her Viennese-born engineer husband, Hans, her daughter, Lilon, 12, and foster-son, Peter, 10.

The telephone begins ringing at about 8 a.m. and goes on till past midnight.

"If I want to snatch a shower or a cup of coffee," said Faith, "I have to put cushions over the phone."

Meanwhile, she cares for her family and deals with the household chores, along with her other honorary jobs as executive of the Aboriginal-Australian Fellowship and the Council for the Advancement of Aborigines and Torres Strait Islanders.

She also speaks to in-

numerable groups on the cause for which she fights.

There is nothing of the battle-axe about Faith. She is small and very attractive, with lively eyes, musical voice, and ready smile.

And she is singularly free from bitterness.

Formerly Faith Mussing, she was the second last of the four boys and four girls of a struggling share-farmer.

"We were all Depression kids," she said "We lived in an old place outside Murwillumbah. My father grew bananas, sharing the farm with a white man. We played with his family.

"Looking back, I had a happy childhood, though we were desperately poor.

"My father was a wonderful gardener—he grew all our fruit and vegetables—and, in fact, a remarkable man.

"You never knew anyone so independent! He would take absolutely nothing for nothing. And he'd never take an insult on account of his color. So we all grew up the same. We were all fiercely independent. We'd always have the last word, even if we had to fight for it.

"My mother was a very gracious person, with a beautiful speaking and singing voice. If she could afford to give us a present, it was always a book.

"She cared greatly about education, and taught us to care. We all wanted to go on at school, but when I was only six or seven my father died, and she was left with the eight of us.

"So I had very little formal schooling. But I read. We all did. I've always read everything I could get my hands on. Music and books are my two great loves.

"My elder brothers immediately left school. They were magnificent horsemen, and could turn their hands to anything on a farm.

"But when it came to the girls' turn, finding work wasn't so easy. Because of our color, we couldn't work in any of the town restaurants, or, in fact, anywhere public.

"I joined the Land Army in 1941 and worked in the Irrigation Area and other places for three years.

"We girls worked very hard, and among us was a man who did very little but got twice the pay we did. That was when I began to feel angry about another

"I really wanted a musical career. I learned piano for a short time, and had my voice trained. But the other work made it impossible. Soon, helped by a sympathetic benefactor, I was giving it all my time.

"I met Hans at a concert. "Being Jewish, he had known prejudice, too. Only his brother in England is left of all his family. The Nazis killed the rest, and Hans himself was in Dachau.

"Fortunately, a wealthy and influential aunt got him out before World War II and he came here.

"Hans and I had so much in common, but my work took me abroad, studying

## "YES"-VOTE ENTHUSIAST HAS CAMPAIGNED FOR YEARS

kind of discrimination—discrimination against women—and it's an anger I've never lost.

"I met absolutely no discrimination from the other Army girls. Eric Baume's daughter, Nancy, was with us, and she became a close friend.

"After the war I came to Sydney and lived in an attic in Woolloomooloo. That's when I made my first public speech on civil rights, on the same platform as the poet Roland Robinson.

"People like William Hatfield were in the audience, and somehow I found myself making many friends among writers.

"More and more I spoke publicly on the whole question of the dignity of dark people.

and lecturing. I spoke in many places about the problems of dark people. But I began to see that I wasn't very well informed.

"When I came back I was determined to learn, to understand why a man should be an outcast in his own country just because his skin is black.

"I went out among the Aborigines. I went to the stations, wherever they were, and talked to them. Especially I talked to the women.

"In June, 1952, Hans and I were married.

"For the next five years, on the weekends, we built our house at French's Forest practically with our own hands.

"Our daughter, Lilon Gretel, was born in 1954. Lilon is a name from the

New Hebrides, and Gretel is for Hans' Vienna.

"Lilon was born to the sound of the telephone ringing. It was just about this time that the Aboriginal-Australian Association was founded—in our flat.

"In 1957, a Federal body was formed, the Council for the Advancement of Aborigines and Torres Strait Islanders.

"That telephone has been ringing ever since."

Faith is determined that her children will have as normal a life as possible, and as good an education.

Young Lilon is in first year at high school. She has often been a guest on "The Quiz Kids," the television program for brilliant children.

Ten-year-old Peter came to the Bandlers as a troubled little Aboriginal child of three.

"He'd had a terrible time," Faith told me. "Until the Welfare Department took him, this little baby had to fend for himself. His experience wasn't untypical of Aboriginal children of poor homes, living on the fringes of a prejudiced town. He'd never drunk anything but water, and the only food he knew was scraps of bread or sometimes lollies."

Peter is now happy and healthy, good at sport, loves school, and, like all the Bandlers, is an inveterate reader.

With warm pleasure, Faith said, "I've been instrumental in finding foster-homes for many Aboriginal children, and that includes white homes.

"I just don't believe one kind of person is inferior to another. All that is needed

is opportunity, and above all a sense of dignity.

"And a Yes vote on May 27 can open new doors for all the Australians who happen to be black.

"A Yes vote will mean that the Aboriginal people can come under Commonwealth law and derive all those benefits which only the Federal Government can give them.

"At the moment, for census purposes, they're not even counted as existing. A Yes vote will change that.

"Aborigines are the only Australians who live under six separate laws, one for each State.

"They need education, training. I should like to see money allocated by the Federal Government—if the Referendum empowers it to do so—for education, and that includes adult education.

"Especially I want help for Aboriginal mothers. And a bigger allocation for housing, because housing is at the heart of the matter.

"And I want to see Aborigines standing as candidates for Parliament. Of course, they'll need political training. But the fact is that Aboriginal leaders are already emerging. This campaign for a Yes vote is actually being led by them, with strong white support.

"The eyes of the world are on Australia and her handling of black Australians. Not only Asia is watching but Africa and the whole Western world.

"That one word 'Yes' on May 27 will open the door for real reform. It will tell the world at large that there is only one Australian, and his color doesn't matter at all."



FAITH BANDLER with her Austrian-born husband, their daughter, Lilon, and Aboriginal foster-son, Peter.



# AUSTRALIA SQUARE TOWER

## DOMINATES SKYLINE

**A**USTRALIA'S tallest building, the Australia Square Tower, shown below, is now structurally complete.

Dominating Sydney's skyline, it is the tallest lightweight concrete building in the world — 600ft. high with 50 storeys, 46 above street-level.

The Tower was built at the rate of four floors every five weeks and the first section will be occupied within two or three months. The remainder is expected to be filled early next year, when it will be opened officially.

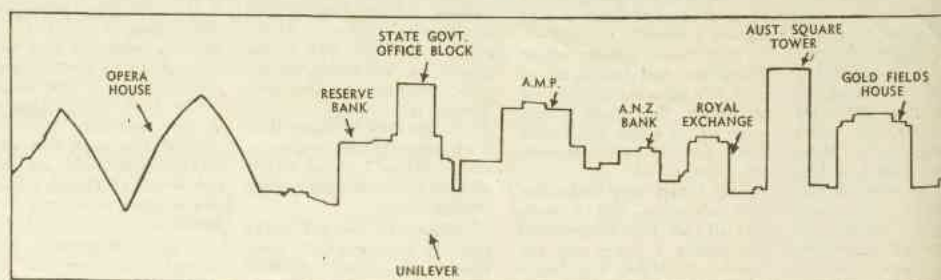
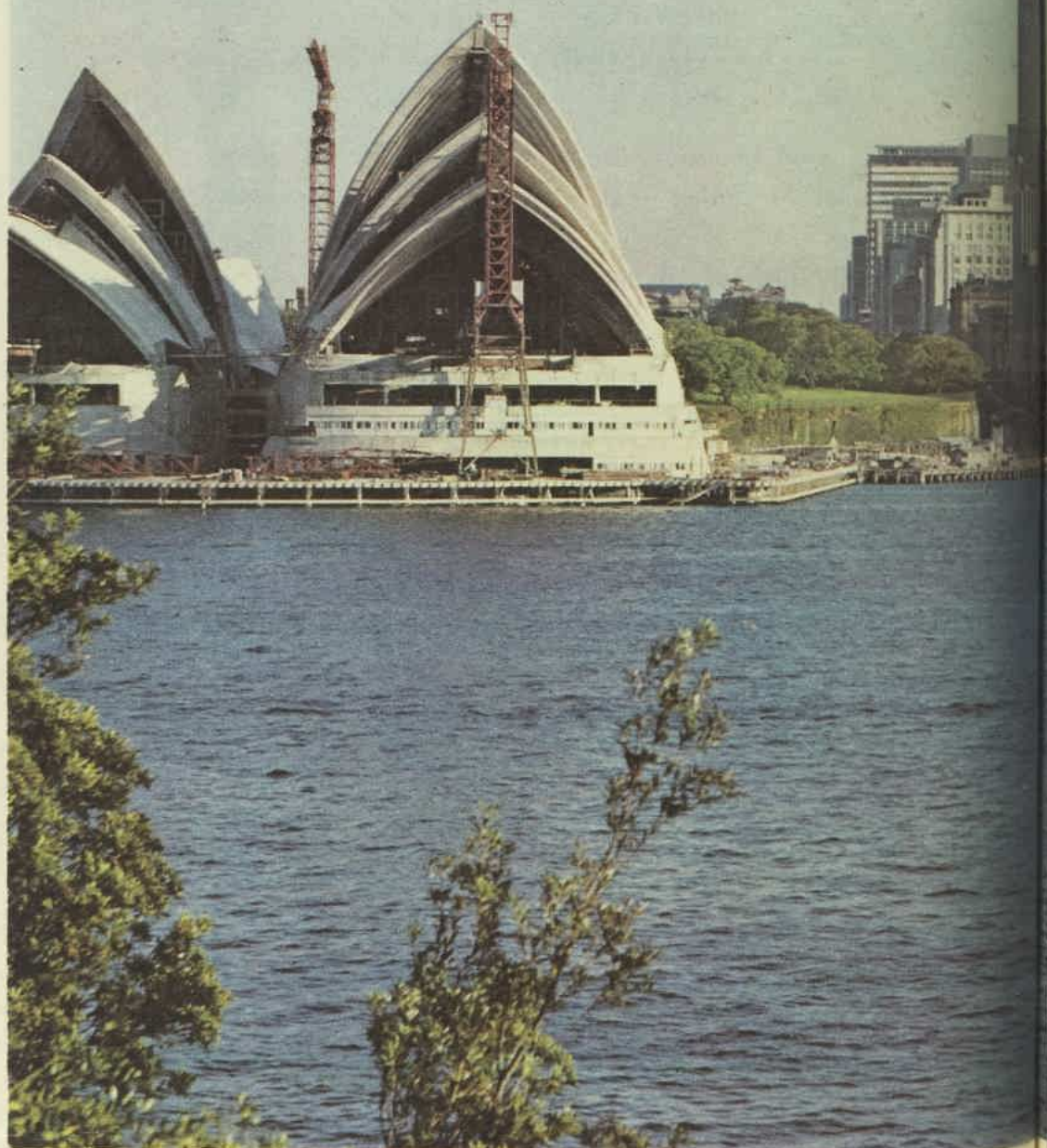
There will be a restaurant on the 47th floor which will revolve once every hour. With the capacity to seat 350, it will be the world's largest revolving restaurant.

When the lifts — 18 passenger and one goods — go into service, they will be the fastest in Australia, travelling at 1200ft. per minute.

Part of the \$25 million Australia Square project, started in 1958 and involving the clearing of a 1½-acre site and the demolition of 30 old buildings, the Tower is the dominant part of a scheme which includes a small plaza building and an area between them.



Page 8

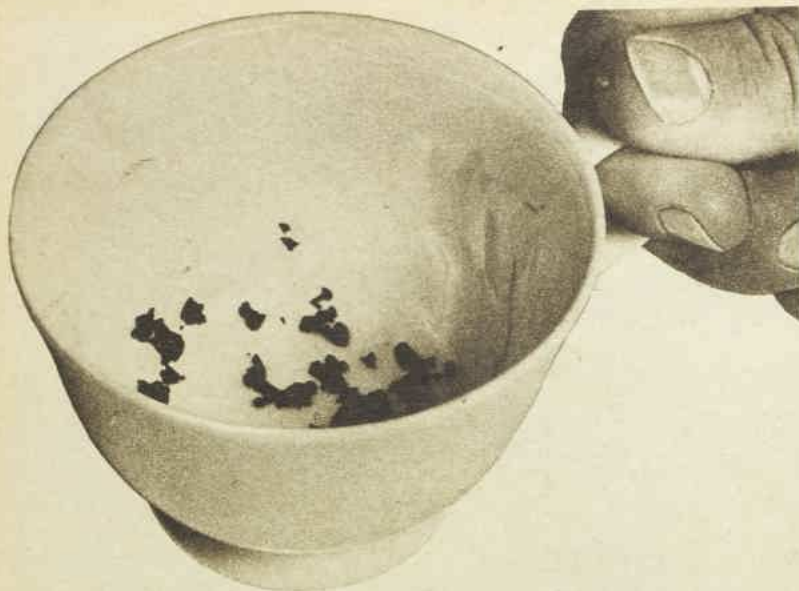






● View of the Australia Square Tower, taken from near the Beulah Street Wharf, Kirribilli. The whole of Sydney is clearly visible from the Tower's top floors. On a clear day it is possible to see Wollongong. The two mechanical floors at the 19th and 35th levels will be lit at night so that they appear as bright rings on the circular Tower. The same effect will be created on the top parapet. These bands will be achieved by fluorescent units on the inside of the walls. So that diners will have a clear outward view at night, the restaurant will be lit from above with "dark light" cones—new to Australia. From below, only a black cone can be seen, yet they light up the area on which the "dark light" falls. Down below the main plaza will be artificially "moonlit" through powerful floodlights. About 4000 people will work in the Tower. Visiting businessmen will be able to hire an office suite by the half-day, the day, or the week. There will be a secretary pool and the building also will house a bank and a post office. An official "topping" ceremony will be held this week when the traditional tree will be hoisted to the roof. Guest of honor will be the Minister for Immigration, Mr. Sneddon, who will meet many of the migrants who worked on the building. Pictures by staff photographer Keith Barlow.





If you can't read the future, then read this as you sip your morning cuppa-

Not even the cleverest tea-cup "reader" can predict sudden illnesses or accidents to members of your family. Neither can we. But we can show you how to avoid being "caught short" in times of trouble.

Maintain your membership of a registered medical and hospital benefits fund at all times. You never know when you'll need it. One time to particularly watch that you don't allow your membership to lapse is when you change your place of employment. It's up to the individual to arrange for regular contribution payments. This is most important. Your Family Chemist or nearest H.C.F. Branch will show you how.

Children leaving school is another time when family budgets can receive a jolt. If your child is over 16 and is not a full-time student dependant he or she is no longer covered by your family membership.

But if you are a family rate member of the H.C.F. your children get a special advantage at this time. If they join the H.C.F. as a "single" member within two months of leaving school, the H.C.F. transfers to them all the accumulated benefit entitlements (like "No Claim" bonuses on hospital benefits) that have accrued while they were protected by the family membership.

Young people getting married. This is another time when there can be serious loopholes in their cover against unexpected medical and hospital bills. If two young married people join any medical and hospital benefits fund for the first time as a

married couple at the family rate they must:—

- Undergo a two months' probationary period.
- Be members at the family rate of contribution for at least nine months before they can claim on maternity or obstetric services.

Should, however, both the bride and her husband have been H.C.F. members at the single rate prior to their wedding, the H.C.F. counts the two single memberships as a family rate membership.

Over 1,100 medical services covered. H.C.F. members can claim on a most comprehensive range of medical services—such as X-rays, radiotherapy, pathology, injections and vaccinations (even those required for overseas travel).

What is the H.C.F.? It is the Hospitals Contribution Fund of Australia—a non-profit organisation registered with the Commonwealth Government to pay medical and hospital benefits.

The H.C.F. is run purely in the interest of its members, has progressive, modern ideas on service to its members. Thoughtful services—such as the fastest settlement of all medical and hospital claims (in many cases by cash across the counter) regardless of where you live.

The H.C.F. is always glad to be of help. Just ask at your family chemist or any H.C.F. branch or agent.

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**HCF**

## SOCIAL ROUNDABOUT

**OVERSEAS WEDDING:** Mr. and Mrs. Alistair Hubert Sampson after their marriage at Bishop's Waltham Register Office and Meonstoke Parish Church, Hampshire, England. The bride, formerly Miss Camilla Angel Madoc, is the only daughter of Major-General and Mrs. R. W. Madoc, of The Malt-house, Meonstoke. The bridegroom is the only son of the late Captain (S) L. V. Sampson and Mrs. Sampson. The bride, who was a pupil at Ascham for several years, is the great-niece of Miss Rose Merivale, of Darling Point, and the niece of the late Mr. Antony Shepherd, of Melbourne.



AT LEFT: President of the Sydney University Settlement Auxiliary, Mrs. J. A. Dulhanty (right), with publicity officer of the auxiliary, Mrs. R. Johnson (left), and Mrs. G. Woodhill, at the Chrysanthemum Tea which the auxiliary held at the Hunter's Hill home of Mrs. Woodhill. Proceeds benefited the Sydney University Settlement and their children's holiday home at Thirroul.

**THIRD-YEAR** Medical student Donald Holt plans to celebrate his 21st birthday with a formal dinner dance to be given by his parents, Dr. and Mrs. Gerald Holt, at their Rose Bay home on May 13. The seventy guests will include Donald's brother Simon and his fiancée, Ann McNamara, Geoffrey Cains, Angela Freeken, Stuart Anthony, Jill Hickson, Keighley Quist, Jocelyn Pixley, and Richard Hudson.

**BY** the way, Simon and Ann will wed on June 15 at St. Mark's Church, Darling Point, with a reception following at Royal Sydney Golf Club. After a honeymoon at the Isle of Pines (off New Caledonia), they will make their home at Simon's property, "Moorowoolen," Goulburn. Ann is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. D. McNamara, of Bellevue Hill.

**COMMERCE** graduate Peter Butts and his fiancée, Helen O'Neill, have chosen St. Mary's Church, North Sydney, for their marriage on May 11. Helen's parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. P. O'Neill, of Pymble, will hold a reception at the Australia Hotel afterward. Peter is the son of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Butts, of Cronulla. Their attendants will be Mrs. Frank Marks, of Cammeray, Margo O'Connor, of Dobroyd Point, Margaret Mulhearn, of Ulong, John Herbert, of Wahroonga, Terry O'Neill, of Pymble, and Robert Amos, of Woronora River.

**BABY** news... the recent arrival of Samantha Kay, born to Ken and Robin Gourlay (she was Robin Bray), of Wahroonga, at Royal North Shore Hospital on April 15. Samantha is their first child.

**HOW** pretty sound the little marcasite-and-turquoise shoe buckles which Lesley Dowe will wear when she marries Hugh Sykes at the Abbotsleigh Chapel on May 8. The buckles, which are over one hundred and seventy years old, were brought out from Yorkshire, England, by Lesley's future mother-in-law, Mrs. Lesley Sykes. Lesley will have her sister, Wendy, as bridesmaid. After the wedding Lesley and Hugh will move to Brisbane, where they will make their home at New Farm.

**A COLLECTION** of paintings by Isabel Lee will be exhibited at the cocktail party which Mrs. Malcolm Coppleson and Mrs. Phillip Jeffrey are holding on May 5 at Bellotte and Forsyth, interior decorators at Edgecliff. Proceeds of the evening will go to the RPAH-King George V Hospital Appeals Committee, of which Mrs. Coppleson and Mrs. Jeffrey are members.

**INCIDENTALLY**, English visitor Lieutenant John Owen stayed with the Copplesons when he returned to Sydney for a few days after nine months in Hong Kong. John and his wife, Caroline, were next-door neighbors to the Copplesons when he spent two years here with the Royal Navy. John will later rejoin his wife and children, Caroline and Jeremy, in England.

**DATE** for your diary... the wine-tasting and buffet dinner on May 5 to aid the Sacred Heart Hospice Building Appeal. It will be held at Lindeman's Cawarra cellars.

**BLACK-TIE** dinner party planned for May 11 will be that given by Mr. and Mrs. Frank McCall Power at their Double Bay home to farewell Air-Commodore and Mrs. Gordon Steege, who will leave the next day for the RAAF Base at Butterworth, Malaysia. Air-Commodore Steege, formerly Officer Commanding at the RAAF Base at Amberley, Brisbane, has been posted as Officer Commanding at Butterworth.

**AND** another one, but this time on May 4, is the dinner party Mrs. Ken Youdale will give for eight or ten guests to celebrate her husband's birthday. Five days later (on May 9) their daughter, Nicole, will also be celebrating her birthday (she'll be five), when she and her baby sister, Romaine, will be treated to a pantomime.

**BACK** in Sydney after a six-week overseas trip are Mr. and Mrs. Max Herford. Interesting observation made by Mrs. Herford when she was in England and on the Continent is that Sydney women are just as well dressed as those in Europe, and our shopping centres, particularly her own at Double Bay, are comparable to or even better than any she saw.





AT LEFT: Miss Paula Downey, Mr. Andrew Gibbons, and Miss Vivienne Joris (left to right) at the Anzac Day Race Meeting held at Randwick Racecourse. A fashion parade, held by the Sportsmen's Appeal Committee to raise money for troops in Vietnam, preceded the meeting.



JUST WED. Mr. and Mrs. Robin Brown after their marriage at St. Mark's Church, Darling Point. The bride, formerly Miss Elizabeth Pixley, is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Neville Pixley, who held a wedding reception at their home at Woolahra. The bridegroom is the son of Mr. and Mrs. M. Brown, of Dural. The newlyweds will make their home in Melbourne.



ABOVE: Mr. Ross Remwick and Miss Penny Pardey, who have announced their engagement. Miss Pardey, who is wearing a sapphire engagement ring, is the daughter of Mrs. K. A. Pardey, of Balmoral, and of the late Mr. Pardey. Her fiancé is the son of Mrs. E. P. Remwick, of Roseville, and of the late Mr. Remwick.



AT LEFT: Miss Anne Hutchings (left) and Miss Denise Miller at the Anzac Day Race Meeting at Randwick. The Lady Mayoress, Mrs. John Armstrong, headed the Sportsmen's Appeal Committee, which selected the best-dressed woman in a wool outfit.



AT LEFT: The Ambassador of the Netherlands, Jonkheer J. Q. Bas Backer (left), and Madame Bas Backer (second from right) with the acting Consul-General, Mr. A. de Wit, and Mrs. de Wit at the reception for the Dutch community given by the Ambassador and his wife at the Wentworth Hotel during their first official visit to Sydney.



DINNER DANCE. President of the Silver Lining Committee, Mrs. George Courtney-Smith (right), and Mr. Courtney-Smith (left) with Mr. and Mrs. Ed Sternberg at the dinner dance given by the committee at The Coachman Restaurant, Redfern. Proceeds will benefit the Foundation for the Research and Treatment of Alcoholism.



## NEXT WEEK

● There are world-famous and wonderful recipes—with step-by-step pictures—from many countries in our

16-page lift-out

### ALL ABOUT PASTRY

—PART TWO



● In color, meet Wol, the owl with the film-star eyes... he became the pampered centre of a W.A. household.



● Also in color... LIGHTNING RIDGE, Australia's mecca for opal seekers.



● Knit a sweater! We give patterns for four very pretty ones—they are PLAIN SWEATERS with FANCY TRIMS



### Renovating to a five-year plan

This house was a do-it-yourself job.



● For gardeners: RHODODENDRONS... with advice from our expert.



● Two color pages show you just how A VERY WOOLLY POODLE GETS A NEW COIFFURE



● This picture was "painted" with bits of colored glass: it's the hobby of AN ARTIST—IN BROKEN GLASS



● They're blazing a new trail in day and evening wear STRIPES... and you'll see couturier designs in two color pages.



AND...

### Mother's Day Contest: RESULTS

— with every prizewinner's nostalgic story of her own "best Mother's Day."



MRS. MARY GRANT ROBERTS feeding some of her flock in a section of her gardens and private zoo in Hobart 70 years ago.

● Whoever heard of women buying, rearing, and selling "tigers?" At the turn of the century a Hobart woman did just that for 15 years. The animal she traded in was the Tasmanian tiger—otherwise known as the marsupial wolf, or thylacine, now almost extinct.

SHE was Mrs. Mary Grant Roberts, a person of great charm and energy, who lived in a well-known large home, "Beaumaris," from the time her husband, Henry Lewellyn Roberts, built it in 1877 until she died in 1921.

I have been reading her diaries.

Mrs. Roberts was clearly a human dynamo, with a wide circle of friends and correspondents in many countries, a busy charity worker and church supporter.

Not content with these activities, she studied zoology, and in 1895, as a hobby, began a collection of lesser-known animals and birds from many lands, which grew into a significant private zoo in her two - and - a - half - acre grounds.

Her reputation spread beyond Australia, and she shipped a surprising number of animals and birds to

London, New York, Durban, and Wellington, sometimes receiving payment, sometimes other species of fauna in exchange.

From time to time the gardens were thrown open to raise money for charities.

Often the Governor attended, and it was not unusual to raise £30 at the gate at 6d a head.

Schoolchildren and Scouts and Guides formed many a Saturday afternoon party. Mrs. Roberts conducted the tours personally, and her evident love of nature encouraged similar feelings in the minds of the young.

### Busy routine

A diary extract (January 30, 1910): "Mr. H. D. Baker (a consul) brought round Mr. and Mrs. Sayer with three daughters from Minneapolis, U.S.A. They thoroughly enjoyed the birds and animals, Mr. Sayer making light of the monkey taking off his hat and biting a hole in it. He said the pleasure of the

afternoon was worth a new hat."

On a typical day even in her seventies, Mrs. Roberts would attend to her animal and bird collection early in the morning (with the gardener's help), then receive visitors and go to town early in the afternoon on business.

This could include arranging with shipping agents to send animals abroad, going aboard the ship to see the purser, and paying for the ship's butcher to feed the animals.

On the way home she would make many of the social calls which were so much the custom of the times—sometimes five or six calls. In the evening she would find time to write letters, then attend a meeting.

Surely one of the busiest women of her time, she belonged to the Girls' Friendly Society, Victoria League, Royal Society, Field Naturalists' Club, Overseas Club, Tasmanian Art Society, King Edward Statue Committee, Belgian

Relief Fund, St. George's Church, Battery Point (and all its associations), the RSPCA, and the Australian Plumage League, which she formed in 1910.

The Anti-Plumage League campaigned against the killing of beautiful birds, like peacocks and birds of paradise, to provide feathers for hats and other trimmings.

### "Playmates"

Mrs. Roberts doubtless is the only woman in the world who has reared Tasmanian tigers in captivity, though it is not likely that she ever bred from them, as she would have mentioned it.

She was more fond of the Tasmanian devils, which she called her little playmates, and said that several times she was a woman "possessed of seven devils."

(The Tasmanian devil, a smaller but powerful flesh-eater, is not nearly as rare now as the Tasmanian tiger.)



Early Tasmanian zoo enthusiast liked being able to tell her friends that she was also "possessed of seven devils"



"BEAUMARIS", where the zoo was conducted in two and a half acres of grounds. ABOVE LEFT: This old Tasmanian tiger, or marsupial wolf, was the last of the species seen alive. It was photographed in the Hobart Zoo in Queen's Domain, and died before the zoo was closed down in 1937. BELOW: A mother and three cubs photographed at "Beaumaris" about 50 years ago. Full-grown "tiger's" body is almost 4ft. long; rump and tail are rather kangaroo-like.

# "TIGERS" WERE HER HOBBY

By E. A. BELL

A newspaper report on March 6, 1911, described an afternoon party for the RSPCA. The Governor, Sir Harry Barron, declaring the function open, said Mrs. Roberts had tamed "even tigers," but he would not care to go in with them as she did.

A visitor from England, in a letter in "Country Life," London, referred to a male and female Tasmanian tiger he saw at "Beaumaris" in 1913. He said they seemed quite friendly and tractable and were not in a cage.

He asked Mrs. Roberts if she was afraid of any of the inhabitants of her zoo. She answered that she was on the best of terms with all except the bronze-breasted Burmese peacock, a most savage brute!

Diary entries show that between 1910 and 1919 Mrs. Roberts shipped more than a dozen Tasmanian tigers and a similar number of devils to London, New York, and other places, also numbers of baldcoats, native hens, King teals,

kangaroo rats, tiger cats, wombats, and native companions.

One day she mentions that some showmen called and wanted to buy a Tasmanian tiger, but she was not disposed to let them have one at any price.

In 1910 Mrs. Roberts paid the country dealers £8 each for tigers, but as they became scarcer the price gradually rose, to reach £20 by 1919.

Still she made a good profit, as cheques received from overseas were up to £40 each.

## Tiger brooch

It was never easy to snare a Tasmanian tiger without hurting it. Mr. James Harrison, an animal dealer of the time, wrote that he caught one by a front paw, which was broken. He kept the animal in a cage with splints on the paw, and after four days it would come to him to have the paw attended to.

It used to make a "loud hiss."

Trappers who supplied Mrs. Roberts with specimens found that the best way to catch them uninjured was to suspend a bait over a camouflaged pit. They could then be roped and tied.

At her golden wedding anniversary on August 18, 1913, one of the presents Mrs. Roberts received was a solid gold Tasmanian tiger brooch.

Her husband took no part in running the private zoo because he was occupied fully as managing director of Roberts & Co. Ltd., of which he was the main founder in 1865. He died in 1919.

Mrs. Roberts died two years later. She willed the collection of animals and birds to her daughter, Ida, who presented it to the Hobart City Council, which used the collection to establish a zoo on the Queen's Domain, near the Botanical Gardens.

The last photograph of a Tasmanian tiger was taken in 1935 in this zoo. It died before the zoo was closed two years later.



## Alive still—but elusive

THERE is recent evidence that the "Tasmanian tiger" is not entirely extinct, and zoologists are excitedly awaiting their first chance for more than 30 years to study the animal they have spent thousands of dollars trying to track down.

In 1961 an animal was caught in a trap set by fishermen near Sandy Cape in rugged Western Tasmania; it escaped but left behind blood and hairs which scientists later identified.

For five years there was no further positive evidence that the species still existed. Then a recently used lair was found in rain-forest behind Stanley, on the north-west coast, and again hairs were identified.

Expeditions have been planned, and it is hoped to catch some "tigers" for breeding in captivity.

The scientific name, *Thylacinus cynocephalus*, meaning "the pouched animal with the wolf head," gives the best brief description. It is about 6ft. from nose to tail-tip, and has been

called "tiger" because of the 14 to 16 dark stripes across the brownish yellow body, but "marsupial wolf" is widely adopted as a more appropriate common name, for it is more doglike than catlike — though the tail is more like a kangaroo's.

The pouch opens backward, and up to four young are reared.

With their fast run and powerful jaws, thylacines hunt down other marsupials, also birds, rabbits, and possibly lizards. They were rarely known to attack man unless cornered or protecting their young.

Trappers used to sell the skins for rugs. The hunt became more vigorous after 1888, when the Government began paying a bounty on their heads. The "tigers," rightly or wrongly, had got a bad name among farmers as killers of sheep and poultry.

Large numbers of thylacines were killed, and by the time the Government decided to protect the species it was all but too late to save it.



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# Flipper and Lassie vie for "Patsy"

## Television

● Television's animal stars are all on edge, with their trainers at present preparing for the Patsy Awards — the equivalent of the humans' Oscars.



● Current best actor Flipper with Tommy Norden, one of the young stars of the TV series.

CURRENT best actor, who has held the award for two years, is Flipper the dolphin.

Flipper is best actor, although in reality "he" is a female dolphin named Susie.

Flipper has been nominated for this year's Patsy Award.

Flipper's strongest competition comes from Lassie, also a nominee this year. Lassie has already won three Patsy Awards — in 1958, 1959, and 1964.

One of the strange things about TV's animals is that no cat has ever won a TV Patsy. On film cats do well; on TV they're out.

Cat-lovers can take heart, though. This year the nominations include a feline, Clarence, the cross-eyed lion from a TV series I'm looking forward to — "Daktari," a series photographed in Africa with lots of animals and adventure.

"Daktari" is expected to be shown in Australia on the Channel 9 Network later this year.

Other Patsy best-actor awards have been won by the golden palomino who plays Mr. Ed — in 1962 and 1963 — but dogs are TV's big successes. They have won 11 Patsy Awards in the 17 years the awards have been made.

The Patsy Award, a gold trophy topped by a winged figure of victory, is given by the American Humane Association. Voting is by ballot from an estimated 18,000 voters associated with the movie and TV industry, from stars to members of the Hollywood Press corps.

## Subject not old-fashioned

I HAD a "this-is-where-I-came-in" feeling when I settled down to watch the 1967 "Dragnet" premiere on ATN7 recently and Sergeant Joe Friday's well-known Badge No. 714 flashed on to the screen.

It took me right back to 1957 when a TV set was the status symbol, "Dragnet" was one of the top TV shows, and the vogue phrase was Sergeant Friday's recurring

black hair still looks as if it is painted on to his head.

The man I missed sadly was Friday's sidekick, Officer Frank Smith (Ben Alexander). Officer Smith was the humanising side of the "Dragnet" pair in 1957.

Unlike Friday, Smith's whole life was not working out of Homicide; he was fond of his food, particularly Spanish omelets, had troubles with his wife and digestion.

Taking his place as Friday's sidekick is Officer Bill Gannon (Harry Morgan), whom you may remember as the Pete of the TV series

going on in such a stylised, mannered way that it was all rather ridiculous. They have certainly burlesqued themselves out of my viewing for a while.

## Postscript for "The Fugitive"

VIEWERS around the world spend a fair proportion of their TV talking-time discussing "The Fugitive's" Dr. Richard Kimble (David Janssen).

Janssen as Kimble has been fleeing from justice for years — after his escape on his way to prison to pay for the murder of his wife.

Kimble says he was wrongly convicted; that he is innocent. Viewers agree. They hold that either a one-armed man or a police officer is guilty.

No one knows who is, but in America the chase is over, although no one yet knows how the series ended.

A mystery ad in Hollywood's "Daily Variety" has given viewers the only clue about the final episode.

It had a full-page drawing of a man breaking out of a heavy chain to freedom.

The page carried this inscription: "The Day the Running Stopped — March 31, 1967," and "Thank you, Quinn Martin, ABC-TV, Cast and Crew of 'The Fugitive'."

The man who composed the advertisement and paid for it was David Janssen.

In America it will be some time before the last episode is shown and Australia is a season behind.

Meantime, David Janssen is resting those poor tired feet and getting rid of his haggard look. He has more movie offers than he can cope with.

One offer from Japan wants him to play Dernaio Mendez Pinto, a Portuguese adventurer, who arrived in Japan in 1543 to introduce the matchlock rifle to a land of sword-wielding samurai.

So far Janssen hasn't decided what to do — he's enjoying himself sitting still.

By NAN MUSGROVE

"Just the facts, ma'am. We just want the facts."

The 1967 "Dragnet" is just as good as the 1957 one, although changing TV techniques and the number of times "Dragnet" has been used since as a model for other series made it seem rather old-fashioned.

However, the subject for the first of the series was far from old-fashioned. Sergeant Friday and his sidekick were "working out of Juvenile" on the case of a youth hooked on LSD and in the grip of psychedelic hallucinations.

Friday didn't mention wanting the facts in the premiere, but his modus operandi is exactly the same. So is his character.

Physically, Webb still looks like a character out of a comic strip, although the last ten years have given him bags under the eyes and a kind of thickening neck. His

"Pete and Gladys." He is very good, but he is not Officer Frank Smith.

Unfortunately for me, I once heard that Morgan was the voice of a cartoon dog and whenever I see him I keep watch, hopefully waiting for him to say, "Bark! Bark!" like this dog did.

"Dragnet" should be popular with its new audience. Its great strength is that the cases presented are real. They are true. Viewers are told when the case was heard, how it was resolved, verdict and sentence are given — and nothing beats authenticity in a crime series.

★ ★ ★

"THE Avengers," that kinky series (ABC-TV, Tuesdays, 7.30 p.m.) so many people find compulsive viewing, reverses the usual order of dressing; hero Steed (Patrick Macnee) wears clothes by French designer Cardin, heroine Emma (Diana Rigg) wears clothes by English designer Alun Hughes.

I always have trouble with "The Avengers." I never know what period it is supposed to be set in, and now Macnee's Cardin clothes make it very problematic.

The sets in the opening of the first of the new season's shows were a mixture of Christmas pantomime and English county with Steed, Mrs. Peel, and the villains

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£198 MINK CAPE STOLE AND STOLE (AZURINE — PASTEL TOURMALINE — RANCH — SAPPHIRE)	£90
£200 Desert Gold "EMMA" Mink Cape Stole STRANDED	£100
£195 China Mink Full Length Coat	£120
£248 PALE AUTUMN HAZE MINK JACKET	£124
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## THIS WEEK'S SPECIALS

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## TOMMY HANLON'S Thought for the week

Mamma once said, when asked her latest thoughts on mini-skirts, "I thought they would be gone by now. They're disappearing, all right, but only by getting higher. I understand some mothers are now borrowing their daughters' I guess you'd call them hand-me-ups. And I've discovered why older women dislike them so much. They came into fashion too late — by 20 years and 40lb."

Mamma's moral: "Mini-skirts make it possible for a girl to run faster. They make it necessary, too."



# The Barkley family



ABOVE: Barbara Stanwyck as Mrs. Victoria Barkley. She's not a stay-at-home lady of leisure, she's a working rancher, handy with a gun.



EUGENE (Charles Briles), the youngest of the Barkley men, has the least personality of the group, but is developing quickly into manhood.



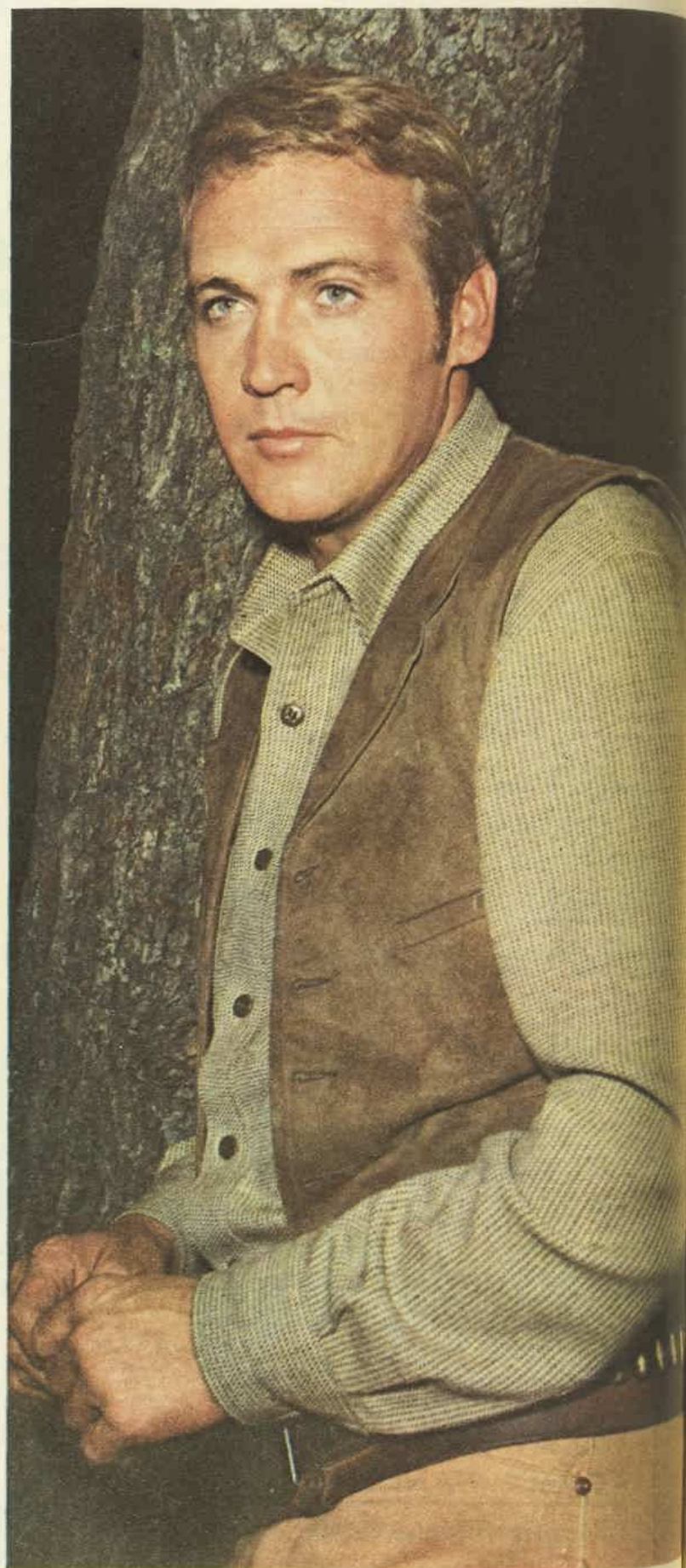
RIGHT: Nick Barkley (Peter Breck) is the brawn of the family. A very masculine type, he says, "I love being a man. That's the gas, knowing that you are a man."



LEFT: Richard Long (Jarrod Barkley), the eldest son, a worldly man, runs the family's business affairs. He starred on TV before in "Bourbon Street Beat" and "77 Sunset Strip."



AUDRA (Linda Evans), right, only Barkley daughter, likes the realism of "Big Valley." "Realism, as in 'Big Valley,' is better than the way the movies made Westerns. For instance, I don't hide my interest in men."



HEATH (Lee Majors), above, the illegitimate son of the widow Barkley's husband, and accepted as a full member of the Barkley family. Blue-eyed and 26 years old, Lee has become the pin-up among the Barkley men, despite his moody, introspective look.



# Adventurous life in "Big Valley"



● THE BARKLEY FAMILY, above, with the Widow Barkley (Barbara Stanwyck), centre, seated, encircled by her family, from left, Audra (Linda Evans), Heath (Lee Majors), Nick (Peter Breck), Jarrod (Richard Long), Eugene (Charles Briles).

Destined to be just as famous as that other Western TV dynasty, the Cartwrights, of "Bonanza," the Barkleys ride in the San Joaquin Valley in California in the 1870s.

"Big Valley," like "Bonanza," from which it

is said to be copied, is one of those larger-than-life Westerns. The ranchhouse is a mansion, the ranch is lush and beautiful, and the adventures bigger and more audacious than most.

The other ranchers in the area look to the Barkleys for leadership and inspiration, because the Barkleys are dynamic, willing and eager to take action to achieve prosperous development in the valley.

People associated with the production of "Big

Valley" say they didn't copy "Bonanza," but it looks as if they did.

"Think what you like," said Jules Levy, one of its producers. "We do hope to catch up to "Bonanza" in the ratings, until recently the top show seen around the world, and it looks as if we might.

—NAN MUSGROVE

● "Big Valley" may be seen in Sydney TCN9, Mondays, 7.30 p.m.; Brisbane QTQ9, Wednesdays, 7.30 p.m.; and other capital cities soon.





**KATHARINE HOUGHTON** (above), far prettier than her aunt ever was, but (at right with Katharine Hepburn) has similar red hair, and the same blue-green eyes and crisp voice. In the forthcoming film "Guess Who's Coming to Dinner," Katharine Hepburn and her long-time friend Spencer Tracy play the parents of a girl (Katharine Houghton) who wants to bring home a Negro (Sidney Poitier).



## TWO CHARMING OFF FAMOUS

### Katharine is a prettier version of Aunt Kate

**A**T 57, Katharine Hepburn is experiencing one of the most thrilling events of her life — that of introducing her niece and namesake to the world of Hollywood acting.

Katharine Houghton, daughter of Katharine Hepburn's younger sister, is making her film debut in "Guess Who's Coming to Dinner."

She couldn't be starting in better company. Besides her aunt, whom she adores, and Katharine Hepburn's long-time friend Spencer Tracy, whom she has known since childhood, there is a third Academy Award winner in the cast, Sidney Poitier.

Although far prettier than Katharine Hepburn ever was, young Katharine has a vocal and physical resemblance to her aunt, plus the mannerisms and charm that made her the perfect choice to play Hepburn's daughter.

Katharine Houghton is 5ft. 5in. tall and weighs 107lb. — all of them in the right places.

She is graceful and rounded, whereas Hepburn was gangling and lean. Her hair is a lighter shade of auburn than her famous aunt's was at her age. But young Katharine has the same twinkling eyes that seem to change from green to blue depending on what she is wearing.

Katharine Houghton's real name is Katharine Houghton Hepburn Grant. Her father, Ellsworth Grant, produces institutional documentary films for business firms and the Government.

After graduating from fashionable Sarah Lawrence University, Katharine played in repertory and films until recently when her aunt recommended her to Garson Kanin to play the daughter in the Hepburn-Tracy film.

Young Katharine is thrilled to be in California. The climate suits her outdoor tastes — swimming and getting out on the tennis courts with Aunt Kate, who is one of the best woman tennis players in the film world.

—PAULA WALLING, Hollywood

**BLONDE HAIR** (right) for her role in "Peppermint Frappe" lessens Geraldine Chaplin's resemblance to her mother. Geraldine is exquisite in pretty clothes (notably as Dr. Zhivago's wife), but she is impatient of fashion go-on, likes sweaters and pants.



# YOUNG CHIPS OLD BLOCKS

Geraldine likes to hear she  
resembles famous father

**G**ERALDINE CHAPLIN, eldest daughter of Charles Chaplin, is both trying to live down the relationship and live up to it. At the same time she is realistically aware that her famous name opens career doors for her and that she would be a fool not to take advantage of it.

Geraldine projects a delicate, wistful charm. In real life she is coltish, vivacious, hates "dressing-up." Her friends call her Deanie.

With long, brown hair and narrow, grey-green eyes, she photographs like her mother, Oona. Most people attribute these romantic looks to the O'Neill family — her mother's father was the renowned playwright Eugene O'Neill.

But Geraldine much prefers to think she resembles her famous father — and there is a good deal of Charles Chaplin in the set of her mouth and chin, plus the determination that goes with it.

She needed the determination to launch her on a theatre career. For Charles Chaplin was aghast when Geraldine, after leaving convent boarding school in Switzerland, spurned university and struck out for the Royal Ballet school in London, then films.



GERALDINE CHAPLIN (above) on the set of "Peppermint Frappe" in Spain. She went blonde for the film, which is being directed by Carlos Saura.

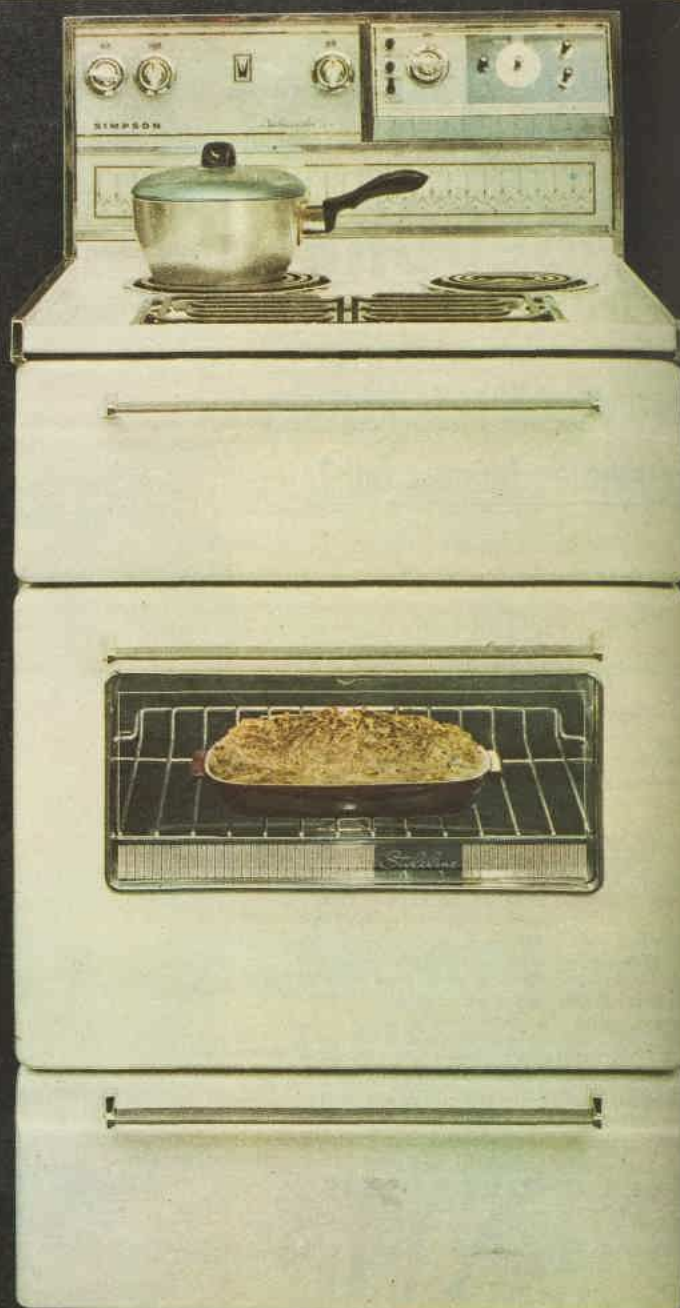


GERALDINE (left) with her parents. Although she has her mother's coloring, she prefers to think she resembles her famous father.





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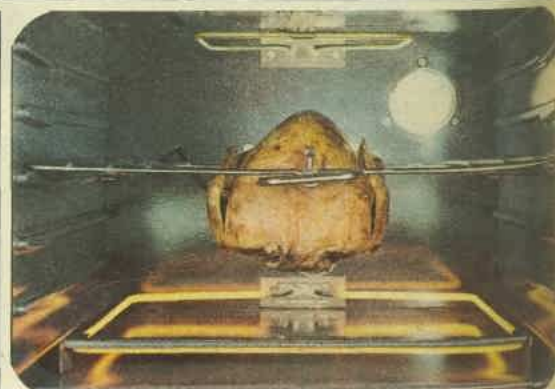
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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — May 10, 1967



# SALE OF IMPERIAL PORCELAIN

With hundreds at dinner, a 1742-piece service was only just enough, says a Russian nobleman—think of the washing-up breakages alone!

The recent auction in London of a banqueting service stirred memories in aristocratic White Russians. They dined off such services as a routine part of court life.



**TWO ITEMS FROM THE BANQUETING SERVICE.** At left, a plate, 9½ in. across, with wavy gilt rim, and the Imperial Arms of Russia repeated on the border. At right, a dessert plate, 8½ in. in diameter, with the Imperial Arms—the double-headed eagle—in the centre, surrounded by red rosettes, and scrolling flowers on the rim. Round the eagle is written "Nicholas Tsar and Suzerain of all the Russias."

**A** SOLID block of Russians from the Soviet Trade Delegation sat in the centre of bidders and White Russians in Christie's salerooms, London, at the recent auction of a 1742-piece banqueting service made for Tsar Nicholas I.

The service, which was broken up into 28 lots, brought £65,751 sterling (about \$A164,376). The Soviet Government representatives pronounced themselves "quite satisfied."

Most of the service went to private collectors.

Some will be displayed at the Cafe Royal, haunt of bohemians at Piccadilly Circus. The owner, Charles Forte, bought several lots.

Highest price paid was 8400 guineas (\$A22,050) by Sir Isaac Wolfson, the industrialist, for a dinner service.

"From a collector's point of view, the porcelain is not rare enough to be of great value," one dealer explained.

"If you work it out, some lots brought only £25 a plate. You can pay £30 for a new piece of Royal Worcester at Harrod's."

Those who appreciated the porcelain most were the White Russians in the auction room, for this banqueting service, made for the Emperor Nicholas I (who reigned from 1825-1855), has been crated and locked away since the 1917 Russian Revolution.

Some aristocratic White Russians can remember when they or their families dined off such services as part of court life, when a 1742-piece dinner service wasn't overdoing things at a banquet.

Among those keenly interested in the sale was Count Alexis Bobrinskoy, a descendant of Empress Catherine the Great (1729-1796).

A bearded intellectual—

historian and fine-arts expert—he was brought up at court, where his father was president of the Imperial Archaeological Commission.

They lived in St. Petersburg (now Leningrad) close by the former Winter Palace of the Tsars.

"The Russian imperial porcelain factory was started during the reign of Empress Elisabeth, Catherine's

factory at St. Petersburg, which he knew well, describing how busy they were producing such fine pieces.

"But no porcelain was ever sold," he said. "In those days production could scarcely keep up with the demand."

"There were the great imperial banquets for such occasions as the coronation, but there were also diplo-

matic banquets and banquets in Moscow alone.

"So you see," he explained, "a dinner service of nearly 2000 pieces was almost a minimal requirement."

"And think of the replacements needed! Washing-up after those banquets was just as hazardous an affair as in any kitchen."

"There were such breakages! I think it is almost a Russian tradition to smash glasses and plates," he added, chuckling in memory.

"Yes," he said, "the porcelain factory was kept going just like a baker's shop."

"And while no pieces were ever sold, many beautiful dinner services were given away."

"We have always been proud of the Russian imperial porcelain. Emperor Alexander I gave his sister Katherine a service when she became Queen of Wurttemberg."

Emperor Nicholas I, who

commissioned this service, also encouraged the production of porcelain."

The service was among those used for the coronation and the kind of imperial banquets the count described.

It was the first time since the 1920s that the Russians had sold their art treasures to the West.

The 1742-piece banqueting service weighed 2½ tons and arrived in 46 crates.

"There was not one piece chipped, cracked, or broken," Christie's told me. "In our 200 years in business we can remember only one other instance when the goods were so meticulously packed and listed."

It will be followed by another consignment now being prepared in Russia for sale in the West.

The sale, which was a big scoop for Christie's, was the result of extensive negotiations with the Russians for two years.

**Continued overleaf**

By ANNE MATHESON, of our London staff

mother-in-law," he said. "But it was after Empress Catherine II came to the throne that the really important services were made. For she encouraged the factory to produce such treasures as this banqueting service, and the tradition continued right up to the middle of the 19th century, when there was an artistic decline."

Count Bobrinskoy spoke of the imperial porcelain

factory at St. Petersburg, which he knew well, describing how busy they were producing such fine pieces.

"But no porcelain was ever sold," he said. "In those days production could scarcely keep up with the demand."

"There were the great imperial banquets for such occasions as the coronation, but there were also diplo-





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## IMPERIAL PORCELAIN (continued)



**SOME OF THE PIECES** in the Russian banquet porcelain auctioned at Christie's, in London. The 1741-piece service included ten dinner services and was split up into 28 lots. They realised £65,751 sterling (about \$A164,376).

Although it was no secret that the Russians were interested in selling some of their surplus works of art, the announcement that they would do so caused considerable interest in international fine-art circles.

A Soviet official of Novosibirsk made it quite clear, however, that none of the works of art to be sold in the West would be from museums.

He thought, he said, that the sale of Soviet art works, which would include modern works by living Russian artists, would help cultural relations between his country and the West.

"We have a lot of your art works," he added, "and we want your people to know ours."

In order to cater for today's needs, the banquet service was split by Christie's into eight dinner and dessert services, two small dinner services, four dessert services, and a number of smaller mixed lots.

### Plates 14in. wide

The designs in the service vary, but most pieces have gilt rims or gold grounds and are decorated in red, green, and blue with the Imperial Arms of Russia—the double-headed eagle.

Some have "Nicholas Tsar and Suzerain of All the Russias" inscribed in black Cyrillic letters round the centre.

There were soup plates, dinner plates, and large plates as much as 14 inches in diameter. There were tea-cups and saucers, high and low fruit dishes, dessert plates.

Count Bobrinskoy, as a member of the White Russian community, is sceptical about the reason for the sale.

"They need the money," he said. "To buy meat, for example, because the Communist agricultural policy has been a failure since private property has been abolished by law."

"But even more important to them is the Communist wish to obliterate Russia's past history."

He himself is steeped in it. For not only is he a historian but he helped his father at "diggings" when he was only a boy, and made an important archaeological discovery.

"This is now the most precious item of the whole green-gold gallery in the Hermitage Museum in St. Petersburg," he said. He refuses to call it Leningrad.

He also works tirelessly among his books, reading and writing and correcting some of the false impressions given of his ancestor Catherine the Great.

She is thought to have been selfish, violent, and cruel, and her love affairs were scandalous and very numerous.

The Catherine he sees was one whose love for collecting works of art, erecting beautiful buildings, and fostering cultural life produced remarkable results, not least of which is the fine porcelain from the factory which flourished under her reign.

Count Bobrinskoy's great-grandfather was the son of Catherine the Great and her lover, Gregory Orloff.

To instance what a splendid job she did in concealing and carrying off the baby's birth, he told me:

"Her half-wit husband, Tsar Peter III, never suspected anything, merely complaining she was always in bad health and stayed much in bed."

### Fire-chasing Tsar

"The Tsar had a hobby, in addition to many other childish diversions, of directing the fire-brigade. There was a standing order to inform His Majesty of any conflagration in St. Petersburg, and Peter III always rushed to the rescue, at an hour of the day or night."

"When Catherine was in labor, one of her trusted servants, a man called Shkurin, rushed home and set his house on fire. The smoke could be seen from the windows of the palace."

"Naturally, the Tsar rushed to direct the fire-brigade and help extinguish the fire, fully stoked by the old tinner and his friends."

"While Shkurin's house was being reduced to a heap of ashes and the imperial fireman was getting covered with dirt, the baby was born, wrapped in a bear rug, and taken away by the back stairs."

"Catherine had the power and strength to get out of bed. Helped by her maids, she hurried to her husband as he passed through her bedroom, again grumbling his displeasure at her constantly being ill."

"The baby boy was called Alexis Bobrinskoy. He was my great-great-grandfather."



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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — May 10, 1967

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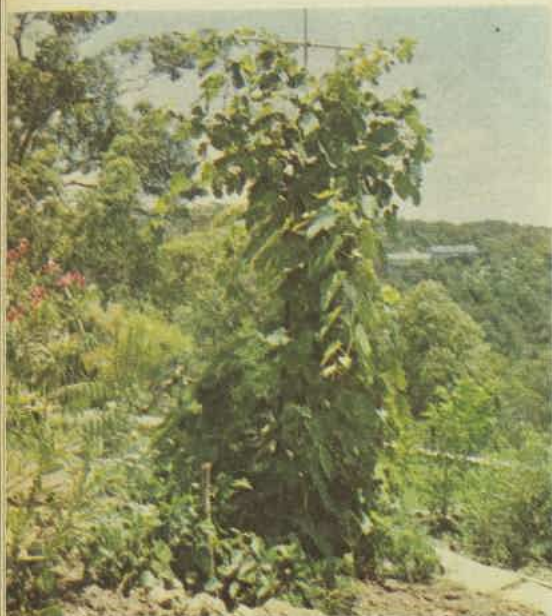


On a hill with a view, a Sydney man  
has devotedly planted out his land

# BIBLE GARDEN



**TREE OF KNOWLEDGE** of good and evil, with whose fruit Eve was tempted, is thought to have probably been the apricot ("apple is a mistranslation").



**THE GRAPEVINE.** "I am the true vine, and my Father is the husbandman. Every branch in me that beareth not fruit he taketh away..." (John 15; 1, 2.)



**LILIES OF THE FIELD** ("consider... how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin") are thought by some scholars to be the chamomile (anthemis).

ONE of Australia's most unusual gardens nestles gently on a hillside at Palm Beach, overlooking Pittwater, Barrenjoey Head, and the Pacific Ocean.

At first glance the bright patches of color intermingled with the vivid green of grass and shady trees are just part of an ordinary garden. But walk into it, and you will find that it is a Bible Garden.

In it 143 of the 148 plants, trees, and shrubs mentioned in the Old and New Testaments have been lovingly planted in the last three and a half years by its owner, Mr. Gerald H. Robinson, a Sydney businessman.

With twinkling brown eyes and a salt-and-pepper beard, Mr. Robinson, who looks a little like Santa Claus out of uniform, had the idea of planting a Bible Garden when he read about a similar one next to the Cathedral at Bangor, Wales.

He bought a block of land at Palm Beach about ten years ago, but didn't want to build on it because he already had a home at St. Ives and an apartment in town.

"I couldn't decide what to do," he said.

"Then I read about the garden in Wales planted by Professor Tatum Whitehead, and I thought this would be ideal for my land.

"I went to Wales to see it. I was most impressed and on my return in 1963 I started work on my land."

Married, with two sons and a daughter, Mr. Robinson does most of the gardening himself.

"My sons have their families to look after, and my daughter, a Church of England deaconess, is busy with her parish. I have a man come in now and then to mow the lawns. I'm over 70, you know, but I do prefer to do the gardening myself. Somebody else might pull out one of my special plants thinking it's a weed," he said.

Despite his three and a half years' work on the garden, Mr. Robinson is not satisfied.

"My ambition is to get more plants from the Holy Land. I have already imported some, but they aren't all flourishing as they would in their natural environment," he said.

"At first I wasn't too sure what to name the garden. I was toying with the idea of calling it an 'Ecumenical Garden,' but decided that that was too much of a mouthful, and that 'Bible Garden' was much simpler."

On the day of our visit he was busy making new red plastic markers, which carry the names of the plants and biblical references.

"At first, I used all different colored markers, then I discovered that the birds carried them away — I don't

know what they do with them. But they won't have anything to do with the red ones, fortunately," he said.

Laid out in chronological order, the garden starts with the plants of Genesis and winds around to Helichrysum oriental, which Mr. Robinson has planted to represent immortality.

As one walks in the gate, the bed on the right contains wheat, oats, and grasses, the plants of the Creation.

"And the earth brought forth grass, and herb yielding seed after his kind, and the tree yielding fruit, whose seed was in itself, after his kind." (Genesis 1; 12.)

In the same bed grows the conjectured tree of knowledge of good and evil, the apricot—not the apple as one might expect.

"The original Hebrew specified no particular fruit, only one 'sweet of smell and taste.' Before the 17th century, almost all fruit was known as an apple.



**GARDENER Gerald H. Robinson** is managing-director of a large car-distributing firm.

Scholars today believe that the apricot was the only fruit existing at that time which fulfilled the Hebrew description," explained Mr. Robinson.

In the garden is the Mediterranean cypress, believed to be the gopherwood Noah used for his boat.

Beside it is the olive, from Genesis 8; 11. "And the dove came in to him in the evening; and, lo, in her mouth was an olive leaf plucked off: so Noah knew that the waters were abated from off the earth."

After the Flood, Noah became a husbandman and planted a vineyard. So Mr. Robinson has grown a grapevine.

Passing by the oak, under which Abraham built the first recorded altar to God, the visitor comes to the bramble, in which a ram caught its horns and was offered up as a sacrifice instead of Isaac.

"And Abraham lifted up his eyes, and looked, and behold behind him a ram caught in a thicket by his horns; and Abraham went and took the ram,

and offered him up for a burnt offering in the stead of his son." (Genesis 22; 13.)

Isaac later had a son, Esau, who sold his birthright to his brother Jacob for "mess of pottage," probably a soup made of lentils. Lentils are planted next to the bramble.

The corn of Pharaoh's dream, the rushes which sheltered Moses as a baby, the withes of the willow that bound Samson, the holly oak, whose branches caught Absalom, and the Cedars of Lebanon of Solomon's Temple — all these are represented, and many more.

Mr. Robinson has read widely on his subject. Scholars aren't unanimous about the identity of every biblical plant, so the choice is sometimes conjectural.

The herb marjoram is said to be the hyssop which the Israelites dipped in the blood of the Passover Lamb and then painted on their lintels and doorposts to deliver them from the tenth plague, which killed the first-born in every family.

After their exodus from Egypt, the Israelites would have starved in the wilderness if God had not sent manna from Heaven.

Scholars believe that there are at least four possible sources of manna. One of them is the tamarisk tree, but to a tiny insect which pricks the leaves and branches, causing a sugary juice to ooze out. This dries and settles on the ground.

"The lilies of the field" (Matthew 6; 28) are believed to be either the multi-colored anemone or the chamomile (anthemis). To be on the safe side Mr. Robinson grows both.

Many of Jesus' parables mentioned plants — the mustard seed, tares (a form of rye-grass), and the sycamore (mulberry tree). All these grow freely in the garden.

There are, too, the palm whose branches were thrown before Christ as he made his entry into Jerusalem, the Cercis siliquastrum, on which Judas is said to have hanged himself, and the myrrh and aloes used to anoint Christ's body.

Mr. Robinson has compiled a 15-page brochure which explains the Bible Garden to its many visitors.

Church groups often bring parties and arrange outings there on weekends.

Officially opened in March, 1965, by Mr. Justice Richardson ("I cannot remember the exact date, only that it was the wettest Saturday in March," said Mr. Robinson), the garden is open to the public free of charge. There is a box at the gate for "thank-offerings" which are given to St. David's Church, Palm Beach.

Although a house could be built on the land, Mr. Robinson does not believe that it is wasted. He says, "The garden and the view behind it provide a perfect example of the glory of God's creation."

—JENNY BOYAN



"And God called the dry land Earth; and the gathering together of the waters called he Seas: and God saw it was good." (Genesis 1; 10.)



AT WORK in the garden, with its 143 labelled varieties of biblical plants. Mr. Robinson does most of the gardening himself.

PICTURES BY STAFF PHOTOGRAPHER RON BERG



ACACIA, in appearance the nearest available to the Middle East acacia which provided the wood Moses used to house the Commandments.



LEFT: Myrtle ("... instead of the briar shall come up the myrtle tree"—Isaiah).

ABOVE: Gourd, or castor-oil tree. God "prepared a gourd, and made it to come up over Jonah."





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## New Love-Pat 'Sponge-Cake by Revlon

The ultra-concealing cake makeup





# AUSTRALIAN ALMANAC

• A weekly series  
by Bill Beatty

## MAY 7

**1815** The site of Bathurst, the oldest settlement west of the Great Dividing Range, selected and proclaimed. The town was gazetted in 1833, but its progress was slow until the discovery of gold in the district.

## MAY 8

**1789** HMS Sirius completed her journey round the world. The escorting vessel to the First Fleet, she had remained in Port Jackson until October, 1788, when she sailed for Cape Town to obtain provisions. She proceeded south of New Zealand, then eastward past Cape Horn, thence to Cape Town, and was thus the pioneer of this popular route for sailing vessels. Leaving Table Bay in January, 1789, she continued her voyage eastward to Port Jackson, where she arrived on May 8, having sailed completely round the world in the belt of westerly winds known as the "Roaring Forties."

**1813** The Benevolent Society of New South Wales founded, the first voluntary charitable organisation in Australia. The original title decided upon was "The New South Wales Society For Promoting Christian Knowledge and Benevolence In These Territories and the Neighboring Islands," and its primary objects were stated to be "relieving the distressed and enforcing the sacred duties of religion and virtue in New South Wales."

**1891** Death of Sir John Robertson, five times Premier of New South Wales. One of the first "squatters," Robertson occupied a site on the Liverpool Plains outside the "bounds of settlement," thus becoming technically a trespasser, and took an active part in the campaign which secured for him and his fellow-squatters the right to use waste lands for grazing. Robertson was a contemporary statesman of Sir Henry Parkes, and alternated with him for a generation as Premier. The story is told that after Parliament adjourned Sir John would ride home on his white horse named Blucher. His home was at Vacluse, and always on cold or wet nights he would ride, firstly, to the hotel at the corner of Bathurst and Elizabeth Streets to fortify himself for the journey. His order was invariably the same — three pints of rum. However, this hardy old veteran of nearly 80 would drink only one pint of the rum himself. One would be given to the horse, and the third he carefully emptied down each of his long boots to keep the rheumatics out. So he would set out on the long journey to Vacluse — man and beast well fortified against the elements.

## MAY 9

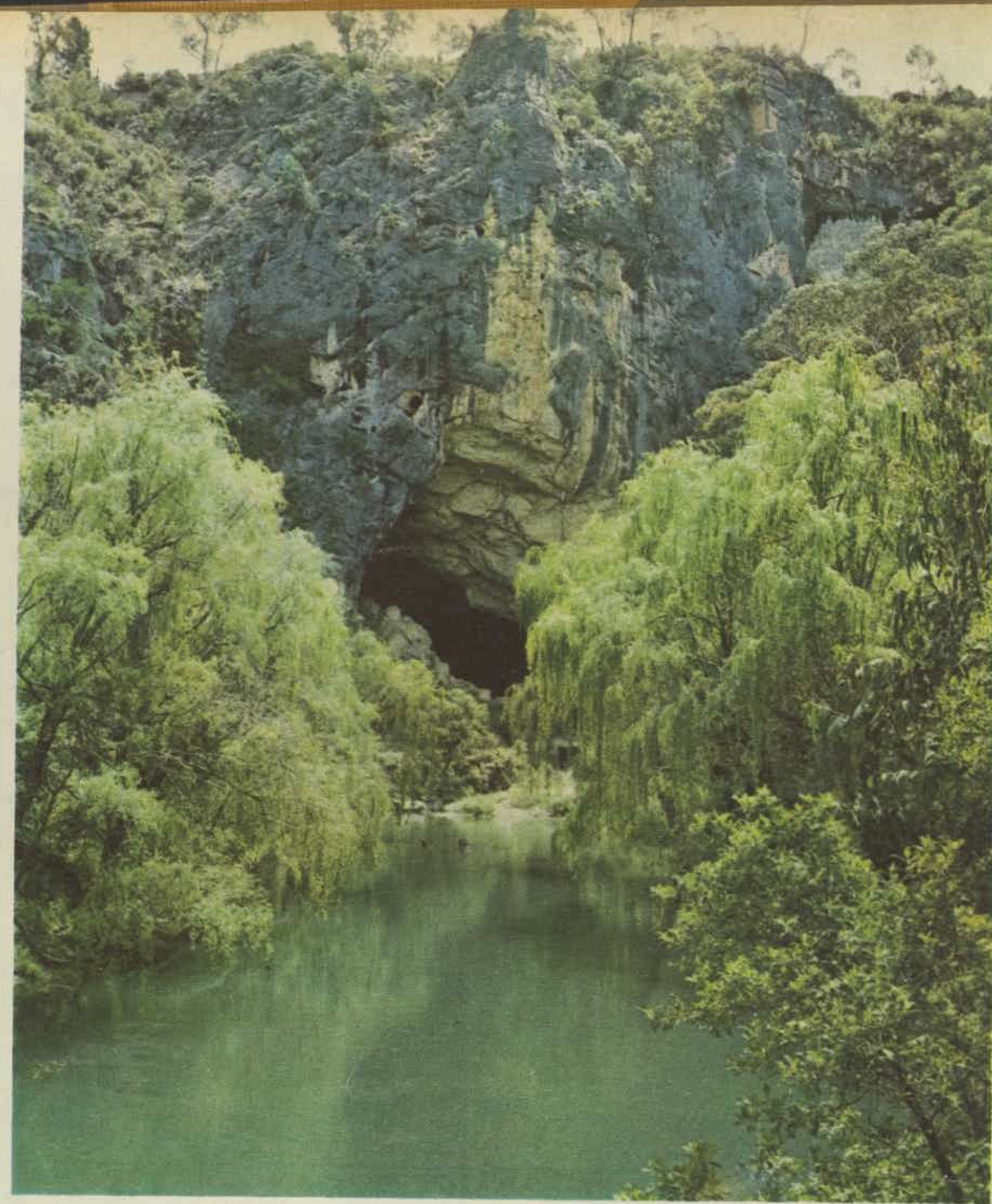
**1801** Rum reward proclaimed in the "Sydney Gazette": "Whereas William Knight and James Warwick have by regular form been outlawed and are supposed to associate and commit violent acts of depredation on the public, the Governor is pleased to offer a reward of 30 GALLONS OF RUM to any person who shall lodge the bodies of the said William Knight and James Warwick in jail or deliver them to the nearest magistrate in command."

**1901** First Parliament of the Australian Commonwealth opened by the Duke of York (later King George V) at Melbourne. He was accompanied by the Duchess, formerly Princess Mary of Teck, later Queen Mary.

**1927** Parliament House opened at Canberra by the Duke of York (son of King George V). The ceremony was performed precisely 26 years after the opening by the Duke's father of the first Parliament in Melbourne. The Duke was accompanied by the Duchess of York (later Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother).

## MAY 10

**1857** Death of John Busby, pioneer civil engineer. John Bigge recommended Busby



THE BLUE LAKE at Jenolan Caves, N.S.W. In the background is the Grand Arch. Photograph by Ron Berg.

to the Colonial Office as a fit person to supervise coal mining at Newcastle, and to devise a water supply for Sydney. He was accordingly engaged in March, 1823.

On his arrival in 1824 he was at once sent to Newcastle to superintend mining operations and to construct a breakwater. His most important work was the construction of Sydney's first regular water supply. At that time the town depended on three tanks installed in the town itself, on private wells, and on water sold in barrels from outlying swamps. His first proposal was to install a pump at a Waterloo swamp to drive the water to a reservoir in Hyde Park, the pump to be driven by steam, a water-wheel, or a treadmill propelled by convicts. He also suggested a tunnel 12,000 feet long and five feet high which would bring the water into Sydney at a level high enough to supply most of the town. A small water-wheel at the town end would pump enough to supply the rest of it. The tunnel, with convict labor, was not completed until 1837.

## MAY 11

**1813** Blaxland, Wentworth, and Lawson set out on their expedition to find a way across the Blue Mountains. For its first 25 years the struggling colony of New South Wales was penned in the narrow strip of territory that lay between the then uncrossed Blue Mountains and the sea. Cattle had increased and the position round Sydney Town was becoming desperate. With the

severe drought of 1812, new grazing country had to be found. Although the three men, with four convict servants, five dogs, and four horses succeeded in making an epic attack on the barrier mountain, they did not actually cross the Blue Mountains. The "plains" they saw beyond Mount York were not the Bathurst Plains, but open country in the Hartley Valley. However, they had explored far enough to show the way.

Five months later Surveyor Evans surveyed the track which had been made and continued the exploration west.

**1863** Queen Victoria issued the first medals to help quell Australia's bushrangers. Seven gold and three silver medals were struck between this date and 1866 for people who showed "bravery in resisting and capturing bushrangers."

## MAY 12

**1788** Governor Phillip ordered every person in the settlement to make a return of livestock then in his possession. The count recalled the total stock of Australia was one stallion, three mares, three colts, two bulls, five cows, 29 sheep, 19 goats, 49 hogs, 25 pigs, five rabbits, 18 turkeys, 29 geese, 35 ducks, 122 fowls, and 87 chickens.

The two bulls and five cows were placed under the charge of a man whose duty it was to drive them out daily where they could find grass. He was ordered never on any pretence to leave them, but it appears

that he was in the habit of leaving his charges about noon to get his dinner. One day in June when he returned after his dinner he went to the spot where he expected to find the cattle, but they had gone. He spent two days fruitlessly searching for them and then reported the matter to Governor Phillip. Several parties were sent out to recover the stock. They were not found until November, 1795, when Governor Hunter, in consequence of the reported existence of wild cattle, led a search party from Parramatta, and, after crossing the Nepean River, "to his surprise and satisfaction fell in with a very fine herd of cattle . . . upwards of sixty young and old." These were the descendants of the cattle lost in 1788. The district where the cattle were found has been known ever since as the Cow Pastures.

## MAY 13

**1787** The First Fleet sailed from Portsmouth, England.

**1861** First Brisbane daily paper published. Beginning as a weekly under the name of the "Moreton Bay Courier," it became a bi-weekly, changed to a tri-weekly, and on becoming a daily changed its name to the "Courier." When the pioneer newspaper, the "Moreton Bay Courier," first appeared, guaranteed subscribers did not number more than 100. The little settlement had then a total population of 829, and the majority of its members were only semi-literate.



# The colored coat has a new



● Orange-red wool coat from Lapidus' Paris spring collection is fastened with matching colored buttons. The white cowboy-type hat is banded in gold leather.



● Castillo's red wool coat (above) worn with a red beret-type hat and red stockings to give the overall Paris look. The coat is belted low and has a concealed front fastening and a gold-button trim.



● Capucci's purple-blue wool coat (left) has a double fastening and a flat front panel. The narrow self-belt comes from under the panel.

● Lanvin's single-breasted lilac gabardine coat (right) has a white collar matched to the beret, and stockings in the coat color.





# fashion fling

● Wonderful colors give a lift and a new look to 1967 coat fashions. Fabrics are mainly smooth-surface wools. Coming on strong are all the orange and lemon colors, reds, purples, and every shade of blue. Stripes and checks are also around. In spring the patterned coat is going to be high fashion and big business. Take note of hats, too. They have become part of the overall look designed to add interest to this season's somewhat simplified coat silhouettes.

— BETTY KEEP



● These two coats (above) are from Scherrer's Paris spring collection. Left, coat in orange-and-white-check wool. Right, a coat in yellow and white stripes. Both designs are single-breasted and worn with wide-brimmed hats.

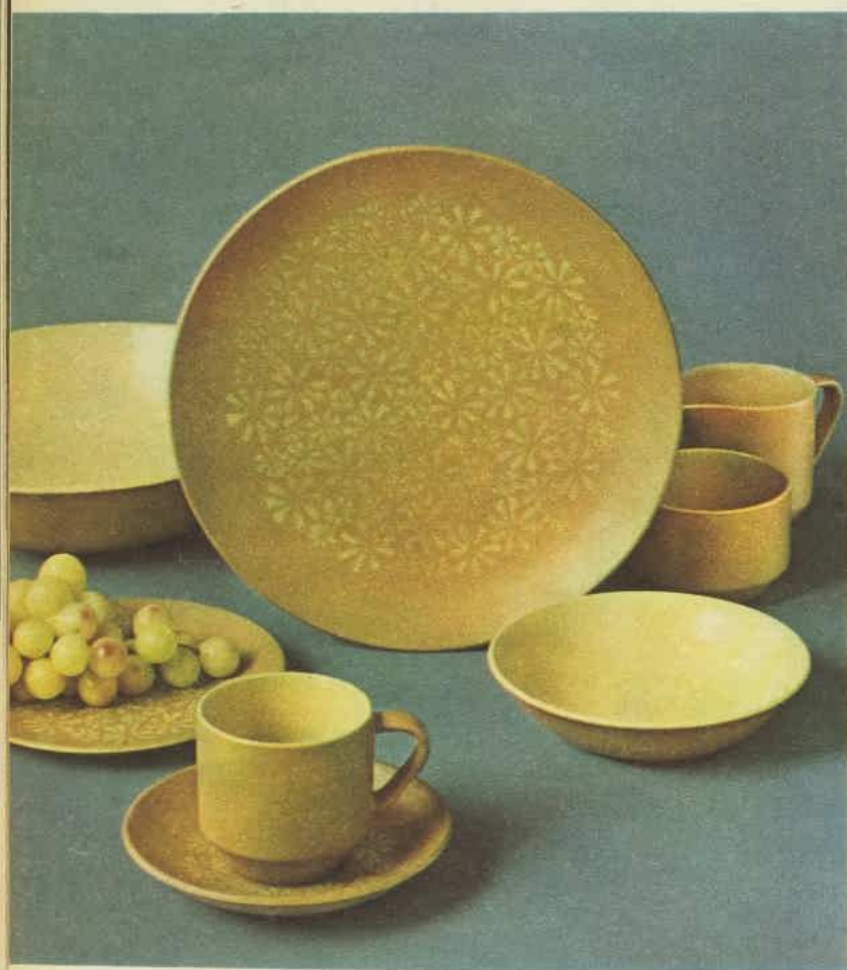
● Lapidus' short-cut spring coat (right) combines blue-and-white window-pane check with plain blue. The coat has a small standing collar and a side button closing. The stockings and beret are matched to the window-pane check.





Paul Gauguin.  
Robert Louis Stevenson.  
James A. Michener.  
Dorothy Thorpe.

(who?)



Dorothy Thorpe.

She, also, found creative inspiration in the South Pacific. If you're not in the ceramics business you've probably never heard her name, yet in this highly specialised art form she is unquestionably today's foremost designer.

Crown Lynn brought Dorothy from her studio home in California to Auckland to design the feature settings of their new dinnerware range. Like those before her, the soft magic of the south seas fired her creative soul.

The result can be seen in these two settings, Palm Springs and Pine. For our money, immortality in art and dinnerware have seldom come closer. So much so that we perfected an embossing process to do Dorothy's designs full justice. You can see some samples from the settings illustrated. You can see them much better, feel them, at the very good stores. The 44-piece set costs \$41 and the 20-piece set, \$15.95. They're not made for everyone. Not everyone owns a Gauguin, either.

CROWN LYNN

NEW ZEALAND

CL2003/84

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - May 10, 1984



# DRESS SENSE

By BETTY KEEP

● This one-piece dress with matching jacket was chosen for a reader who asked for a jacket dress to suit a size 38in. bust. A paper pattern is available for the ensemble.

HERE is part of the reader's letter, and my reply:

*"I have 4yds. 54in. wool in a beautiful red shade. I purchased the fabric for a winter outfit to consist of a tailored frock and jacket.*

*Could you please illustrate a style suitable for a size 18?"*

I have illustrated (left) the ensemble you inquired about. The dress is sleeveless, has a semi-fit, shaped seaming in front and a collarless neckline. The jacket has a curved panel front with double-breasted buttoning. Details of how to order are given under the illustration.

*"My skin is fair and my hair mousy, and I seem to get lost in the new bright winter colors. What shades would you advise me to wear?"*

Sky-blue, soft pinks, and creamy beige should all be flattering to an ultra-fair complexion and soft brown hair.

*"How should a flowergirl be dressed for a formal wedding? The bride has chosen two senior bridesmaids who will be dressed in white velvet. Could the flower-girl wear the same white velvet?"*

The traditional flowergirl's dress is ankle-length and finished with a high-waisted bodice and little puff sleeves. I think it would be a very pretty idea to have the flowergirl's dress made in white velvet to match the bridesmaids' dresses.

## MICHELLE FIQUET USES A LUXURY TALC EVERY DAY.



**IS SHE RICH OR IS SHE SMART?**  
MICHELLE IS FRENCH, ALL WOMAN, AND VERY SMART. SHE LIKES LUXURIES YOU CAN AFFORD REGULARLY. LIKE TEAL, THE LUXURY TALC PERFUMED BY ROBERTET OF PARIS, PRICED SO YOU CAN AFFORD IT EVERY DAY. THAT'S THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN TEAL AND THE OTHER LUXURY TALCS. "VIVE LA DIFFERENCE!"

Johnson & Johnson

HERE are some teenage queries in my fashion mail:

*"Could you please give me a snappy idea for a suit for a teenager? I am 15."*

Lively and new for your age group is a self-belted hipster skirt and matching blazer jacket. My material choice would be red and white pin-striped wool.

*"I am going to several dances this winter and will need a floor-length evening gown, also a short dress. Could you tell me a new style for each dress? I am 19 years old."*

For a short dress I suggest a crepe or chiffon "tent" made in a pretty pastel. The Empire line is an excellent silhouette for a floor-length design. Have a sequin trim on the bodice, perhaps bands of sequins outlining the neckline and armholes. The newest evening color is silver or white, worn with silver kid accessories.

*"What is the right bra for a heavy bustline? I am only 15 and my bust looks over-developed."*

Consult a fitter in one of the large city stores. She is trained to find the correct type and fit to suit your proportions.

*"Please tell me if checks are to be worn this winter."*

Yes, particularly window-pane checks.

*"What color would you suggest for a coat to wear over a late-day dress? I am 18, dark, with a fairly creamy skin."*

My choice would be orange.





## ● HOUSE OF THE WEEK

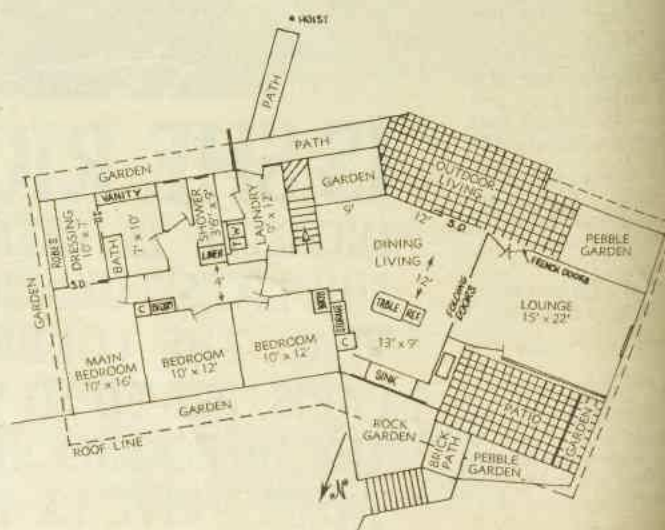
The lounge of Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Lawrie's home in Kenmore, Qld., opens on to a front patio, has an unusual beige, gold, and white plastic-coated wallpaper on the ceiling. Mrs. Lawrie designed the house.

# DESIGNING HOUSES IS HER HOBBY

Designing as well as building houses is only a hobby for Mrs. Constance Lawrie, of Kenmore, Qld., but over the years she has personally designed 13 homes—six in Adelaide and seven in Brisbane—all of which she and her husband have lived in and enjoyed.



Front view of the house. Although the Lawries have lived here only seven months, the garden already looks as though it has been established for several years.







Attractive, practical combined dining-room and kitchen. Mrs. Lawrie supervised the careful, inch-by-inch shaping of the curved line of the gold carpet in the dining area, to get it just as she wanted it. Sliding doors (out of picture) open on to back patio.

Photographs by Bob Millar, jun.



Looking across the front of the house from the side. Around the front patio is a delightful pebble garden.

The back patio looks out on a smooth green lawn, unusual rock wall, and garden beds bright with flowers.



Continued overleaf ➡





## DESIGNING HOUSES IS HER HOBBY ... continued

Main bedroom of the Lawries' home in Kenmore, Qld. Plate-glass windows in this and the other two bedrooms slide from the middle to prevent curtains from blowing about and becoming dirty.

"I SEE a block of land," said Mrs. Lawrie, of Kenmore, Qld., "and I see my finished house straight away. I know almost to the last detail how it is going to look. I prepare all the house plans to scale to the half inch, then give them to an architect and he prepares the blueprint."

The Lawries have been living in their present home in Kenmore for seven months. The house is on a quarter-acre site, covering about 20 squares under the main roof, 7 squares for covered patios, and 9 squares in the downstairs section, which includes a double carport and storeroom and space for a study or extra bedroom.

"This house is as near perfect as any I have designed," said Mrs. Lawrie. "It was a complicated plan and I found it rather difficult to get the angled line I wanted at the front, but I did finally manage it."

### Removals expert

Mrs. Lawrie is an expert on removals — perhaps just as well for a person who likes a change of house — and can move from one house to another within 48 hours, or in 24 if necessary. The clue to her success lies in preparing beforehand a plan, drawn to scale, showing exactly where each piece of furniture will go. There is no such thing as "let's try it over here," and trundling of pieces of furniture back and forth. An anti-boarding instinct helps, too.

Her interest in house design started during the last war, when her husband was in New Guinea. She bought an old house in Toowoomba for a few hundred pounds, walk in, walk out, and renovated it from front to back. The Lawries had two young sons then — both are married now.

"I have learned a lot about the technical details of building as time has gone on," Mrs. Lawrie said. "I can read a builder's specification and know what it means, and I learn something more about design and building with every house I do."

### Ingenious ideas

In the present Lawrie house are a number of new features, thought out by Mrs. Lawrie:

- The sliding plate-glass windows in the three bedrooms are designed to open from the middle, so the curtains don't blow about from the side and consequently stay much cleaner.
- To provide extra ventilation for hot weather, there are fixed louvres for the lower part of the bedroom windows; the ventilation is controlled by having sliding marine-ply panels come inside.
- Ceiling vents are provided in the kitchen, bathroom, and shower-room. Mrs. Lawrie finds the vent in the kitchen is as efficient as an exhaust hood.
- There is a cooling safe built into a kitchen cupboard, to hold hot meat or other dishes taken straight from the oven.

The kitchen area of the kitchen-dining room has wall tiles on the floor, and the dining area has a gold carpet with a curved line. Mrs. Lawrie supervised the tradesmen shaping the curve, inch by inch, and is highly pleased with the result.

Mrs. Lawrie's husband is always responsible for their garden planning. Their present garden in Kenmore, although only seven months old, looks like a beautifully kept garden of a few years.

— Jean Bruce

enjoy the gentle warmth of a Bond's interlock nightgown ...tonight

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LEFT: Style 11348 Brushed Interlock nightie. Pretty yoke. Pink or sky. SW-XOS from \$6.99  
 RIGHT: Style 11353 Long Interlock nightie. Motif on yoke. Pink and sky. SW to XOS from \$5.99  
 B334

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Try grated parmesan on minestrone

### MINESTRONE

Standard 8 oz. measuring cup is used.  
All spoon measurements are level.

3 sticks celery; 1 large carrot;  $\frac{1}{2}$  small cabbage heart; 3 medium tomatoes; 2 oz. spaghetti; 1 large onion, minced; 3 pints stock; 4 oz. peas; 1 teaspoon chopped parsley; pinch of sage; salt, pepper; 4 oz. grated Australian Parmesan cheese.

Shred celery, carrot, cabbage and chop tomatoes. Place spaghetti, carrot, celery and onion in stock, bring to boil and simmer gently for one hour. Add remaining ingredients apart from the cheese and continue cooking 20-30 minutes. Season to taste. Serve sprinkled with grated cheese. Serves six.

## Discover Australian Cheese



### AUSTRALIAN PARMESAN

A hard, pale yellow cheese with granular texture and a full piquant flavour. Appreciated most when grated in soup and sauces and dishes of Italian heritage. Also a popular table cheese.



### AUSTRALIAN CHEDDAR

Australian natural Cheddar is firm, smooth and light yellow coloured. Cheddars are available in mild to sharp flavours to suit all tastes. Use grated Cheddar in sauces or to top hot savoury dishes and soups.



### AUSTRALIAN PECORINO

This is a hard, pale yellow cheese with a sharp tangy flavour. Serve grated on soups, sauces, baked food, vegetables and pasta. Goes well with full bodied red wines.



### AUSTRALIAN ROMANO

Another hard, pale yellow cheese with a full to sharp flavour, grates well for use in cooking, and is an especially delicious table cheese. Goes superbly with dry red wines.



Inserted in the interests of better nutrition by the Australian Dairy Produce Board.



## Quiz

by Charles Vine

# FIND THE TRUTH ABOUT THE MAN IN YOUR LIFE

● Men have varying degrees of temperament and many shades of personality. You can see for yourself what the man in your life looks like — and presumably you picked him because you like him that way.

But what is he really like,

mentally and emotionally? Is he go-ahead or lazy? Artistic or practical? A stay-at-home or a gadabout?

All women think they know their men inside out, and perhaps a few do. But many, when the unexpected happens, find themselves in for the surprise of their lives. He turns out to be quite,

quite different from what they had expected.

If you think you really know the man in your life, this quiz will help to establish how far you are right — or it may cause you to start looking at him with fresh eyes.

There are 20 questions. Get him to answer those you can't answer for yourself — but don't tell him why you want to know.

1 WHEN THE TWO OF YOU are together, what—on balance—is his favorite subject of conversation. Is it:

- himself?
- you and the things you have been doing?
- his work?
- money?
- sport?
- sex?

2 AT A PARTY or social function does he spend most of his time talking to:

- people in his own line of business?
- men he knows personally apart from business?
- the prettiest girl he can find?

3 IF HE WERE LEFT A SMALL LEGACY of, say, a few thousand dollars, would he probably:

- invest it in something safe and secure?
- use it to start a small business?
- rush out and buy himself a new car?

4 OFFERED THE CHOICE of the following, which would he prefer to go to:

- an art exhibition?
- a business efficiency exhibition?
- a home furnishing exhibition?

5 WHICH TYPE of decor and furnishing does he prefer? If you're not sure, ask him. Is it:

- traditional decor with good, solid, rather old-fashioned furniture?
- a cool decor with modern, practical furniture?
- a rather exotic decor, with the latest, most way-out furniture?

6 THE HOUSE CATCHES FIRE. No one's life is in danger. There is plenty of time to get out and take something with you. Which of these would he be most likely to think of first:

- the contents of his desk?
- the contents of his wardrobe?
- anything of value such as watches, jewellery, cameras, etc.?

7 YOU ARE GOING AWAY for a holiday together or simply out for the evening. Does he:

- discuss with you where to go, but then make all the arrangements himself?
- decide himself where the two of you shall go, but then leave you to make the arrangements?
- leave both decision and arrangements to you?

8 ASSUME HE COULD AFFORD any car he fancies. Which would he be most likely to buy:

- the snazziest-looking sports car he could find?
- a Rolls-Royce?
- something almost as comfortable as a Rolls-Royce, but neither sporty nor ostentatious?

9 IN THE EVENING, does he prefer to do one of these things:

- study?
- potter about?
- do work brought home from the office?
- read?
- go out to a show or nightclub?

10 WHEN IT COMES TO GAMBLING, does he:

- never (or hardly ever) gamble, considering it a waste of money?
- have an occasional flutter if he's fairly sure he's on to a good thing?
- gamble almost at the drop of a hat?

11 ASK HIM which of the following precepts he would pick as his motto—would it be:

- You only live once?
- Do as you would be done by?
- You get out of life what you put into it?

12 DOES HE BELIEVE that children:

- make a house into a home?
- are a bit of a nuisance?
- should be seen and not heard?

13 HIS BOSS is giving a party and the two of you are invited. His boss has a reputation for being a bit of a ladies' man. Would the man in your life:

- caution you to watch your step with the boss?
- suggest that you go out of your way to be nice to the boss?
- not think to mention it?

14 GUEST-OF-HONOR AT THE PARTY is a glamorous visiting actress, movie sex symbol. Afterward, on the way home, you ask the man in your life what he thought of her. Would his reply be something like:

- "I think you are a lot more attractive?"
- "She certainly looks sexy. I wonder if she is?"
- "I wish I had ten percent of her income?"

15 HE HAS A SAFE, COMFORTABLE JOB which pays fairly well, but offers little opportunity for real advancement. A friend asks him to go into a highly speculative project which could go over very big. Would he:

- jump at the chance without a second's hesitation?
- investigate the whole project very thoroughly before reaching a decision?
- decide to stay put without even looking into things?

16 AN OLD FLAME comes back unexpectedly into your life. There is nothing between you any more, but he invites you out to lunch for old time's sake. You accept without telling your husband or boyfriend. Midway through the meal, hubby or boyfriend chances to walk into the same restaurant. Would he:

- dash over and demand to know what the devil you're playing at?
- greet you cordially at the time, but insist on knowing all about it later?
- pretend not to see you?

17 THE TWO OF YOU have arranged a special evening out to celebrate your birthday or an anniversary. At almost the last moment something comes up and he is asked to work late. Would he:

- agree immediately on the basis that business comes before pleasure?
- refuse to work late and turn up to meet you as arranged?
- agree to work late, but reluctantly and only because he feels he has to?

18 IS HIS ATTITUDE toward his work:

- that he is worth more than he is paid?
- that he gets a fair deal?
- that he is on to a good thing?

19 YOU CAN TELL A LOT about a man from the type of girl he likes or the type of woman he marries. Basically, which are you:

- a career girl?
- the artistic type?
- extremely domesticated?

20 FINALLY, what sort of clothes does he prefer you to wear? If you're not sure, ask him. Does he like you:

- in something striking so that he feels you do him credit?
- in something good and classical, but unostentatious?
- in something casual . . . slacks and sweater, for instance?

## THIS IS HOW YOU SCORE

1. a-1; b-2; c-3;  
d-3; e-2; f-1;
2. a-3; b-2; c-1;
3. a-2; b-3; c-1;
4. a-1; b-3; c-2;
5. a-2; b-3; c-1;

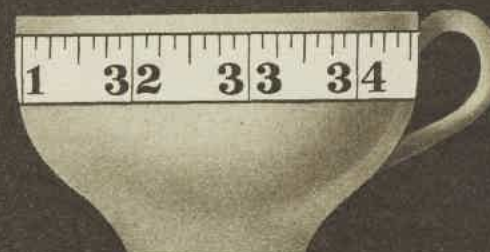
6. a-3; b-1; c-2;
7. a-3; b-1; c-2;
8. a-1; b-3; c-2;
9. a-3; b-2; c-3;  
d-2; e-1;

10. a-2; b-3; c-1;
11. a-1; b-2; c-3;
12. a-2; b-1; c-3;
13. a-1; b-3; c-2;
14. a-2; b-1; c-3;

15. a-1; b-3; c-2;
16. a-1; b-3; c-2;
17. a-3; b-1; c-2;
18. a-3; b-2; c-1;
19. a-3; b-1; c-2;
20. a-3; b-2; c-1;

For what your score means, turn to page 75

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## "AND THE WORD OF GOD INCREASED; AND THE NUMBER OF THE DISCIPLES MULTIPLIED . . ."

— ACTS 6; 7

**Q** About ten years ago a small group of Sydney women decided to meet once a month for Bible studies. From these meetings, attended by about 20, grew the idea of a yearly weekend class under the tutelage of an experienced Bible-class teacher.

These proved so successful — and the membership was swelled by women of many other denominations — that it was decided to form an interdenominational convention to be held in the Sydney area.

After that was done, the idea grew so rapidly that today they are being held all over Australia — this year almost 30 were planned.

The organisation is called the Australian Christian Women's Conventions.

Last March the central convention was held at Stanwell Tops, on the N.S.W. South Coast — with room for more than 1500.

Other conventions have been, or will be, held in N.S.W. country districts and in every State, including Tasmania, which held its first convention last month.

A panel of women, the official speakers on the central committee of the Australian Women's Christian Conventions (which has now been registered as a company), attend each convention held.

Not all country meetings are weekend affairs. To fit in with, say, the busy farmer's wife, some are limited to one day.

Mrs. June Bosanquet, public relations officer of the organisation and editor of their journal, "Christian Woman" — the only existing interdenominational journal in the world, she believes — said women today needed the help and support of their fellow women Christians.

"There is an increasing burden on women in bringing up their children, keeping up with them socially and educationally, and giving them security and stability.

"And to be a good Christian you don't have to be a 'square.' We regard ourselves as rather 'swinging' Christians. The outmoded idea that to be devout you have to go without make-up and become dowdy is certainly not our idea."

## Conferences her job, too

■ When business firms all over the world receive correspondence from a certain "Frances Bohley," many automatically reply to "Mr. Bohley."

"A natural enough error, I suppose. I never designate whether I am Mr., Mrs., or Miss," said Mrs. Bohley, a charming grandmother, from Palo Alto, California.

"Also, people don't expect a woman to be planning industrial conferences," she added.

Mrs. Bohley spends most of her working year flying round the world to

different cities, planning large-scale industrial conferences on behalf of the Stanford Research Institute.

A widow and mother of two sons (one is a naval pilot and the other a member of the Peace Corps in West Pakistan), Mrs. Bohley began her career in 1947 as a legal secretary.

In 1954 she joined the Stanford Research Institute as a secretary to the General Councillor, and worked her way up.

Now executive Assistant in the International Department of the Institute, Mrs. Bohley was recently in Sydney for the Pacific Industrial Conference, which she arranged for about 150 businessmen.

Have gun,  
will  
travel?

• A Sydneysider filling in an application for a tourist card to permit entry to Mexico faces a problem.

It's hard to figure out whether they want to know if you are a spouse — or a soldier.

One section questions the applicant's MARTIAL status.

### RESEARCH

The Institute — sponsored by the Stanford University — is concerned with research into many studies.

A completely self-supporting body with no endowments or subsidies, the Institute also arranges — as a service to world business — international industrial conferences.

"They are dedicated to advancing economic development in different countries through private enterprise," said Mrs. Bohley, a business graduate

from the University of Maine.

"They provide a forum — or a meeting place, if you like — where the decision-makers of large organisations exchange ideas and can share their thoughts on improvement.

"The men who attend — by invitation only — are the men at the top, and any decisions they may make as a result of the conference, really affect a lot of people.

### WORDS SELL

"In a society so over-read as ours," said Mrs. Bohley, "even the most lucid business article sometimes can't get the message across.

"The spoken word is still the best way for selling new ideas, new trends," she added.

Since 1954 Mrs. Bohley has planned conferences in San Francisco (for 600 delegates), Sweden, Germany, Belgium, England, and Italy.

Later this year she will stage one in Spain and, next year, ones in the Lebanon and Peru.



● Frances Bohley



# COMPACT



## CHAMP HAS NO HEMLINE BIAS

**A**TENTION, women bowlers: Take a tip from Australia's champion, Mrs. Edna Cheffins, of Perth — pictured above — and perfect your draw shot first.

This is the vital shot which aims directly at the kitty and, according to Mrs. Cheffins, "It's most important to develop a good style with this one before you try anything else."

And Mrs. Cheffins is speaking on good authority. Her bowling trophies are spilling out of the china cabinet in her lounge-room.

As well as winning the 1966-67 women's championship at the bowling carnival recently played in Melbourne, Mrs. Cheffins was Australian champion in 1960-61, and has won the W.A. singles championship three times — in 1961, 1965, and 1966.

She won the Master's Singles in her home State in 1964 and in the following year was Champion of Champions in W.A.

### ● HUSBAND'S IDEA

Mrs. Cheffins has been bowling for about 12 years — since husband George, a consulting engineer, and also an enthusiastic bowler, came home one night to announce that his club, at Dalkeith, a suburb of Perth, was starting a separate women's club.

He had put her name down on the membership list.

"For the first couple of years I wasn't terribly interested and only played from time to time," said Mrs. Cheffins.

"But when we started playing pennant each week I became very keen."

Now she plays three or four times a week during the W.A. bowling season, which is from October to June.

## REALLY A PARKING PROBLEM

● Probably no woman driver thinks that male jokes about girls' troubles parking cars are very humorous.

And none is less appreciative than a Melbourne woman we know.

It all happened when she and her family were on a recent motoring trip in Sydney.

### Lost car

It seems she took the family car into the heart of the city, on a shopping trip.

Later, when she went to pick it up from the parking station, she couldn't find the building.

She rang her husband at their hotel.

He told her to look at the receipt for the name of the station.

"I can see the name of the firm," she said. "Hourly and Daily."

"I love the challenge of playing against good bowlers and, as in golf, you have changes in form which make it interesting, too. Some days I play well, others quite badly."

Mrs. Cheffins has a whole wardrobe of regulation-style bowling dresses — at least five — in different materials.

"I think our dresses are very nice, and we always look neat and trim — although I do think the skirts could be slightly shorter," she said.

### ● APPEAL TO YOUNG

"As it is, at 14 inches off the ground they are about the shortest worn in any State. We wear grey stockings with them, and, of course, hats."

During her visit to Melbourne for the bowling carnival — which is held every two years in a different State — Mrs. Cheffins stayed with her 27-year-old son, Ross, a pharmacist who lives in East St. Kilda.

She also has a married daughter, Mrs. Neville Watson, who lives in York, W.A.

"My daughter isn't interested in bowling — she says she's too young," said Mrs. Cheffins.

"Of course, she's only in her late 20s."

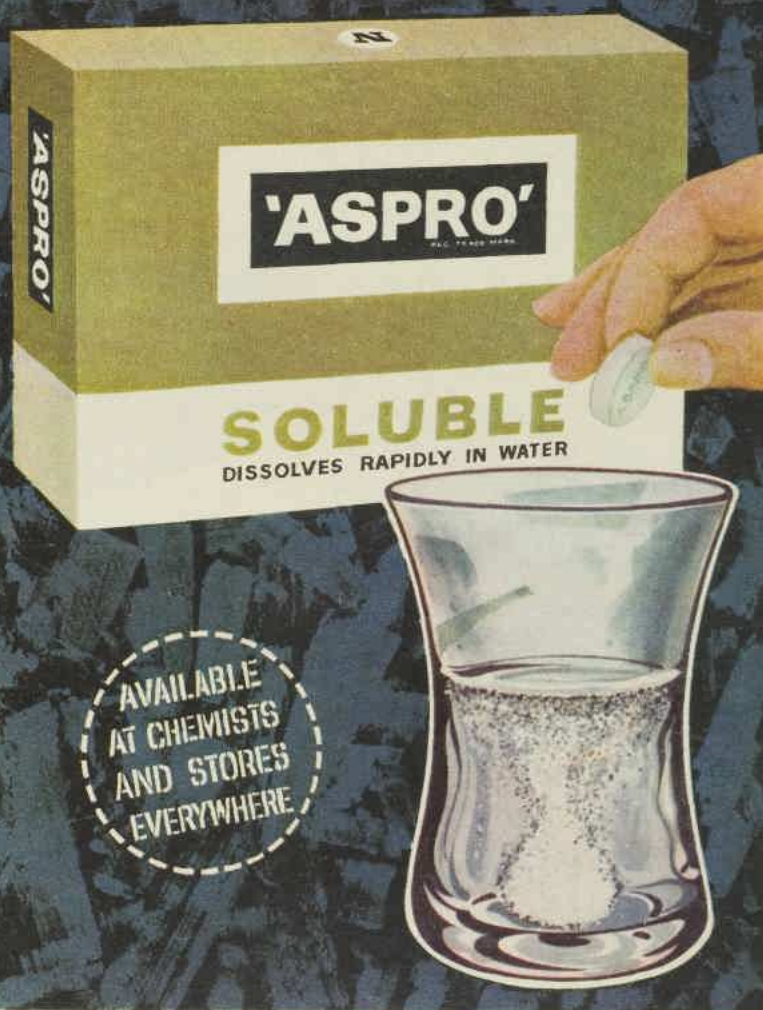
"But the game is appealing to more and more younger women — those in their 30s especially."

"It's a relaxation from the household routine."

"I don't think any woman with a family growing up could spare the time required to play championship bowls, though."

"I find that with just the two of us at home my bowling doesn't interfere too much with running the house, but I do need someone to help me look after the garden during the summer."

When you are recommended a soluble pain reliever, remember -



SOLUBLE 'ASPRO' DISSOLVES INSTANTLY IN WATER, IS EVER SO SMOOTH AND HAS A PLEASANT, NEUTRAL FLAVOUR.

World famous 'ASPRO' both soluble and regular tablet form are now Microfined which means that 'ASPRO' works 2½ times faster than before to relieve headache and pain.

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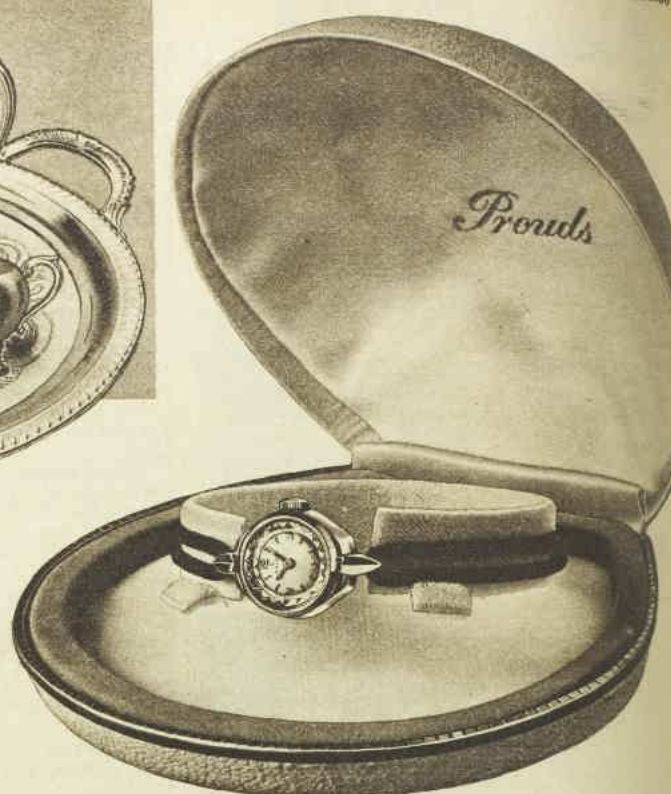
10" hand-made miniature glass trees, many varieties \$7.50.



F. B. Rogers silver-plated Coffee Carafe from America \$25.00.  
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Oroton Gold Mesh Cocktail Bag \$18.75. Oroton Gold Mesh Coin Purse \$7.25.  
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The one day of the year when you can most express just how much she means. Say it best with a gift from Prouds she will treasure always...an Envoy watch...a piece of Oroton...a silver F. B. Rogers tea service. A gift of beauty from across the World—Lladro porcelain from Spain, a glass tree from the Orient. Coloured venetian glass figures or a Nordic Crystal perfume bottle. It will be doubly precious when it comes gift-wrapped from Prouds... at all Prouds 16 stores.

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Oroton Gold Mesh Cigarette Lighter \$13.95. Oroton Gold Mesh Wallet \$8.95.  
Oroton Mesh Expandable Coin Purse \$3.00



9" venetian coloured glass figures \$17.50 pr.



Nordic Crystal Perfume Atomiser \$2.00.  
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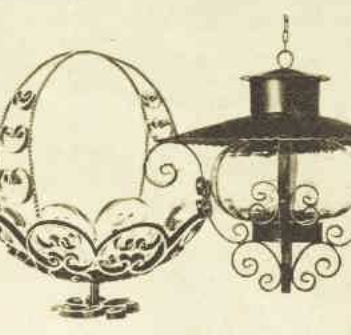
From Italy in white leather with gold pattern. Spectacle case \$1.50. Coin purses \$1.25 each. Petit Point note book \$2.95.



Tuscan Bone China coffee cups, saucers, box of 8 different Audubon bird designs \$16.00.



Sterling silver thimble \$4.00. Sterling silver hand engraved English Hallmark Bangles. Narrow \$11.00. Wide \$20.00.



Spanish wrought iron Lantern \$12.50.  
Wrought Iron Fruit Basket \$7.50.



Lladro porcelain figures from Spain. Girl with Candle \$8.50. Girl with Mandolin \$8.50. Boy and Girl with Candle \$19.00.

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## Are the pre-wedding parties overdone?

THE reader "21," who condemns having a lot of pre-wedding parties, strikes the right note. They may be a boon to the young couple, but what of the guests invited to all of them? My niece was invited to seven pre-wedding parties, as well as being bridesmaid to her girlfriend and giving an expensive wedding present. The money could well have been spent on articles for her own glory box.

\$2 to "Overdone" (name supplied), Ballarat, Vic.

AS these parties are not organised by the bride-to-be, I can only say good luck to those on the receiving end! Nobody would refuse a party given in her honor or the gifts that go with it. The guests all attend of their own free will. Those who do not wish to attend need not go, nor feel obliged to buy a gift.

\$2 to Mrs. M. Artrell, Nollamara, W.A.

I DON'T think any prospective bride would want to receive more than one gift from any one guest, no matter how many parties were attended. If I am invited to a tea as well as to the wedding, I give a smaller, inexpensive gift for the former, and the main gift as a wedding present, dividing between the two the amount of money I can afford.

\$2 to "My Way" (name supplied), Yagoona, N.S.W.

MY daughter had three pre-wedding parties given for her, a kitchen tea, a shower tea, and a pantry tea. She arranged the guest list with each hostess so that no friend or relative was asked to more than one party. The bridesmaids attended each on the understanding that one gift covered all three parties.

\$2 to "Bride's Mother" (name supplied), Balwyn, Vic.

THE young people enjoy the parties and don't seem to grudge the gifts. After all, their turn comes, too.

\$2 to "Blue Jug" (name supplied), Belgrave Heights, Vic.

IF more than one friend wishes to honor the bride-to-be and it is not convenient to join forces with the first hostess, could the second give a recipe tea, which would not involve friends in more expense?

\$2 to "Twice Bitten" (name supplied), Mackay, Qld.

STRUGGLING young couples and elderly relatives should tactfully be left out of these junkets. Shower teas and so forth are simply begging for presents. I would never have had the face to ask my friends to help set up my home, even had my parents allowed it.

\$2 to "New Great Aunt" (name supplied), The Basin, Vic.



## LETTER BOX

### Dad was mother, too

WIDOWED, with a small daughter to rear, my father uncomplainingly cooked, cut lunches, plaited my hair, and otherwise sent me tidily to school. He did the washing, mended shoes and socks, maybe sometimes skipping the ironing. He did not nag about small things, but expected to be obeyed. Not only did he have a nice garden and a few fowls, but an eight-to-five job, plus half-day Saturday. Yet, never once did he say, "A father's work is never done." Although I missed a mother's love, fathers can make the best mothers.

\$2 to Miss Irene Smith, Reservoir, Vic.

### Sincere salutation

HAVING been instructed with the other children how to address the Governor-General, Lord Casey, who was to visit his school, my little grandson came home very worried. He said to his mother, "Mum, I can't say 'Your Excellency' very well. Will it be all right if I say 'Your Sincerely' instead?"

\$2 to Mrs. Mary Thomas, Albany, W.A.

### Birthday club

FOR over 20 years four of us have run a birthday club.

As each one's birthday comes round, the other three combine to send a dollar each and a jointly inscribed card (usually humorous). At the end of the year no one is out of pocket, and each has been able to buy some specially needed item for wardrobe, house, or garden.

\$2 to "April Baby" (name supplied), Oakley, Qld.

### How old is old?

ON my fiftieth birthday it suddenly occurred to me for the first time that I would now probably be middle-aged. That very night I read in the paper about two ELDERLY women being involved in a street accident. One was 53 and the other 51! That gave me food for thought. At what age does one become (a) middle-aged, (b) elderly, (c) old?

\$2 to Mrs. M. C. Murray, Liverpool, N.S.W.

### Desperate moment

AS a teenage bride in World War II, I recall an incident which would today probably brand me as a delinquent. I hid all night under the Port Melbourne pier until my husband's troop train came in. Then, escaping the clutches of the MPs, I dashed up on to the wharf and kissed him goodbye. Next I made a mad dash along the pier (the MPs chasing me), and throwing myself into a small boat endeavored to row out to the side of the troopship. War hysteria or teenage delinquency, call it what you will. On the whole the youth of today is no worse — only different.

\$2 to "Don't Knock" (name supplied), Upper Mt. Gravatt, Qld.

## Ross Campbell writes...

### FLAMING YOUTHS

THE word "youth" used to have many pleasant associations.

Poets wrote about Youth at the prow and Pleasure at the helm — that sort of thing.

But something has happened to the word of late. It is applied mostly now to young males who do illegal things.

We read of youths stealing cars. Youths assault passers-by, break into warehouses, and sit the seats of railway carriages. Wherever mischief is going on, you expect to hear of a youth or two mixed up in it.

This raises a problem for those young males who do not happen to go in for car-stealing, seat-ripping, etc.

I heard one of them, aged 17, spoken to by his mother. She said: "A youth of your age should be able to keep his room tidy."

"Mum, I'm not a youth!" he said indignantly.

"What are you, then?" she asked. Offhand he could not think of a suitable word to describe himself.

He felt a bit too old to be a boy, but not quite old enough for a young man. He didn't like being called an adolescent — nobody does. It sounds too medical.

Nor was this 17-year-old keen to be referred to as a teenager. The word has been connected with too many fads like having "idols."

He said to his mother, "I don't know what I am. But I don't want to be called a youth. It sounds as if the cops are after me."

This is a common impression. Today it is a case of youths at the

prow and policemen at the helm — or, at any rate, following in a launch.

However, a few weeks ago a remarkable event was reported in the Sydney Press.

Three youths had chased and caught a man after a holdup at a railway station. During the holdup the man was alleged to have knocked a woman down.

I read this at first with astonishment. "This is a strange way for youths to be going on," I said. "They are supposed to be on the side of the baddies — not chasing them."

Nonetheless, it was true.

I have made inquiries since and found that there are youths doing other law-abiding things.

Some of them drive cars carefully, give part of their earnings to hard-up parents, and behave agreeably to girls.

Surely these non-delinquent youths deserve more publicity.

When a youth has his fling, he is not necessarily flinging a brick.

## AND NO SCENT

● In the village of Tadley, Hampshire, England, Mr. Charlie Walder has a garden containing 5000 plastic flowers.



Within my plastic garden  
The roses never fade,  
Chrysanthemums and snowdrops  
Are side by side displayed.

Forever fresh and blooming,  
By drought and frost unharmed,  
My flowers, need I say it,  
Stay bright as if embalmed.

No aphides, snails, or beetles  
My energies employ,  
My garden gives no trouble  
And hardly any joy.

— Dorothy Drain

### Had the last word

THE other day I noticed a car, driven by a woman, with a huge dent in the back. Above was chalked the triumphant word "HIS." It is comforting to know that there are some wives left who refuse to be trampled under.

\$2 to "On the Winning Side" (name supplied), Cremorne, N.S.W.

### Respect for teachers

WHEN the children started school I made a hard and fast rule never to criticise a teacher in front of them, feeling they would not be able to learn from someone they did not respect and admire. It has certainly paid dividends, as both children have produced excellent reports throughout their primary school years. I feel they would have lost respect had they listened to their parents continually finding fault.

\$2 to Mrs. E. L. Rowatt, Toowoomba, Qld.



You make up your own mind. Nobody tells you. Not even Tampax. We wouldn't dream of it. We think, we hope, we fondly believe, that Tampax lives up to your love of freedom. But you do the deciding. Tampax has no shields, contours or belts, pins, hooks. It doesn't need them; it's worn internally. The silken-smooth applicator guides insertion—makes it easy. In other words, Tampax tampons are pretty simple. Isn't life complicated enough already?



If you'd like a sample (in plain wrapper) send name, address and 6c in stamps to The Nurse, Dept. A, World Agencies, Pty. Ltd., Box 3725, G.P.O., Sydney.

### ADVERTISEMENT

## New Aid To Beauty

Your skin will become fair and beautiful with a new lemon extract cleanser that gives the complexion a clear youthful loveliness. Ask your chemist for the new Delph cleansing beautifier that beauticians the world over have acknowledged as wonderful for the skin. It cleanses the skin of all impurities that lead to ageing lines, melts out plugged pores, removes every trace of stale make-up and smooths away wrinkle-dryness to give the complexion soft loveliness. Delph cleansing milk will make you more beautiful the first time you use it.





NEW MUSICAL'S title song, "Half a Sixpence," is sung by draper's apprentice Kipps (Mark McManus) and parlormaid Ann (Carole Walker) as they exchange a token of affection.

**WILDLY EXCITED** at hearing he has come into a fortune — the news, was brought by actor friend Chitterlow (Max Oldaker, in knickerbockers, centre) — Kipps flouts his employer's strict rules, pays his first visit to the local pub, and announces the first thing he's going to buy is a banjo.



## NEW MUSICAL

# The rise and cheerful fall of Arthur Kipps



A FROLIC with his fellow apprentices, from left, Sid (John Rickard), Buggins (Brian Hannan), and Pearce (Geoffrey Veitch). H. G. Wells had himself been apprenticed to a draper.

● There are no half-measures about "Half a Sixpence." As musicals go, this new offering from J. C. Williamson's, which opened in Melbourne and will tour all States, has everything — a rags to riches (and back again) story, fun, pathos, a romantic love triangle, and, above all, heart.

The musical is from H. G. Wells' novel "Kipps," about a cockney draper's apprentice. Young Arthur Kipps, like Shaw's Eliza who became "My Fair Lady," is a natural for musical comedy. Even the setting in England in 1900 is right.

Kipps is a simple, lovable soul who discovers a simple truth. Despite sudden riches and a brief and bruising flutter into high society, the things he values are those money can't buy.

All along the line, he is abetted by his parlor-

maid sweetheart and his three apprentice mates, who rejoice in his good fortune, watch with dismay the efforts of his rich fiancée to turn him into a gentleman, and rejoice again over a happy-ever-after ending.

This musical version glosses lightly over the novel's sharper undertones of social injustice, and the result is a Cinderella story to suit general tastes. Its songs are tuneful and gay.

The accent is on youth in Fred Hebert's production. From Scottish-born Mark McManus, who runs away with the honors in the star role (made famous by Tommy Steele in England and America), to the charmingly costumed and pretty little dancers, the action moves as swiftly as Betty Pounder's delightful choreography.



A BEMUSED KIPPS, hardly able to believe he has proposed to the haughty, managing Miss Walsingham, gets a kiss from his future mother-in-law (Gladys Anderson). Jack Walsingham (Peter Drake), who has plans for the investing of Kipps' fortune, looks on approvingly.



IN THEIR SILKS AND SATINS, the Walsinghams' friends gather for a picnic on the old Military Canal at Folkestone on Regatta Day, and Kipps is trying to tell himself that life is a rosy dream. The parlormaid Ann, now employed by the Walsinghams, tries to hide her heartbreak.





*NEWLY RICH* Kipps is taken up by Miss Walsingham (Patsy King) for his entry into Society — but puts wrong foot forward.



*HIS MONEY LOST*, or most of it, Kipps humbly seeks out Ann, ironing in the kitchen. She gives him a piece of her mind, but confesses she loves him still. They have a hilarious wedding (the song in the photographic episode is "Flash, Bang, Wallop") and set up house with a parlormaid (played by Carol Mains) of their own — sometimes Ann can't resist the urge to help her. In the show's happy ending, Kipps agrees with his wife that the most important things in life can't be bought.

1967



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**“ ...it doesn't say  
cooking margarine  
on the inside. ”**

MRS. JONES

When you make a superb margarine, one that belongs on a loaf as naturally as the crust, then you label it boldly "Cooking Margarine" there has to be a reason. Who'd pay about 38 cents a lb. for a cooking margarine? Eta Super Spread "Cooking Margarine" is a superb margarine. It's a natural for bread, but the quota restrictions won't allow us to label it t\*\*\*\* margarine. But please taste it and make up your own mind. We have to label it "Cooking Margarine" but nobody eats a wrapper, it's what's inside that counts.



*Sold in cube pack in some areas*

Eta Super Spread Cooking Margarine is in a gold box with a red name patch. It's an all-Australian Margarine and it's made by Marrickville.

**Spread the word.**



No one who hasn't experienced it can understand the heartache and loneliness,

the daunting beginnings of life in a new land, but Readers' Stories this week, sent in by migrants, show something of what it means to be a new settler.

# Please, Australia, give us migrants better hostels

A cry of despair came from Englishwoman MARJORIE WHITEHOUSE as she surveyed the migrant hostel, her temporary "home." Mrs. Whitehouse, now happily settled, makes a plea for better accommodation for new arrivals.\*

"GOING to Australia? You're quite mad. Why on earth do you want to give up your lovely home to go there — at your time of life?" So it went on, from all our friends in England, when we announced we intended to migrate to Australia.

Perhaps we were a little mad. Maurice, my husband, was 48, I was 45. Our three children were Philip, 16; just about to leave Grammar School; Celia, 11, with her 11-plus ready for entry to Grammar School; and Martin, a mere three-year-old. So if we really wanted to see what was on the other side of the hill, to allow our pioneering spirit to come to the fore, it was now or never.

Maurice was sales representative for a famous biscuit firm, income rather above average, and unrestricted use of a company car. We lived in a big solid house (which, in spite of the often mistaken belief of Australians, had a bathroom!) in half an acre of land in a sleepy Somerset village overlooking the lazy Mendip Hills, 12 miles south of Bristol. From this locale, we set sail in April, 1961.

We arrived at Melbourne in May, fit, happy, ready to face our new life. At the reception centre at Exhibition Buildings we began to realise the implication of the word "migrant," synonymous with less than the dust, one of "those" . . .

I can remember my dismay upon arrival. The Army hut accommodation was bitterly cold, sparsely furnished with bare essentials. One look at the concrete and corrugated-iron shower recesses and I decided I'd rather stay a trifle grubby.

I stood Martin in one of the laundry troughs and sluiced him down, but fought shy of inquiring how Philip and Celia managed their toilets. Suffice to say that before we had been there three days they too had acquired the slightly tatty-round-the-edges appearance of the other migrants.

## "Only temporary"

Maurice cheerfully admitted he had slept worse in the Army, but only just, but reminded us we mustn't expect too much too soon. The centre was only temporary, and the important thing was to get employment, then look for a house.

The manager tried to be helpful, but having been through the routine from time immemorial, could hardly be expected to be over-welcoming.

At the end of four days, everyone was posted to a Commonwealth hostel. The Commonwealth Employment Service had found jobs for most of our shipmates, who were dispatched to hostels near their work. Maurice was still unemployed, so we were sent to Preston Hostel.

But first, I really must have a bath. I still couldn't bring myself to use the centre's facilities. Maurice suggested the public bath at the local swimming baths. Public baths! Me? "Why not?" said Maurice. "They're clean, and have lots of hot water." So we all went.

Afterward, I stood in Bourke Street and looked enviously at the crowds, lonely in the thought that not a solitary person would say a word to me, not even "How're you goin' mite, orlright?" Obviously I couldn't expect them to come up to me in the street, and I mention this only to show how alone the newcomer can feel.

So the coaches arrived, and we surveyed the industrial development of the northern suburbs en route for Preston, and finally turned down Bell Street. As we approached the gasworks, my heart sank. "Oh, no. It couldn't be. O glorious, smiling Somerset! Why did I ever leave you?"

But there it was, a collection of Nissen huts nestling beneath the gasometers — Preston Hostel. I cheered myself by the thought that under the Nest-Egg Scheme that qualified us as migrants we had this for only a week. I could put up with anything for a week. As soon as Maurice had a job, we would make a home once more. Meanwhile, here was the house-keeper to take us to our little "flat."

I sat myself down on the settee which did duty as our bed at night and looked around me. I couldn't stay here in this . . . hovel! We had never been rich, but this was not our milieu, however

ing the containers and presenting them to me. How low had we sunk to countenance such behaviour!

A small portion of butter per person was allowed, doled out grudgingly by the lady known as the Queen of the Butter, in whose presence one dare not be like Oliver Twist and ask for more.

Daily we scanned the newspapers for a job for Maurice, who pleaded patience with the hostel just until he had landed a job. Unfortunately, we had arrived in the middle of the credit squeeze (why, oh, why, didn't Australia House tell prospective migrants of this?), and though he came armed with introductions from English employers, the story was the same—the credit squeeze.

Please don't think that he was difficult to please. He would willingly have driven a bus, swept roads, anything to get us out of the hostel, but at 48 employers weren't welcoming. The old cry—"Why didn't you stay in England at your age?" seemed to suggest an ulterior motive for leaving.

We hired a car and drove to Ballarat and Geelong in search of employment. He wrote to Commonwealth employment offices at country centres begging for the chance to earn a living in the land which

temporary. Even the poorest migrant had come from better than this.

I wanted to howl my head off at the utter madness of the step we had taken, but of what use. Self-pity would get us nowhere, and it wouldn't do to break down in front of the children.

In the other half of the hut we could hear every word spoken by the Scottish family in occupation. If I could hear, they could do the same. Our privacy was gone.

An essential piece of equipment in a migrant hostel is a bucket. With this you can make endless trips across a sea of black mud to the laundry and fetch as much hot water as you care to carry. This saves having to share communal bathrooms and showers.

Celia couldn't be persuaded to bath in the semi-partitioned, draughty, dirty bathrooms, so using Martin's baby bath and buckets of water we managed to bathe her and Martin each day. Maurice and Philip were tougher, and ploughed across the mud each day to the bathroom, scoured out the bath, and occupied it in turn.

The dining-room was bright and cheery, but the food was poor, although plentiful. Wouldn't it be better to give less food but well cooked and fit to eat? What use is a plate piled with lamb chops too tough to eat?

Sugar was doled out in plastic containers filled only once a meal. This led to the petty thieving habit of swiping containers, with sugar left in them, from the tables of earlier diners, and filling up one's own container from these.

My small son, Martin, emboldened by the achievements of others, took to collect-

ing the containers and presenting them to me. How low had we sunk to countenance such behaviour!

For six weeks we struggled on, our capital going and our enthusiasm for the brave new world at a low ebb.

In a hostel atmosphere, it is easy to see how migrants become "disgruntled." The home background is gone. A welcome, except a limited one, mainly the churches, is non-existent.

Migrants are told they weren't asked to come, and if it is so much better back home, why don't they return there. But we are asked to come. English magazines are full of advertisements begging you to come. Publicity is tremendous, and no mention is ever made of the appalling conditions which greet you on arrival.

We were told we could get a mortgage loan for a house for 40 years if we wanted one, but the Australia House official didn't mention the source of such a loan. We were told we would qualify for a War Service loan, Maurice having served six years in the Army. Again, untrue.

The more unimaginative migrants look around a hostel in all its horror and say, "If this is Australia, I don't like it." They get jobs, save like mad, and return to England with a poor impression of this truly wonderful country.

You may say that if they stay on in the hostels they must like them. That isn't so. They stay because they are afraid—afraid to get themselves into houses and subsequent debt, afraid of unemployment and inability to meet hire-purchase payments on furnishings.

They cling to the hated hostel because there they have fellow-countrymen who can understand and sympathise, and reminisce

\* There has already been a move to improve housing for newly arrived settlers. The Commonwealth Government plans to provide self-contained flats as temporary accommodation, and existing hostels are being renovated, with new sleeping and eating quarters and better toilet and bathroom facilities.

about familiar things back home. However humble a migrant, most came from a better background than a migrant hostel, with all its indignities.

Why should migrants live in conditions you wouldn't tolerate for one night? I was at Preston during the 1961 disturbance and, believe me, it was known when inquiring bodies were likely to come. It didn't need two hours for the menu to be altered and the place swept and garnished.

Let migrants enjoy a little more of that Australian friendliness and hospitality we were led to believe existed. Don't treat them as the lowest throwouts from Britain. Remember, their complaints are usually justified, and only by publicising them will anything be done.

Don't let them return to England with a distorted picture of life in Australia. We

don't ask for a red carpet but for a reasonable standard of living. You have a wonderful country . . . so don't make these people feel licked before they've started.

This is what ultimately happened to the Whitehouse family: We had been at Preston for six weeks when Maurice at last got a job as a salesman with a confectionery firm.

He was told they did have country salesmen, with house provided, but obviously no firm would send a newcomer, a Pommie at that, straight into the country until he had proved his mettle.

But within four months Maurice came home to the hostel with the news that he was to go to Dandenong, and a house. You cannot imagine our joy at once more being able to lead a normal life under our own roof, albeit a rented one.

We were at Dandenong for only four months when, miraculously, we were transferred to Mildura, and a company house. At last, we felt all the heartbreak had been worth while. We had had a mere nine-month settling-in period.

It is almost six years since our arrival and, after initial unhappiness, such good and worth-while years. Philip is now a bank officer, Celia a student teacher at Ballarat. Martin, a real little Aussie, is "goin' orlright, mite."

Best of all, my husband has been able to do what he has wanted all his life. In December, 1966, he was ordained into the ministry of the Anglican Church.

More migrant stories on pages 46, 47, and 49.





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*by napro*

"Back Home — how that phrase recurred, at

## DIARY OF A MIGRANT

● A memory of gum-leaves under a hot sun, the sound of cicadas... an Englishwoman looks back, 15 years later.

**R**ECENTLY, our family celebrated an anniversary. I have the reason for it all down in my diary for 1951, the year my husband and I, loaded with packages, staggered down the gangplank at Fremantle.

There was no handsome terminal in those days. The two boys had run on ahead, and we hadn't a hand to spare for our seven-year-old daughter. She eyed the gangplank apprehensively.

"Come on!" we yelled, so she sat down and entered her new country sliding on her posterior.

At the hostel my first task was to take my daughter across my knee, not for chastisement but to remove the splinters she'd collected from the gangplank.

We looked around our temporary home. It was a converted Army hut shared with three other families, rather different from the comparative luxury of the ship. But if the beds squeaked and sagged and the facilities were rudimentary, the food was good, the surroundings pleasant.

The children loved it—white sands, a river to swim in under cloudless blue skies, a jetty to fish from, prawns to catch and cook over a fire of driftwood on the shore after the sun went down.

### A flat, or bungalow

But when the children were in bed there was little for the grown-ups to do. You could sit on your bed and read under an inadequate light, go to the common-room and sit on a straight wooden chair and chat to others as bored as yourself, watching the collection of odd containers on the log fire boiling a bedtime beverage.

My lasting memory of the camp is the smell of gumleaves under a hot sun, the incessant buzz of the cicadas, and, most of all, the feeling of living in a vacuum between two worlds. We were lucky. In a week the State Government fulfilled its promise and moved us into a flat.

We'd speculated a lot about this flat. The flats we knew were in huge blocks in the cities, but we'd been told these were in cleared bush, seven miles out. They turned out to be what we Back Home (how that phrase was to keep recurring!) called a bungalow.

Ours was one of a unit of four, and, though walls were thin and neighbors had no secrets from each other, as my Scots neighbor put it, "They were right bonnie wee places."

With the man of the house away to work and the children off to school by

8 o'clock, those first days were long and empty. The women had little to do but gossip and think of the old life, far away.

My husband bought me a radio for company. I'd tune to the familiar sounds of hospital half-hour. Before long, however, some misguided soul would request "My Ain Folk," or Paul Robeson singing "Just a-Wearyin' For You" — and the tears would fall into the washing-up water. I'd have to switch off.

The wood stove was a black monster I felt I'd never learn to cope with. We'd gathered wood from the bush, but it wouldn't burn. In our new-chum ignorance we chose the wrong wood. We soon learned. My diary says I cooked a roast, a rice pudding, a rhubarb tart, and scones that first Sunday.

"The soil is black sand," I wrote. "I just can't keep the children clean." They had discovered the delights of running barefoot, and if they did come home black and baths and showers were working overtime, they were thriving. They loved the bush, the sunshine, and the beaches, when we could afford fares to take them there.

We'd been here a month when Christmas came, and it wasn't anything like the Christmas we knew. It was hot. There was none of the familiar Christmas signs — no holly, no mistletoe, no little fir tree — but instead a spray of orange Christmas tree flowers picked in the bush.

We opened the parcels from Home. One contained some tinsel, and another some pretty mauve and pink paper. We made streamers, and draped the tinsel over the sprays of Christmas tree. The partly furnished lounge looked festive.

The wood stove behaved magnificently, and Christmas dinner was all it had ever been. After dinner we joined a family we'd met on the ship. The children played games and sang and finally, tired and happy, went off to bed.

The gaiety went with them. The talk died away, the tinsel-draped flowers no longer looked gay, only strange and alien. We were remembering our friends at home, where Christmas was only beginning.

It's strange, now we feel Australians ourselves, to read those first impressions. We spoke the same language, but I was "bushed" once or twice. The first time a friendly Australian visitor left me with the words, "See you later!" I waited around, disappointed when she failed to turn up.

And when I was asked to "bring a plate" I thought, "... and cups and saucers, or glasses?" Thank heaven, before I could commit such a "blue," I learned it was what was on the plate that mattered.

## What does give people

● AUDREY BELL, now of Victoria, claims it's often only "itchy feet."

**P**ERHAPS it was an urge to travel that led me to marry an Australian who had been living happily in England for nine years.

Three years before, I had returned to England after several happy years in South Africa. For 18 months I tried to settle down, busy with work and hobbies. But I didn't settle, really.

American friends invited me over for a holiday. For

months I saved every coin and had a wonderful month across the Atlantic.

At London Airport, when I flew in from New York, the English flowerbeds had never looked so fine. As I left the Air Terminal at Victoria, the Guards marched past — scarlet coats, bearskins, band playing. My heart jumped.

"Ah," I said to myself. "This is the place to be. Now I'll settle down."

Settle down! Little did I know. Six weeks later I met my Australian. A year later we were married.

"D'you want to go to Australia?" asked my friends, as though it would be a peculiar thing to do. "But we're not going to Australia," I said. "He just loves London."

But, three years and two and a bit children later, we suddenly decided we wanted our children to



first!" Four migrants talk about the settling-in period.

## At last, I'm part of it all

AS my 40th birthday came and went, I wondered who said life begins at 40? Here was I with four children, in the throes of migrating to Australia. Only those who do it can know the emotional, financial, and physical strain involved. Our families hung around with stricken looks like faithful dogs about to be abandoned by their owners, until the effort of keeping up bright conversation made us feel we'd been run over by a steam-roller.

### "SHE'S REAL BEAUT, MATE!"

... and that's "putting it in an Aussie nutshell."

FIVE years ago, my husband, myself, and two children (we have since had three more) arrived in Brisbane from England, on a cold, wet April morning. Where had the Sunny Queensland of the slogans gone — and the kangaroos? As you see, we were green.

My husband had work on a station, eight miles from the nearest town. Town? Well, a post office, shop, and a school. When I saw it, I thought, Oh, no — 12,000 miles to this!

But we settled down, made good friends. Would you like to go back home? they ask sometimes, and I always answer quickly, "What, back to that cold old place? Not likely!" But of course if someone offered to pay the fare, I'd go — but I'd come back.

Australia has faults, but good points outweigh the bad. Good points are climate, fruit, easygoing people, an easy way of tackling a job, and lots more one can't explain on paper. The bad points are drought, heat, and flies, but then it rains sometimes, the days cool off toward evening, and there are good fly sprays.

The only really bad thing is the 12,000 miles between here and England, but with airmails and telephones it isn't so far away, really. Life is what you make it.

As a cure for homesickness, keeping busy is as good as any — but don't write a letter home. Relatives can read between the lines, and I'd hate mine to be able to say, "I told you so!"

Our children are healthy, strong, and suntanned, so I have no regrets. I'd love to be able to show them off Back Home, but had we stayed in England they'd probably have been snuffy-nosed and pale, with fussing grandparents and other relatives giving advice on what tonic to administer. Australia is our choice — with all this fruit and sunshine, no need for tonics!

So now if anyone asks what I think of Australia, I put it in an Aussie nutshell, and say, "She's real beaut, mate."

Finally our air tickets arrived—London to Sydney—a one-way ticket for me. I could see no hope of affording the fare home in even five years, and by ten years some of my family could be married and settled in Australia. Where would my heart be then?

The best and brightest of English June days saw our departure from the well-loved corner of English countryside where we had been born and bred. What memories every lane, field, and wind-swept hill held. As the taxi bore us to the station, over the car radio came the strains of "Jerusalem"—

*"I will not cease from mental fight,  
Nor shall my sword sleep in my hand,  
Till we have built Jerusalem,  
In England's green and pleasant land."*

I left three-quarters of my heart behind that day. Thirty-six hours later a weary, bedraggled family stumbled off the plane, hardly in a state to conquer new worlds.

The months passed. Feeling the children would miss the happy, hilarious family

By ANNE NELSON

gatherings of our English Christmas, with roaring fires and laden tables, I girded my loins to prepare an Australian Christmas.

Then came a crushing blow—my mother was critically ill. How I cursed those 12,000 miles and the money it would cost to get me to her, maybe too late. It would have been too late. She died a few days before Christmas.

Life did settle into some sort of routine. I began to see results in the sandy waste that was my garden . . . but where was the notion that women in their 40s could sit back and enjoy life?

I took stock. Here I was, in Australia and liking it, but somehow not part of it. I wanted to feel more in the flow of life, to have a job.

After 16 years I felt it was too late to return to dispensing work. Retail business meant late-afternoon and Saturday work. Then I found a job — mainly driving round my suburb, acting as buffer between my boss and his customers, three or four hours a morning. I'd be home when the children returned from school.

Now I am far more cheerful when the family comes home at night, and we are all more organised. I am meeting more Australians, old and new, and feel, at last, I am part of the Australian way of life.

## that urge to migrate?

grow up with sunshine, space, and fresh air.

At my suggestion we wrote to Australia House—and a few days later were told we could leave England within five months or wait nearly a year.

Until we had completed our interviews and medicals, and were accepted, we told our plans only to my elder brother. Thus, English relatives had little time to tell us why we shouldn't go, and we had little time to grieve over leaving them.

As we stepped on to Australian soil at Fremantle, my husband knew he was glad to be back. "How could I have stayed away so long?" he said.

Perth reminded me of South Africa, and we had the excitement of meeting relatives known only by letter.

I find Australians kind and friendly, but I am surprised at the way they conform. I had thought they were individualists, having met only those who were working abroad.

Like many migrants, I am appalled at the lack of sewerage — ours isn't even septic—but I can't compare country-town amenities with a city. We prefer the country for the children's sakes, and when taxation is low and population thin amenities must come slowly.

Of course, I become homesick for people and places, but I'm sure, having seen them, I'd come back. This is where I want my children to grow up.



Above, from left to right: 'Oakwood' goblet; 'Driftwood' Claret; 'Diamond' sherry; 'Georgian' port. In the background is a sherry decanter in 'Thule' pattern.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — May 10, 1967



# When does a migrant become an Australian?

I ARRIVED in Australia before the days of hostels and plentiful employment with £4 in my purse and a determination to make the best of it.

There was little offering at that time for a girl who needed a job right away. Domestic work, however, is always available, and I became a housemaid on a sheep station 400 miles from Sydney.

Knowing as little about the outback as most migrants, I expected to rough it and wondered who could really want a housemaid in the bush.

I was agreeably surprised at the modern country town, with new-model cars parked in front of the up-to-date stores.

The station homestead surprised me, too. It had all the amenities of city homes and wonderful surroundings. How could migrants say they missed things they were accustomed to "at home" when there was so much to compensate?

The country folk are

proud of their land and their heritage and are willing to share their knowledge with those willing to listen and learn.

not rich, as too many newcomers expect to be with little effort, but I have had wonderful experiences money couldn't buy.

recently emigrated to this country.

After the usual greetings and talk of folks not seen for years, our new arrivals

My blood started to rise as I began to defend my adopted land. I was angry at things being said by newcomers who didn't know enough about the country to be in the position to criticise. I knew how Australians feel, hearing migrants speaking this way, and suddenly realised I was an Australian!

I looked hard at our relatives, separated from us for so long. We were still

You become an Australian when you begin to think yourself one, when you begin to wonder what you can put into your country rather than what you can take out, when you cease comparing the old with the new.

Migrants would do well to keep their opinions to themselves for a while and, above all, not to criticise too soon.

No one likes to hear his country criticised, especially if he cannot help the things that may, in your opinion, be wrong with it. After living here a little longer you may find reasons for some of the things you thought peculiar, and come to accept them.

● As a migrant of earlier days, GLADYS GROVES says she knew she had become a dinkum Aussie when newcomers began criticising — and she rose in hot defence!

I learned to ride a horse, exploring the wonderful bushland in my free time. Helping with the outdoor work was interesting. Soon I was busy with poddy lambs and the flurry of shearing time. There was no time to feel homesick or look back.

Over the years I have worked as a land-girl, as a dressmaker, in shops and offices, factories and hotels, tried my luck poultry farming, and picked fruit, seeing the country at the same time.

Now I have a family of dinkum Aussies who love and really know their country as much as I have learned to do over the years.

Although I have considerably more than the £4 I started with, we are

But just when does a migrant like myself become an Australian? I believe I discovered the answer when meeting relatives who

began to air their views on Australia — comparisons between the old homeland and the new, the inevitable criticism.

far apart. They may have come a long way, but they still had far to go, and they were starting off on the wrong foot.

CONGRATULATIONS to 141 prizewinners in

## The Parker 'Paris holiday for two' contest FIRST PRIZE:

A Paris holiday return trip for two flying first class Air India plus \$500 spending money. Mrs. M. E. McLennan, 57 Moseley Street, Glenelg, South Australia.

### Forty Sunbeam Prizewinners

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#### Ten Mixmaster Mixers

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Mona St, Auburn, N.S.W. Mrs. D. James, 195 Daglish St, Wembley, West Aust. Mrs. E. Jenner, 5 Lee St, Eden Hills, S.A. Mrs. R. S. Jenner, Moffat St, Woodside, South Aust. Mrs. K. Kennedy, Outer Harbor, S.A. Mrs. V. Kowaltzke, 51 Latham St, Chermide, Brisbane, Qld.

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Le-Sands, N.S.W. Mrs. B. Ryan, 85 Wattletree Rd, Armadale SE3, Vic. Mr. M. G. Sargent, 4 Rowan Place, Woodlands, Perth, W.A.

#### Ten Toastomatic Toasters

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## The JOURNEY BACK

Is that trip back home a waste of migrants' time and money? MARY GERRITS, of Brisbane, says it was worth every penny.

WHY do migrants want to revisit their homeland? Do they live too much in the past? No. They know too well that Australia holds a good future for them, but emotional ties are strong.

Perhaps the women are left too much to themselves to live a life totally different from before, or it may be that steady flow of letters from home (Mother is getting on in years... Father won't live long after his last attack) that makes the urge to return very strong.

You may think such a trip a step backward, but it isn't. Long years of separation create a gap never to be bridged. The home country, with its pleasant, youthful memories, cannot offer the pace of living, the sense of freedom one has enjoyed lately.

The climate is unbearable for those now spoiled by fair weather, and what of the children's future in an overpopulated country? So they return, poorer in finance but richer emotionally, content to start from scratch again.

This is how it was for us. Our "trip back" answered many problems. It swallowed up most of our hard-gained finance, but what is money against the happiness of a sick father who had missed his daughter for 15 years and had never met her husband or her daughter? When he died, I felt at peace. His wish had been granted.

Yet as we became more and more involved in the everyday routine of the Old Country, we realised we had become Australians. So we returned to this rugged, remote part of the globe, to fewer social services but more freedom, independence, and sunshine. We have a long, hard road before us again, but we will accept the bad along with the good. Our children will be "real" Australians.

## 100 Parker Ballpen Prizes

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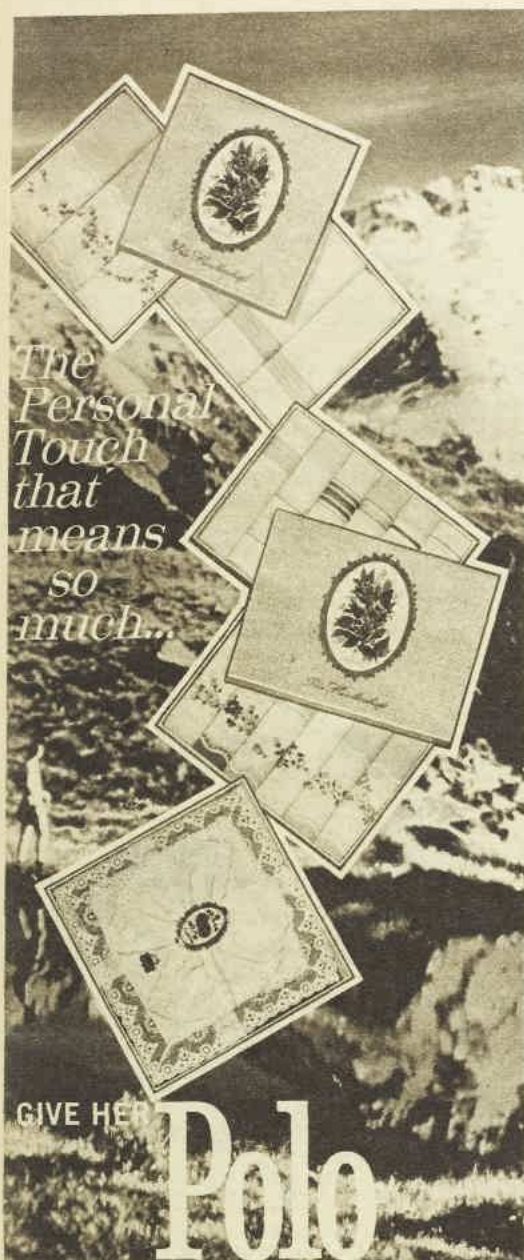
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THE Buddhist priest leant over the well and watched Sefton.

## BY BERKELY MATHER

THERE were six of them in the waiting-room when Sefton arrived, so he ran a cursory eye over them and went out again and hung about in the doorway of a haberdasher on the other side of the Strand.

He had not been frightened by what he saw, but let there be a dignity about all things — even applying for a job.

There were two young men in duffel coats, one of them with a beard, a hard-bitten elderly character who might have been an ex-bosun from the Irrawaddy Flotilla, two one-time sahibs who looked absurdly alike in their yellowing bloodlessness, and a woman who looked as if she had just crossed the Gobi on a camel. If this was the short list, he was willing to bet on his chances.

He had lit his sixth cigarette by the time the last of them emerged, so he nipped it economically and crossed through the mid-morning traffic and went up the narrow stairs again. A clerk took his name in, and after a brief wait led him through to an inner office. A lanky, elderly man rose from behind a littered desk and held out his hand.

"Mr. Sefton?" he inquired. "Sorry if I've kept you waiting. Please sit down. You must excuse this mess — my agent has lent me his office for these interviews."

Sefton bowed, sat, balanced his hat on his knees, and waited. The other man gazed at a spot on the wall over Sefton's head, screwed up his eyes, and pursed his lips. As phony as the papers say he is, Sefton thought, and added savagely, silly old goat.

Minutes ticked by, traffic rumbled outside, and from nearby Charing Cross an engine whistled shrilly. At last the old man broke the silence.

"There have been many other applicants, Mr. Sefton," he said softly.

"Which you short-listed down to seven — none of whom so far have suited," Sefton answered. "I hope I will. I am very keen on joining you."

The other looked slightly nettled.

"May I ask where you gathered that information?"

"Counted heads in the waiting-room when I arrived and then timed their exits from across the street. None of them stayed long." His grin robbed the statement of offence. "I think I'm your man, Professor Neave."

"That remains to be seen," Neave answered stiffly. He shuffled through a file of letters in front of him and selected one that Sefton recognised as his own. "Would you care to elaborate on this a little?"

"Sure," answered Sefton promptly. "Eight years as assistant engineer with the Sontal Gem Mining Corporation in Mogok, Upper Burma. I speak good Burmese and can get along in most of the dialects — Shan, Chin, and Karen. I know the country well and was an MT officer in the Royal Indian Army Service Corps during the war. I get along with people, can take and carry out orders —" he paused very slightly, "and I can keep my mouth shut."

"Why did you leave the Sontal Corporation, Mr. Sefton?" the Professor asked.

"For the same reason as the rest of the staff," Sefton told him. "The Japs were ten miles up the track and travelling fast. We sent the married men and their families to Rangoon before the railroad from Mandalay



## THE MAN IN THE WELL

was cut off, and we ourselves set fire to the whole shebang and got out in the last vehicle to leave.

"We only got to Yeu — that's just north of Bhamo — when our petrol gave out. We walked the rest of the way to the Chindwin, right through the dry belt. I say, we — but only I made it. Dysentery, malaria, and starvation did for the rest. It was a bad year and the monsoon was late."

"How long did the journey take you?"

"Just over three months. Our speed was that of the sickest man."

"And then?"

Sefton shrugged. "Nothing much more to it. I crossed into Assam by the Tiddim Track and fell in with our forces in Imphal. I was a long time in the hospital, and then I joined up. I fought my war with the Fourteenth Army and finished as a major."

"What have you been doing since?"

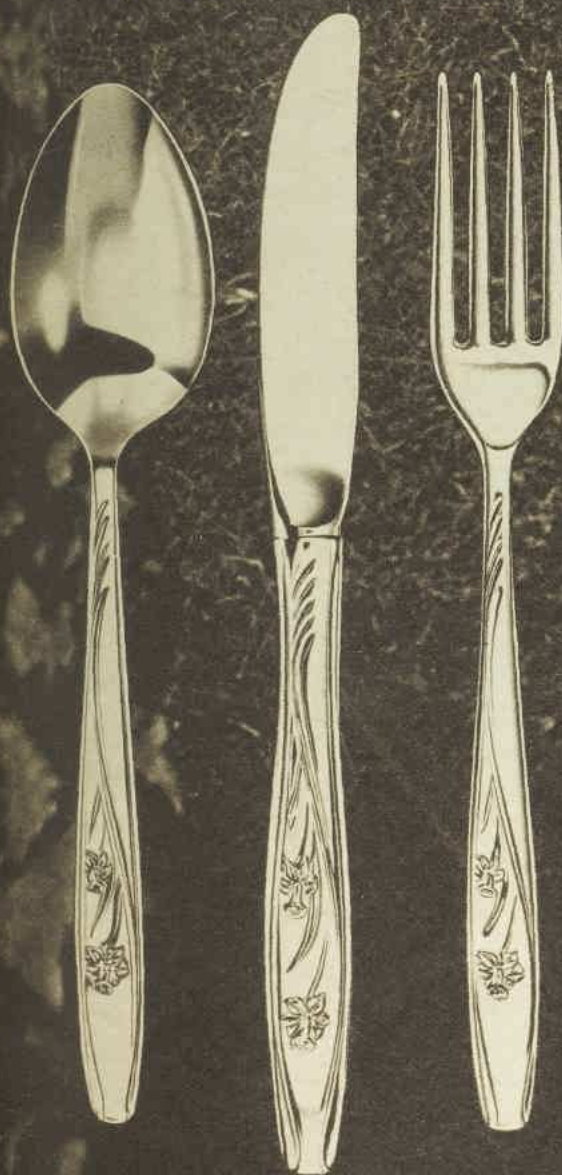
"I put my gratuity and savings into a small engineering shop in Lancashire in the first place — and lost the lot. Since then I've had a variety of jobs in my own line of country — deep drilling in Brazil, and I've been up the Gulf with an oil concern, among other things."

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — May 10, 1945



Discover 'Dawn'...  
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*Grosvenor*

TABLE SILVER

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — May 10, 1967



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"Are you married?"

"No — and I haven't a soul in the world dependent upon me."

"What remuneration would you expect?"

"I don't want anything — except to go with you."

The Professor brightened visibly for a moment and then covered up. "I don't understand, Mr. Sefton," he said.

Sefton leaned forward.

"I told you I'd had a series of jobs, Professor," he said earnestly. "All of them have been reasonably well paid and I left each one of them of my own accord — often in the face of strong persuasion to stay on. Restlessness — inability to find a niche in this post-war world — call it what you like, but I know I'll never be able to settle down until I get it out of my system."

"Get what out of your system?"

Sefton paused and gazed out of the window for a full minute before answering. "It's

## THE MAN IN THE WELL

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 50

hard to say," he said at length. "Put it this way, I was a reasonably settled young man with a career ahead of me with Sontal. The war finished all that. The corporation never started up again, I had seen my friends die on that trek and I'd been unable to help them."

"I'm not neurotic, but — but —" he spread his hands. "Oh, hell, I don't know — I've just got a yen to go out there again, to see the places we walked through — to feel the sun beating down on me and to get the stink of the jungle back into my nostrils. I want to face up to something I've been running away from all these years and to realise how little it all means in retrospect."

He stopped suddenly. He had rehearsed this speech carefully, but now he wondered if he had not over-

dramatised it. Hell, that wouldn't have deceived a kid, he thought ruefully, and added aloud, "This must all sound very silly, Professor."

But the Professor smiled sympathetically. "Not at all. I think I understand. I was part of a lost generation myself in 1918. All right, Mr. Sefton — you've been very frank with me. Let me tell you something about myself and my reason for going out there." He pushed a box of cigarettes across the table and Sefton, noting the virgin ash-tray, realised that he was the first who had been thus favored and felt his confidence rise accordingly. "I take it that you know a little about me — my one-man expeditions — my modest reputation as an author and popular lecturer?"

Sefton looked suitably shocked. "Who doesn't, Professor?"

"None of the previous applicants, apparently," answered the Professor with more than a touch of sourness. "One young man had heard, without particular interest, a 15-minute talk of mine on television. The woman confused me with Professor Lever, the ornithologist, while most of the others were far more interested in what I could pay them than in the journey and its objects."

"Still, be that as it may — I want a man who knows Upper Burma, who is prepared to rough it, who can drive a jeep and maintain two, and who, in short, is prepared to accompany me on a trip over the old Burma Road from Calcutta to as far as we can get toward the China border. A man who can relieve me of the chores of the trip while I collect material and take pictures for my next lecture tour, but who at the same time can be rather more — er — intellectually congenial than the average paid employee."

He rose and held out his hand. "I think you might well be that man, Mr. Sefton."

In Sefton's heart was a paeon of joy and relief.

HE halted the jeep at the top of the last rise before Kohima. Down the winding road that led back toward Manipur he could see the second jeep snaking round the hairpin bend that multiplied the crow-flight distance tenfold. The tarmac road had all but gone back to the jungle since he had last seen it in the closing days of the war. Then it had been a miracle of engineering that had carried four lines of heavy military traffic all round the clock.

The teak-built culverts and Irish bridges had now for the most part rotted through and Sefton, breaking trail, had had to stop many times since they had crossed the Brahmaputra at Gauhati to allow the Professor to catch up.

He lit a cigarette and tried for the fiftieth time to fight down the feverish impatience that bedevilled him. Left to himself, he could have pressed on through to the dry belt in a week, but with this old fool's insistence on stopping to take photographs, plus his maddening refusal to travel in the heat of the afternoon, it looked as if the time might well be quadrupled.

And now it seemed more than probable that they would be held up in Imphal. The Indian Government was engaged in sporadic jungle fighting with the Naga tribes, who, promised their autonomy when the British left, were demanding it in terms that bordered on small-scale warfare. Politics! Politics had stopped his getting into Upper Burma twice before. What the hell had it to do with him? All he wanted was a couple of hours in a pagoda near Yeu . . .

The Professor had arrived now. He pulled up triumphantly in just the very spot he should have avoided, and Sefton bellowed wrathfully.

"For heaven's sake — how many times have I told you not to stop in mud?" He strode over and pushed the old man roughly out of the driver's seat and jabbed furiously at the starter. The engine roared but the wheels spun impotently. He cursed and got the towrope out of his own jeep and for the twentieth time yanked the Professor on to firm ground.

"There are certain fundamental rules for good manners, too," answered the Professor tartly. "Things are getting a little out of hand, Sefton. I

would remind you that although you are not drawing a salary I am in charge of this expedition."

"You want to get across Upper Burma to the Chinese border, don't you?" snarled Sefton. "OK then, suppose you leave it to someone who knows, and do as you're damned well told."

"I'm not a child and this is not my first experience of the jungle," Neave was thoroughly angry now. "If things are to go on like this I would much prefer to take a paid driver on from Imphal and to pay your passage back to Calcutta by lorry."

Sefton recognised danger signs and temporised.

"I'm sorry, Professor," he said and drew his hand wearily over his brow. "All this rather brings things back — and I think I have a touch of fever coming on." He smiled bravely. "You were quite right to slap me down, I'll behave from now on."

The Professor accepted his apology with a slight inclination of his head and turned stiffly back to his jeep.

Once over the Chindwin, you old bum, thought Sefton as they started off again, and you can go to blazes. I'll have to watch my step all then, though — I don't want to be left stranded when I'm this close."

The old man's Delhi-endorsed papers took them through the check-point at Imphal without question and even with an offer, which Sefton politely declined, of an escort as far as the border. They camped that night at the top of the Tiddim Track, where rusting Japanese tanks made green hillocks under the creeping undergrowth which



still, after 12 years, could not altogether cover the scars of that last fierce battle.

Sefton lay under his mosquito net and watched the pre-monsoon clouds gathering over the pass and blotting out the stars. They had been gathering that night he crossed. He stretched out on his camp bed and listened to the jungle night sounds and the Professor's gentle moans the other side of the fire. His thoughts went back over the years . . .

There had been six of them at first in that crazy truck. Findlay, the Scotch manager — all, grim, ascetic — who was a Sanskrit scholar and who some said was a secret convert to Buddhism; Muirson, the Eurasian clerk; the two Karen coolies; and Ngu Pab, the pretty little Burmese nurse who had insisted on standing by her tiny hospital until the last moment; and himself. The Karens had deserted early and Muirson, opium-beetled and malarial, had died at the end of the third week.

That left the three of them.

To page 54

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9. 13-piece Fruit Set (6 Fruit Spoons, 6 Fruit Forks, 1 Server), Clear Pack, \$8.90.
10. 12-piece Fruit Set (6 Fruit Spoons, 6 Fruit Forks), Leatherette Case, \$9.00.
11. 6-piece Grill Knives, Clear Pack, Xylonite handles \$7.40, Pearlex handles \$8.50, Silver handles \$14.35.
12. 12-piece Afternoon Tea Spoons & Cake Forks (6 Afternoon Tea Spoons, 6 Cake Forks), Clear Pack, \$6.00.
13. 6-piece Afternoon Tea or Coffee Spoons, Clear Pack, \$3.35.
14. 6-piece Cake Forks, Leatherette Case, \$3.85.

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Three oddly assorted people on foot in the middle of the freakish dry belt after the truck had finally petered out. There was a well in the pagoda to which they had struggled before Findlay collapsed, and Ngu Pah, the lightest of them, had climbed down the rotten rope to see if any dribble remained in the sand at the bottom. But it had been bone dry. The rope had broken as she struggled back and had left her clinging to the masonry a few feet from the top and they had been hard put to it to rescue her.

It was that night that he made his decision. Findlay could obviously go no farther and Ngu Pah was showing signs of failing, too. Her tiny frame had borne the brunt of that hellish journey as she had carried her full share of the water and rations and finally the heavy wash-leather bag that Findlay would entrust to nobody but her.

He knew what that bag contained because he had seen

## THE MAN IN THE WELL

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 52

Findlay making his selection from the trays of pigeon-blood rubies before they had dynamited the strongroom and set fire to the rest. They had been unable to send their usual shipments out to Rangoon for some months, so there had been a lot of stuff to choose from. That bag must have weighed seven pounds if it weighed an ounce. Seven pounds of uncut rubies!

She had not let the bag out of her possession for an instant after Findlay had handed it to her. She had even slung it round her neck when she climbed into the well. Sefton wondered when she had first begun to suspect his intentions. He had tried for years to justify to himself that final act of treachery. He no longer bothered now. In Sefton's world it was every man for himself.

He had stolen the bag that

night while she slept and Findlay raved in his delirium and with it he had also stolen their last half gallon of water and the pitiful remains of their rations, and he had set out on the last desperate stage to the Chindwin and safety.

She had cheated him, though—the little devil. He made the discovery the night before he crossed the border. He had opened the bag to make a careful selection of just what he could carry on his person with safety, meaning to cache the rest where, if the war went the right way, he could come back and collect it later. He remembered the feel of the rough sand and gravel that poured over his hands as he untied the thong.

He had screamed and grovelled in his rage out there in the jungle and then, when sanity returned, he thought about going back—but the Japs were closing in fast and

he could see the smoke from burning villages a scant five miles behind him. That's where the stuff had gone — down the blasted well—and that's where it was now.

Obviously they couldn't have survived long. Findlay was almost a goner when he left them, and Ngu Pah couldn't have gone down the well again to recover the stones because the rope had snapped. He had often tortured himself with the possibility of the girl surviving the war and going back for them, but he had brushed that aside. Without food and water she could not have lasted another week. No, the rubies were still there, at the bottom of the well—of that he was convinced.

Twice he had raised the necessary money and gone out to Rangoon on the pretext of starting up in engineering, but try as he would he had been unable to get permission to go through to Upper Burma. There had been constant internecine warfare along the line of the Irrawaddy since the British had left, and both sides regarded visitors with suspicion. He had tried it without permission and had narrowly missed being shot for his pains. The third time he had attempted to go out they had refused him a visa, as had the Indian Government when he applied for a mining licence in the Shan hills.

THE Professor's advertisement had been a heaven-sent final chance. He would get there this time — by heavens he would.

His plan of action was made. Their road lay through Yeu — there was no other way in. He would come down with a simulated attack of malaria there. The way to Mandalay was easy, so he would persuade the Professor to go on alone, promising to catch up with him in a few days. They weren't on such friendly terms that the old man would boggle much at that.

He would catch up, too — but then he'd quit. He had enough ready cash to pay his way back to England — and more than enough wit to get the stones in with him.

He grunted, flicked his cigarette out into the damp undergrowth, swatted a mosquito, and dropped quietly to sleep.

They reached Yeu four days later without incident, except for a few further bog-downs on the Professor's part. Sefton had suffered from malaria enough to be able to simulate the symptoms with a degree of realism that frightened the other man. He had even had the forethought to break the thermometer in the medicine chest so that his temperature would not give the lie to his agonised shaking each evening.

He had no difficulty in recognising the turn-off to the pagoda as they drove past it that last afternoon. It was a few miles east of a tiny village that had been deserted in those panic-stricken days, but which was now repopulated. There was a well there which might have saved the other two had they known about it.

A yellow-robed priest sat under a spreading peepul tree at the junction of road and track with a brass begging bowl before him for the offerings of the faithful. He was the first they had seen since crossing the Chindwin and the Professor was delighted in spite of his preoccupation with Sefton's fever. He leapt out of his jeep, camera ready, but the priest dropped his eyes to the ground and covered his shaven head with a fold of his robe.

"The camera is a form of evil eye," Sefton explained. "These poonghies don't like 'em. Come on — plenty more of the idle devils where we are going. There's a whole monastery full of them in Yeu. By heavens, I'll be glad to get there — I'm feeling lousy."

They put up at the monastery rest house, and the Professor wandered happily about with his camera for a couple of days while Sefton realistically recuperated. The old man was mildly indignant at Sefton's suggestion that he should go on alone, but the latter worked on him skilfully. The Buddhist Feast of the Tooth would just about be starting in Meiktila — the faithful came from all parts of Asia for this — opportunities for photography that it would be a crime to miss. Just catch the first train of teak coming down the Irrawaddy with the break of the monsoon.

He'd be all right here — the monks were pretty decent to travellers. Catch him up in Mandalay in a week — as fit as a flea again. The old man at last capitulated and with many a guilty backward glance went on up the road.

Sefton gave him half a day for safety, and then set off back along the road they had come. He had no fear of the pagoda being occupied. They built these things on the top of practically every hill in Upper Burma, put a statue of the Buddha inside, a couple of dragon-like chhinthees outside to guard him against evil spirits, dug a well for his refreshment, and thereafter avoided the place like the plague.

It was just as he had last seen it. Perhaps the purple bougainvillea over the arched way that spanned the entrance to the small courtyard was a little more luxuriant, and the monsoon rains, short-lived but fierce in these parts, had washed some more of the white plaster from the minaret roof, but the Buddha was unaged, sitting, feet crossed beneath him, soles upward, forefinger and thumb of the right hand grasping the little finger of the other, jewelled lotus on his brow, as serenely as he had sat and watched 15 years before.

He drove on a hundred yards or so and hid the jeep in a bamboo thicket. It was not necessary — nobody had seen him come this way, and anyhow no Burmese would dream of walking a mile or so uphill to investigate. It was the secretiveness of his nature that made him do it — just as the beasts of the jungle are at pains to conceal their tracks even when danger threatens.

He took a coil of rope and an electric torch from the toolbox and hurried back. He was sweating now in spite of the evening cool. His heart was hammering and his breath was coming in short, sharp gasps that almost choked him.

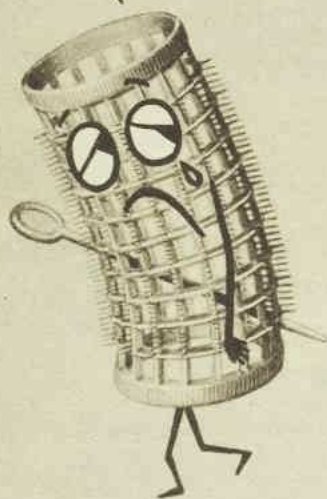
There was a carpet of dead leaves inside the pagoda that rustled and crackled under his feet as he skirted the image and hurried round to the well at the back. The shaft dropped sheer and black and the beam of his torch hardly reached the bottom of it. He dropped a stone over the edge and heard with satisfaction a slight thud as it landed on dry sand. There probably never had been water in the damned thing at all.

There were some Findlays among them, who said that these shafts had never been intended as wells at all, but were relics of some older and darker religion in which they had figured in other and sinister roles — human sacrifices or something.

To page 55

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## THE MAN IN THE WELL

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 54

He knotted the rope round a projecting stone cornice and paid it out into the darkness until its slackness told him it had reached the bottom; then he swung his legs over and commenced his descent. It was easy at first as the masonry was rough and offered some purchase to his feet. It had only been that which had saved Ngu Pah. Lower down, however, the sides became marble smooth and he was glad that he had the forethought to wear rope-soled espadrilles.

The ease with which he found the rubies came as an anti-climax that was almost a disappointment. He felt like a child who had been set too simple a task in a party game. He saw them in the first beam of his torch even as his feet touched the sand. They lay on a ledge in the masonry, wrapped in the rotting remains of a once-bright-blue silk scarf — a heap of dull pebbles which even in their uncut and unpolished state threw back the light of the torch in a reddish effulgence.

He wanted to shout and to sing — to throw them in fistfuls over his head like confetti. Instead, he sat down in the sand and lit a cigarette with trembling hands and then trained the beam of the torch on the rubies and just gazed.

It was a good ten minutes before he was steady enough to remove his sweat-soaked shirt and scoop the rubies into it — and a further agonising ten before he was satisfied with the security of the bag he made of it. He finally fastened it under his belt; then, belying the rope twice round his waist, he commenced the hard climb up.

He had gone a good 12 feet before it happened — his body bowed stiffly outward from the side of the well — feet pressed firmly against the stones. He was not aware of falling. The first realisation came to him as he lay crumpled in the sand with the rope coiled loosely about him and the chunk of masonry which had missed his head by inches beside him.

He started to scream then shrilly and horribly — and he was still screaming and tearing at the sides of the well when the moonlight at the top of the shaft was blotted out by the head and shoulders of a man — a man with a shaven poll. He could not make out his face but he knew it was the priest from the track junction and he stopped screaming and started to babble in Burmese.

The priest answered in English with a strong Edinburgh accent.

"I knew you'd be back for them, Sefton, in the fullness of time."

Sefton tried to speak, but

his throat muscles refused to function. The voice went on.

"Aye, vultures always return to the carrion — and that is what those stones are. I intended to steal them from my employers in the first place. I had already broken faith with my intent. It was that knowledge that brought me to the samadhi of the Middle Way. These robes are not a disguise, Sefton — they are my atonement."

Mad, thought Sefton, and fought down another wave of hysteria. "Findlay!" he called shakily. "Findlay — I came back to see if I could find any trace of you. I haven't rested, Findlay, in all these years —"

"That I can well believe," answered Findlay. "A man cannot escape his karma. Well, you have the chance to make your peace now — as I have."

"Findlay — you can't do this to me — you can't — don't murder me —" He was babbling now.

"I have done nothing. In your greed you tied your rope to an unsafe stone. Do you not see the symbolism of it?"

"Findlay — Findlay — listen to me — I know what you must have thought at the time, but I went off to find food, water, for all of us. I couldn't return, Findlay — before heaven I couldn't — I got lost and then I fell ill myself — I wandered for weeks before I was picked up and then I'd lost my memory. You've got to believe me, Findlay — you've got to —"

Findlay appeared not to hear him. His voice droned on dreamily, "Aye — the divine symbolism of it all — the sacrifice of little Ngu Pah — three times she made that five-mile journey for water and food for me after you had stolen our reserve. She died on her return from the last one and I made shift to bury her under the bougainvillea at the gate. Did ye no sense something as you entered, or had your greed blinded you to everything except those scraps of crystallised alumina?"

"I don't want your damned rubies —"

"They're not mine — nor yours," Findlay answered. "They've returned to the earth that formed them. Down there they can do no more harm."

"All right then — let them stay here," Sefton sank to his knees in the sand, "but you've got to help me out, Findlay —"

"I can neither help you nor hinder you, Sefton. That is your karma — as this is mine." And Findlay held his hands over the opening to the shaft. Against the patch of light Sefton saw with a turning stomach that the fingers had degenerated into formless stubs. "Leprosy, Sefton — a

curse turned blessing because it was only that which held me back from taking the jewels out myself — and thereby gave me my chance of atonement and peace."

"You can't leave me here — that's murder. You're a Buddhist, you say — Buddhists can't kill — not even animals. Get another rope, Findlay — get another rope!" His voice had dropped to a pleading whisper.

"I shall not kill you, Sefton," said Findlay, "not even by negation. You must make your own choice, though. If I get another rope I cannot tie it securely myself with these fingers. I must, therefore, get help from the village. You will have to come up empty-handed in that case — I should insist on that and ask the villagers' assistance if you broke faith."

"The — the other choice —?" Sefton croaked.

"I shall drop food and water to you for as long as you need it."

Sefton screamed again. "Listen, Findlay! There's money down here — millions! Be sensible. They've got cures for leprosy in Europe now — and you can get a pair of artificial hands that'll do everything your own could. There's enough here and to spare for both of us. Get a rope long enough to loop round the statue and drop both ends to me — you needn't try to tie it. Just let me come up so we can talk it over. If you don't agree to anything I say I'll go away peacefully and never come back — I swear it —"

"If you came up and I were alone, Sefton, you'd kill me," Findlay said. "You know that is in your heart already. I couldn't prevent you — nor would I try — but if that happened I would be robbing you of any chance you may still have of finding peace. That would be against the course of the Middle Way."

We are all involved in the destiny of others and a man may not stand by and watch another destroy himself."

Sefton broke then. He fell forward on his face and pounded on the sand with his fists and howled like an animal in torment.

The villagers hauled him up at midnight and the monks at Yeu tended him carefully until the Professor, worried at his non-arrival in Mandalay, came back to look for him.

Then they shipped him home to a large house set behind high walls in the quietness of the English countryside, where he has found peace — except when the moon is full and he struggles in his canvas jacket and screams about rubies and ropes and a priest who is fed by the faithful at the roadside.

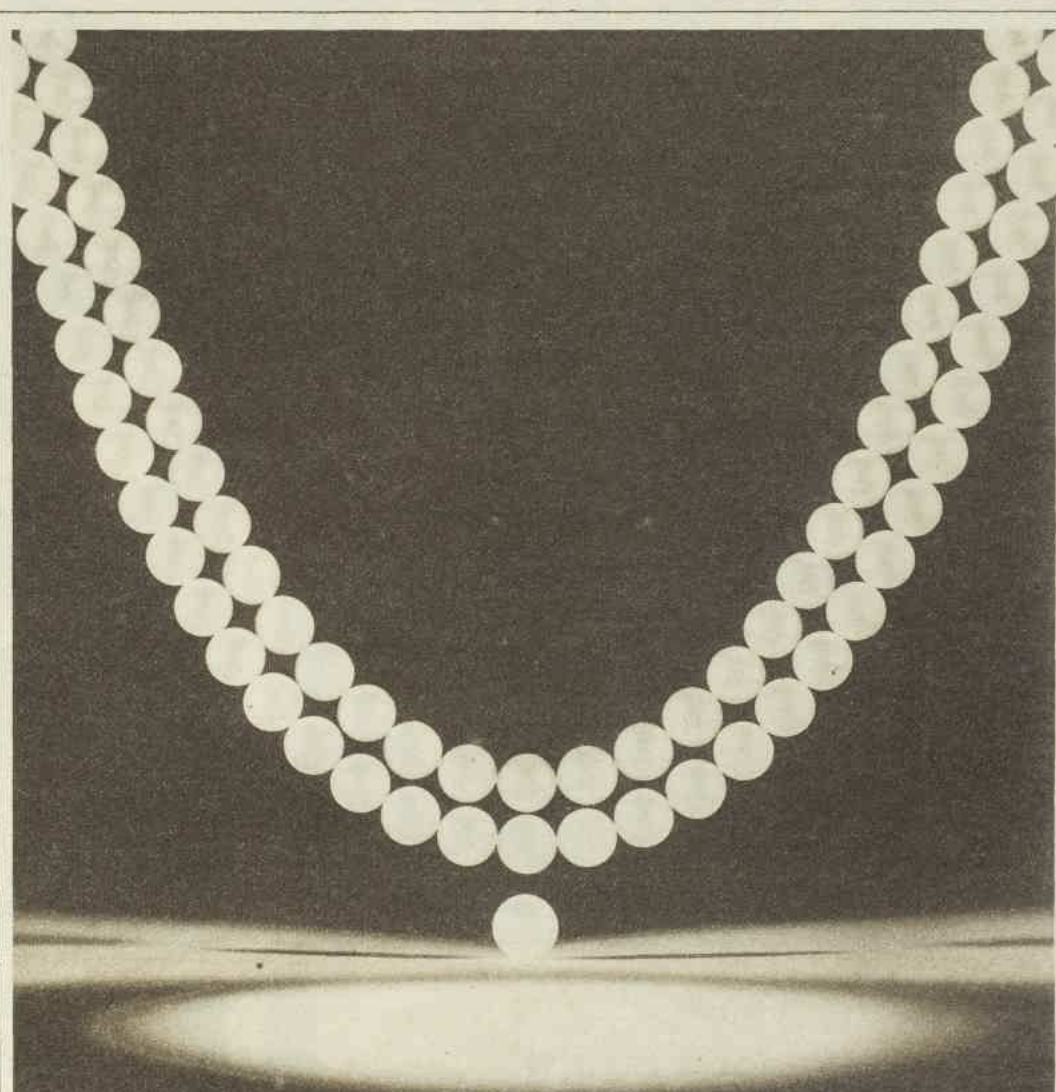
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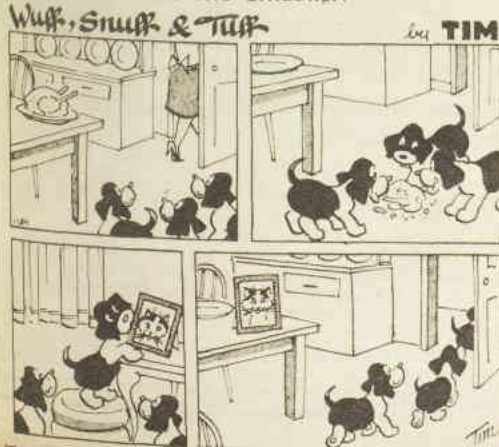
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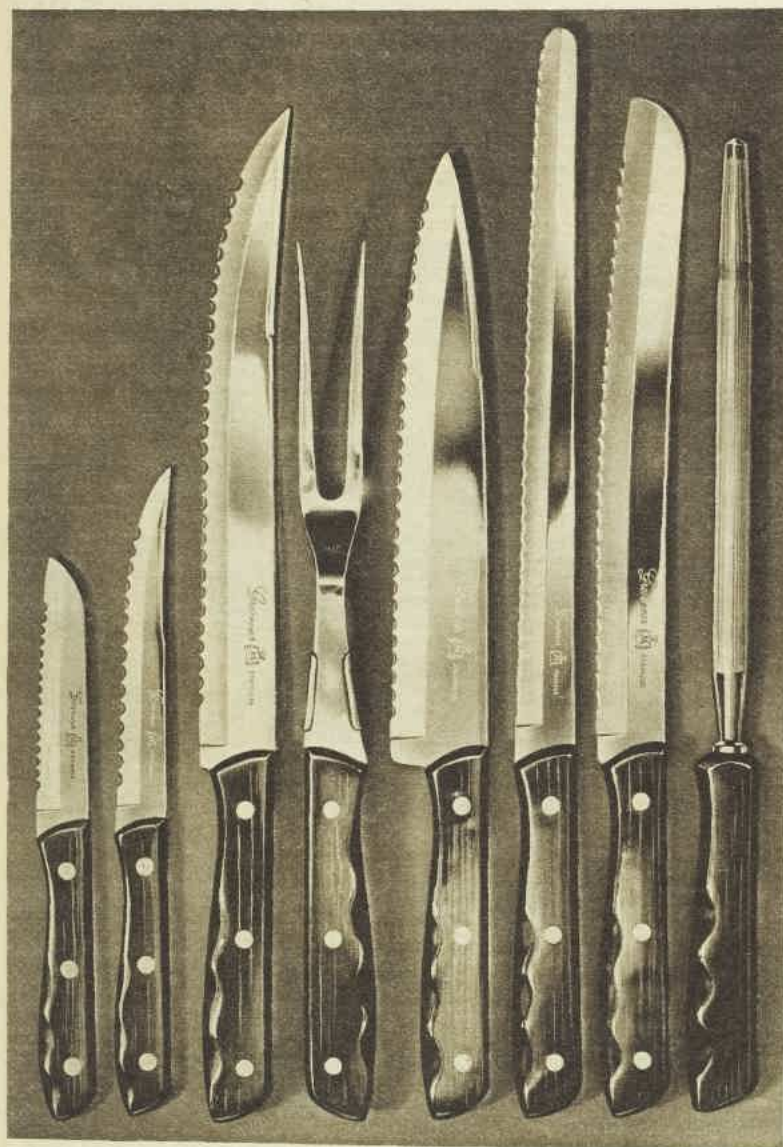


THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — May 10, 1967



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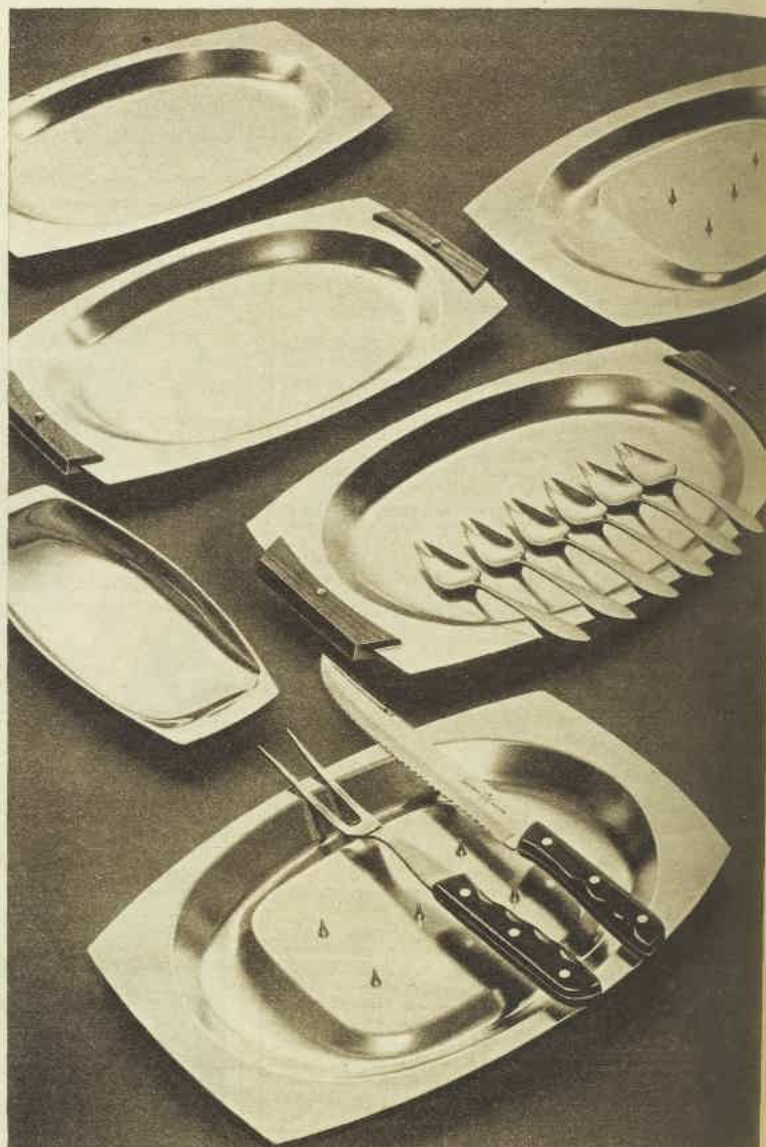
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# THE RESCUE

BY LEONE STEWART

No matter how much she tried to forget the horror of that day by the river the memory of it still remained to haunt her



It wasn't Dr. Faulkener behind the desk in the surgery. Instead his young partner, new to the district, occupied the swivel chair.

He smiled at Janet.

She clasped her handbag too tightly, conscious that her hair was windblown and her face pale, the deepest blue eyes strained, staring too hard, a little vacant from the wrong kind of sleep.

She was disappointed. It should have been Dr. Faulkener. She could have talked easily to him or not talked at all, because he knew about everything.

"I'm Dr. Bradford," the young man said, his sandy eyelashes flickering at her with uncertainty.

Janet did not doubt he had all the qualifications, was quite sure of himself medically, but perhaps it was people he was uncertain about; strangers suddenly sitting opposite him, hypochondriacs or the genuinely sick, or maybe young women like Janet who needed someone to talk to and found their husbands inattentive to small complaints and ills.

It wasn't that way with Janet. Derek was a good husband, understanding, realistic; and the pattern of their lives with their young daughter had followed a line of unruffled contentment and happiness all these years.

How can I tell him? she thought. And yet if I don't tell him, perhaps he won't write out the prescription.

"What is the trouble, Mrs. Seaton?"

"Dr. Faulkener allows me the tablets. You'll see by my card. I had a supply from him a week ago, and now they are all finished."

If you don't give them to me, she thought, I shall lie awake all night. I will stare into the darkness and listen to the thunder of the weir and live through it all again.

"Have you tried to sleep without the tablets, Mrs. Seaton?"

His smooth voice broke across her mind. Yes, she had tried, when she had been so tired, so utterly exhausted that it seemed as though nothing could keep sleep away.

But the tiredness had been no substitute for the tablets. Once again she had heard those cries from the river, and her heart had started to race wildly, the way it had that afternoon when she had torn herself away from the washing-up bowl and rushed into the garden, running toward the sound that had bitten dreadfully into the tranquil, sunlit day.

It was etched indelibly on her mind . . . Jill standing on the lawn, with her one-armed teddy bear, calling out: "Mummy, there's a man in the water!"

"I can't sleep without the tablets." She was angry that he should question her, hesitate, look at her doubtfully.

Write it out, write it out! she wanted to scream. Write it out and let me go; I haven't the strength for arguing or explaining, and you won't understand.

I can't talk about it, not any more. It's over, it's finished, I want to forget.

There had been too many questions, too many interviews; police and Press, asking her to cover the same ground, to drag out in slow motion the agonising minutes of that tragic afternoon.

Dr. Bradford picked up his pen. He was left-handed, and began to write in small, spidery handwriting.

"May I suggest, Mrs. Seaton, that you halve the dosage in future? Try to cut yourself down to one tablet a night. That way you can soon break the habit."

"It isn't a habit. I've only been taking the tablets a month. Dr. Faulkener understands all about it."

He laid down his pen. "Perhaps he does. But today you are my responsibility, and I don't understand. You are twenty-eight, I see, and healthy. Then why can't you sleep naturally?" He paused, staring at her keenly. "Are you concerned about something?"

There were a lot of people in the waiting-room, yet he appeared to be in no hurry.

"Dr. Faulkener knows," she said quietly. "I would rather you didn't ask me to go all over it again."

"Mrs. Janet Seaton," He said her name, looking at the card.

Understanding began to dawn in his eyes. Well, if he read the local paper and if he had been here a month ago he would know.

"I think we should have a long talk about this some time," he said. "Today I have a lot of calls to make, and with Dr. Faulkener away on holiday . . . Come and see me on Friday."

He wrote the prescription, and when it was safely in her handbag she stood up and said:

"It's kind of you, but I'd really rather not talk about it, if you don't mind. There isn't anything left to say."

He was standing, too, his eyes filled with sudden remembered knowledge from the local paper.

"You tried to save a man in the Thames. Is it because you failed to do so that you can't sleep?"

She nodded. The door was only a yard away and she wanted to get out.

"I understand that you would rather not talk about it, only I think you should. You can't go on taking sleeping tablets indefinitely. They're not doing you any good and are inhibiting your natural capacity for sleep."

"Talking about it doesn't help," she said in a low voice.

"Not the incident, perhaps, but the cause now of your anxiety."

She looked up into his face. "I failed, that's the reason for my anxiety. I failed, and now I can't sleep any more."

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(Advertisement)

## Reveal The Full Beauty of Your Complexion



Margaret Merrill  
Beauty Skin Care  
Consultant

A soft, dewy complexion is a loveliness that every woman desires, and today you can easily achieve that exquisite, petal-smooth look by promoting the natural processes of skin beautification. Try some of these suggestions to help sustain the precious, youthful qualities of your complexion.

### Constantly Lovely

Keep your complexion constantly beautiful by anointing the skin every day with a film of tropical moist oil. This unique beauty fluid is important to every type of complexion because it assists nature in the maintenance of a natural oil and moisture balance on the skin surface. Stroke the moist oil of Ulan in an upward direction from the neck until the entire complexion is covered with a lovely, dew-like film. Used as a powder-base, you will find that oil of Ulan not only beautifies and protects the skin against drying, wrinkle-making effects of the weather but ensures that your make-up smooths on evenly and has a remarkably finer finish.

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Give your skin a delightfully toned, clear feeling after cleansing by patting over your face and neck with pure, gentle lemon Delph freshener. The light, tonic effect of Delph is felt immediately because it contains the natural skin refining and cleansing action of lemons. Moisten a pad of cotton wool with this ideal beauty aid and press it lightly to the pores so that the skin is stimulated and blemish-inducing impurities are cleared away. Afterwards, to hold the natural bloom on your complexion, smooth on a film of oil of Ulan.

### Tender Care for Eyes

THE tissue-thin skin area surrounding your eyes needs the gentlest and tenderest of care. Finger-pat moist oil of Ulan around the eyes before you apply make-up, working from the nose and over the upper eyelid, then down and round the eyes towards the nose again. The special isotonic properties of the tropical beauty fluid make it invaluable for keeping wrinkle-dryness at bay and protecting the youthful appearance of pretty eyes.

### Complexion Loveliness

To give your complexion a radiant loveliness, smooth a protective film of tropical moist oil over your face and neck to ease away roughness and tiny lines, and to beautify and guard the skin against the drying effects of winter weather. Oil of Ulan is recommended because of its special isotonic properties that help nature to maintain the natural oil and moisture balance of the skin. This unique beauty fluid is also ideal for use as a beautifying base beneath make-up, ensuring that your complexion will look matt and flawless.

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She could have added: "I didn't try hard enough, I gave up too easily, when the big, heavy man was pulling me down, down into the reeds on the riverbed. I panicked, I thought of my husband and child."

The man was a stranger, a passer-by who had been unlucky enough to slip and fall into the fast-running river, where the currents were treacherous.

He had been heavily clothed, unable to swim, floundering, calling for help. Despite the sunshine, the banks that day had been deserted, with not another living soul in sight, apart from five-year-old Jill, not a lone fisherman or a cruising boat.

Yes, she could tell Dr. Bradford, Janet reflected, of the way she had kicked off her shoes and plunged into the water.

Her skirt had been too tight for easy swimming, yet she had reached the man, and then the struggle had begun.

If he had lost consciousness or if she'd had the presence of mind to knock him out they might both have survived.

But the man had been fighting desperately, impeding all her efforts, dragging her down.

It was then she had panicked.

She had twisted herself free of those imprisoning arms and kicked her way to the surface.

Dr. Bradford shook hands with Janet before he opened the door. It was surprising. Dr. Faulkener had never done that. Nor had any other doctor she could remember. It seemed odd, out of place, it left her puzzled.

Janet went to the school and waited at the gates for Jill. The swarm of children came across the playground, coats wrongly buttoned, shoelaces undone, a straggling, exuberant contingent, free of school for one more day.

Jill wore a blazer and cotton dress. Her fair hair was

all tangled, her face flushed, and straight away she held something up for Janet's inspection.

"I drew it, Mummy," she said with an artist's new-found pride.

It resembled something impressionistic, half a face, the smudge of a tree, many colors all running into one another. Every crayon in the box must have been used.

Underneath Jill had signed her name: Jill Seaton.

"My teacher said it was good."

"It is good, darling," Janet took her young daughter's

hand and led her toward the main shopping centre and the chemist.

He hadn't halved her amount of tablets. She could take three a night, they would last a week.

Then she would have to go back and if Dr. Faulkener hadn't returned perhaps the young man would demand that talk.

Well, in a week she might feel better. She had to feel better for Jill's and Derek's sake.

Jill wanted to play in the garden before tea, but first Janet walked to the end and checked that the high gate Derek had built was closed and bolted.

The gate had been there since Jill was a toddler and with the fence it screened off the river from view. Though it could always be heard, the weir nearby thundering like a revved-up engine, never silent, and louder, always louder at night, since there were no other noises to detract from it.

When they had bought the house soon after their marriage, she had thought it delightful.

Jill loved it, too. She enjoyed feeding the wildfowl with bread and watching the steamers go by.

THE idea had been with Janet for a few days before she finally plucked up enough courage to suggest it to Derek.

"We should get a good price, and I thought a bungalow would be easier to run. Now Jill's at school I could quite easily take a part-time job."

Why did she pretend, even to him? Why not say outright:

"Let's go, Derek, get away from the sound of that weir and from those memories?"

He knew, naturally, without her mentioning the real reason. Maybe it was selfish of her. She knew he liked the house.

"Very well," he said. "Only before it goes up for sale we'd better look for something else."

She leaned across and touched his hand. He was good, he didn't put forward any objection, say moving away would be expensive, that their present carpets and furniture might not fit into a new bungalow.

Perhaps he realised that away from the sound of the weir she could sleep again.

They visited estate agents, looked over new properties, but the house by the river — near Derek's work and Jill's school — would be hard to replace.

Jill said, after one of those visits: "Are we really going to move, Mummy?"

"We're thinking about it."

"Will I go to another school?"

"Perhaps."

"I'll miss my friends," Jill said. "I always sit next to Ann Forest. I wouldn't want to sit next to anyone else. Ann and I have secrets and we never talk about them — except to each other."

Long ago, when Jill had been a baby, Derek and Janet had decided never to lie to her. Lies left children uncertain and untrusting. Yet in spite of all their good resolutions Janet had lied.

She had lied about the man who had drowned in the river.

Jill had witnessed it all, standing on the bank, the teddy-bear clutched to her. She had been crying softly, conscious, with her five-year-old intelligence, of the drama of the day; the man calling for help, her mother racing down the garden, the gate crashing open, and the sound of that voice, strong at first, then becoming feeble as it called from near death.

Later, when she was in dry clothes and the police had come and gone, she had told Jill that the man was safe. That farther up the river he had climbed into a boat.

Jill had been satisfied. In a child's world all endings must be happy ones.

She had been kept indoors while the river had been dragged. It had taken three days before the police had recovered the body, down-river, caught in the reeds.

The man's car had been discovered in a lane, parked near Janet's house. It had been a warm day; he must have suddenly felt like a walk beside the river, the last walk he would ever take.

The local paper had described Janet as a heroine, a young mother attempting to save a fifteen-stone man, a man, by the time she had reached him, half-crazed as he fought for his life.

Yet nothing, not all the words of praise, kindness, and understanding could erase the sense of failure; her own conviction that she could have succeeded if only she hadn't panicked.

When she had reached the bank herself, exhausted, she had looked back; back at nothing but the swirling river and the quiet gliding of two untroubled swans.

The sleeping tablets were a habit now, a must. Derek would watch her carry the glass of water up to bed and then unlock her jewel box and take out the bottle.

He never questioned her on this point; he knew about the tormented nightmares that had ended in her waking, clutching him in the darkness, sobbing out her misery.

When she moved, she tried to persuade herself, I will be able to give up the tablets. For now it wasn't two at night but three and sometimes even four.

They found a possible

To page 59



## Canada's National flag-carrier chooses the Australian Company

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — May 10, 1961



## THE RESCUE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 38

bungalow. It was six miles away, not ideal, yet far enough to be away from the river and the sound of the weir.

Janet knew she was saying yes too quickly. The bungalow would mean a journey each day for Derek; it meant a new school for Jill. There was no park nearby and the shopping centre was more than walking distance away.

They hadn't signed anything yet; the bungalow was one in a row recently completed. The gardens back and front had been turned over so that now great furrows of hardened mud baked itself in the sun; it would be months before she and Derek could make anything grow out there. The rooms were much smaller than here in the river house and there would have to be new curtains to fit the windows.

Their own house was up for sale, and on the afternoon when some people came to view it Janet had told Jill to run into the garden and play.

The viewers were critical, always a good sign, and three times the man had asked the price.

"Or near offer?" he inquired.

"You will have to discuss that with my husband," Janet said. She didn't particularly like these people. No real reason, except that they seemed to be wrong for the house.

The couple were in no hurry. They lounged around the rooms as if the house were already theirs, and in a mirror Janet saw the woman nod to the man; it was approval, she wanted to buy, though they would bargain, Janet was sure of that.

Their criticisms were growing stronger, the man was examining lighting plugs, complaining that the wiring would need some adjustment. They wanted to go upstairs again and Janet accompanied them. From one of the back bedroom windows she looked down into the garden.

There was no sign of Jill! She didn't remember excusing herself, she didn't remember anything except her sudden leap to the door; her flight down the stairs to the back door.

It was very quiet in the garden. She couldn't even hear the weir or was that because her own heart was thundering, dispelling all other sounds from her ears?

The gate at the far end, built by Derek as a safeguard for their daughter, was closed.

The garden had never seemed so long; her toe caught against a stone and she nearly tripped; sobs welled up in her throat.

Jill and the river, Jill who had never strayed from the garden before, Jill who could not swim yet but loved the water and the wildfowl.

She was sitting on the bank, a few feet from the gate, her fair hair falling forward as she bent over something.

Janet pulled up, shaking, frightened, angry.

Her anger was stronger now than her relief.

"You naughty, naughty girl... Daddy built that gate, and you know why he built that gate..."

There was no more breath for words, her legs felt shaky, unwilling further to support her. She had been on the point of snatching Jill.

She sank down on the bank beside her daughter and then she put her arms around the child, rocking her like a baby.

"It's all right, Mummy." Jill's warm mouth planted a kiss on Janet's cheek. "I

wouldn't go in the water; I wouldn't be silly like the man was. He didn't look where he was going, did he? So he got wet and the next time he'll be more careful."

There won't be a next time, Janet thought, not for him.

Jill was looking down at her drawing again, wriggling herself free of Janet's holding hands.

"He was a funny man, wasn't he? Look." She thrust the drawing under Janet's eyes. "That's him."

Through a blur she saw half a face, the body round like a pumpkin, matchstick legs and arms, and one hand that was pointing inwards.

Janet didn't want to focus the drawing. She felt sick already, she didn't want to dwell again on that summer afternoon.

"How did you get out of the garden?" she asked. "Daddy put a bolt high up on that gate and you can't reach it."

Jill giggled. "I didn't come through the gate. It's a secret."

"Tell me the secret, please, please tell me the secret," Janet said. "I want to know."

With the sudden boredom of children, Jill tossed her drawing toward the river; the edges curled up at once and then it floated away downstream.

JILL hugged her knees. "He's coming back, the man is coming back; you said he was safe and he's sure to keep his promise."

"How did you get out of the garden?" Janet insisted.

Jill smiled. Then she scrambled to her feet and ran to the fence.

Janet followed slowly, watching as her daughter eased out three long slats.

"See, I can take them out and put them back and nobody knows. That's my big secret, Mummy. I told Ann at school and she said it was very clever."

Puzzled, Janet said: "Did you loosen those slats?"

Jill shook her head. "The man did; he had a penknife, he said three slats would be enough and then I could squeeze through."

The sun was burning down, hot on Janet's face. She was frowning, wondering, her eyes screwed.

"Then when the slats were out," Jill said, "he beckoned to me."

The matchstick hand in the drawing, turning inwards, meant to represent a beckoning finger, a child's impression of what had happened that day.

"He walked backwards, Mummy, that's why he fell in the water. He promised to take me for a ride in his car and he was going to buy me some sweets."

A steamer went past, holidaymakers waved, the backwash from the boat lapped against the banks.

Janet took her daughter's hand, led her through the gate, and bolted it.

Later Derek could nail back those loose slats.

"Come, darling," she whispered, "we have to tell those people the house is no longer for sale."

"Why, don't you want to move any more?"

There's no need, Janet thought. I shall sleep in future easily, without tablets.

Because she knew now, on the day of the drowning... there had been a rescue.

(C) 1966 by Leone Stewart

# AT HOME... with Margaret Sydney

● The sort of people I admire, applaud, and esteem are those well-organised ones who always have everything planned well in advance. I admire them—but I don't try to emulate them, because that's a hopeless task.

I SAW just such a friend off the other day on her round-the-world trip. Incidentally, she was the only friend I've seen off in donkeys' years with unmixed feelings of utter goodwill. I didn't have to be jealous this time, knowing that my turn was coming very soon.

She is a born planner. She has, very sensibly, been planning this trip for over a year. For months before she left she knew exactly where she was going to be at any hour of the day or night during the six months she will be away.

She can convert Australian dollars at the drop of a hat into the currency of each and every country she will visit; she can bandy about the names of obscure domestic airlines operating deep in the interior of unknown continents; and she can quote the bus fare from here to there in rupees and drachmas and krona, and pesetas and roubles.

She left these shores deeply disturbed about my lack of organisation. Our plans, and especially my plans after Hugh has flown home, are in what you might call (if you want to be charitable) a fluid condition. A more accurate word might be chaos, or perhaps ferment.

The trouble is that, in the old nursery phrase, my eyes are bigger than my stomach. Well, anyway, my time is much shorter than my curiosity.

The more I read (travel books only, of course!) the more I feel, "Well, I have to see that." The list has now grown so long that every time I add anything to it something has to go, and this involves fury, frustration, and despair.

How, in the name of all the gods of travel, do you weigh Winchester Cathedral against Jane Austen's village of Chawton, Lisbon against Florence, Kashmir against Karachi?

## So hard to cut anything from the itinerary

ALL this dithering is what disturbed this friend who has just left on her long- and well-planned trip.

"But you don't even know where you'll be on any given date," she said, as though this was equivalent to not knowing where your next meal was to come from.

"I'll get it worked out in the end, and, anyway, it's more interesting this way," I told her with a confidence I didn't altogether feel. It is more interesting, but it's not conducive to sleep.

Having concentrated on one small bit of the world for all my waking hours for one full day, I go to bed convinced that at last I've got one bit settled. Then, just as I'm dozing off, I'm suddenly wide awake again

with the horrid thought, "My heavens, I've left out Versailles."

Next morning out come the maps and the guide books again, and I go through the ghastly business of chopping one precious bit off my itinerary to put some other precious bit in.

This, of course, is nothing but greed. But what complicates it even further is an opposing conviction I have that it's mad to plan all your time so you can't branch off and look at things on spur-of-the-moment impulse.

I feel it's also mad to rush from cathedral to castle to court so that they all get muddled up in your mind and you end up worn out and aching. You have to leave yourself time to dawdle and browse. Split personality? If I'm not now, I certainly will be by the time I get back.

The American friend with whom I'm crossing from New York came up with a brilliant new idea the other day. She'd discovered that the ship calls first at Cobh in south-east Ireland before going on to Southampton.

As we both have longed to see something of Ireland, this is our golden opportunity, so we get off there and now have three days in Ireland before going on to England.

## Planning the tour of Ireland—by letter

TRYING to plan even a small part of a trip by correspondence across the Pacific is full of hazards and crossed lines. I write to her saying, "Limerick and Killarney and Cork and Galway," and she writes saying, "Blarney and Bantry and Ennis and Kinvarra," and the letters cross somewhere in mid-Pacific.

The dateline adds to the difficulties. In the letter I had from her yesterday she said, plaintively, "Finally it's dawned on me how your letters seem to get here so fast. You always write them tomorrow while I'm writing yesterday."

In the meantime a lot of horse-trading is going on among female members of the family. With spring coming in Europe, I will need lightish clothing, just when the girls are beginning to think of new winter clothes.

"You can have my blue drip-dry blouse if you bring me a yellow sweater from London," one of the girls will say—and so it goes on through the whole of their wardrobes and the five continents and the seven seas.

"But I don't want it, I'm not going there, and don't forget I'll have a 44lb. luggage allowance," I say to some of the more far-fetched offers and requests.

One thing I am determined to do is travel light. I know these are famous last words spoken by everyone who travels by air.

But if you've got to spend weeks living out of a suitcase it's probably easier if it's only two-thirds full and thus has a little space for picking up irresistible bits and pieces.



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## Louise HERE'S YOUR



## Hunter's ANSWER

Although pen-names and initials are always used, letters will not be answered unless real name and address of sender are given as a guarantee of good faith. Private answers to problems cannot be given.

"I AM 16 and have been going steady with a wonderful boy for a year. I love him very dearly, and we have never had an argument. Last week for no reason at all he told me everything was over. This hurt me very much, and, later, I found out from a friend that he had been going out with another girl. When I asked him he denied it, and said that he just didn't want to go steady with any girl. Lately he has been talking to me, as he still wants to be friends, and he is very affectionate to me in company. I can't understand him, because when I ask him to come back, he still says 'no.' Please help me."

"Bewildered," N.S.W.  
● This young man isn't worth one moment of heartache. The fact that he didn't give you an explanation for breaking a year-old romance, and now treats you like a girlfriend when it suits him, indicates a complete disregard for your feelings. It's time you gave him a taste of his own selfish treatment. Indifference sometimes brings a man running — if you still want him by that time. You'll certainly get nowhere by pleading with him.

### Let him go!

"I AM a 15-year-old girl 'wrapped' in a long-haired 17-year-old boy, who already has a girlfriend in his hometown. When he came to my town on holiday he took me out quite a few times. About a day after he left I put a request for him on the air, and his girlfriend heard it. They had a row — they often fight — but are

now back together again. I broke off with my own steady just because of this boy. Every night I cry over him, and cannot get him out of my head. Should I forget him?"

"Heartbroken," W.A.  
● The sooner you "unwrap" yourself from what obviously was only a holiday romance — at least, this boy seems to think so — the sooner your

heart will mend. (Personally, I think it's only a teeny-weeny crack!) Clinging to memories of past love affairs — you'll have a whole treasure trove of them before you meet that Special Someone — is a weakness of true femininity. So, brush away those tears, and make a resolution to enjoy teen romances instead of becoming so "wrapped!"

COME  
BACK,  
LOVE

### He's a gipsy

"MY boyfriend is a traveller and has been all over Australia as well as overseas. It's hard to keep him in one place for long. He tells me he is settling here, but the next thing I know he talks about going again. I feel lonely every time he is out, and stand watching the door until he returns. I'm afraid that one day he may leave for good and forget all about me."

"Afraid," N.S.W.  
● Trying to tie down a boy with the wanderlust in his blood is rather like trying to catch the wind — and the sooner you face this the better! Instead of "watching the door until he returns," mix with people of your own age at a social or sports club, or study something creative in your spare time, so that when the time does come for him to move on, you will have too busy a life to feel lonely. In the meantime, let's hope someone else equally appealing appears, who loves home.

## For teenagers

Letters must be signed, and preference is given to writers who do not use pen-names. Send them to Teenagers' Weekly, Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney. We pay \$2 for each letter used.

## THE PEOPLE NEXT DOOR



### LETTERS

● Last year I lived with my sister and her husband in Cairns next to an Aboriginal family. We couldn't have been blessed with better neighbors. We received vegetables from their garden and fish from their fishing trips. Once or twice when I was alone at night, a young woman from this generous family offered to keep me company. I think her happiest moments were when my little nephew would kiss her goodbye. How happy this world would be if everyone showed consideration for the feelings of other races.

—DIANE TALPUTT, Springvale, Vic.

THERE is nothing so demoralising as the unshakable (and often true) conviction that one looks untidy, fat, and ugly. Since those of us in fifth and sixth forms began wearing our attractive new uniforms, we feel, look, and, I'm convinced, work better. It is remarkable, too, to note the change in males — contemporaries, juniors, and even teachers. Now doors are opened and held, and we are helped with awkward briefcases. I am convinced that this change has been brought about as much by our change in attitude as theirs. — L.Q., Acton, A.C.T.

doing something so bad? I go out a lot with boys who have long hair, wear bell-bottom pants, and wild shirts. But they don't look dirty or talk roughly. They are real gentlemen—but still people rubbish them. I sometimes think that criticising adults were born old, and just don't know what it is like to be young. — "Christine," Norman Park, Qld.

### Important lesson

I USED to come home from school and nibble away at food until dinner-time, leaving homework until afterwards and thus finishing late. The next morning I never felt like school, and just sat there inattentively. The result? A terrible figure and black marks at school. Now I come home from school, sit down and do my homework. My figure is beginning to look reasonable, and my

schoolwork is improving. — "Future Teacher," Amamoor, Qld.

### Not moonshine

IF you have ideas for the improvement of society and the world, hold on to them. This probably won't be easy, as many adults seem to be determined to lull every "revolutionary" into dull and unimaginative contentment. Maybe your ideas do seem fantastic—but who knows? They might help create a perfect society, eliminate class barriers, solve the problem of starvation, or found colonies on the moon. — S.W.B., Geelong, Vic.

### FOOTNOTE

■ This may be the solution to the problem of those girls who dislike walking past groups of boys at street corners or outside milk bars. As you walk past them stare intently at their feet, and suddenly look surprised, or even amused. Most people are self-conscious about their feet, and you will notice that the boys will look very awkward and embarrassed. You will leave them wondering what it was about their feet that caused your surprise. — "Feet-Starer," Hazelwood Park, S.A.

### BEATNIK



### Patient's tribute

HERE'S a letter of tribute in which I would like to call attention to a section of the teenage community which seems to be overlooked by many. Trainee nurses work long hours for small wages, and their work requires dedication and selflessness. Let those who criticise teenagers ask themselves if they would have the courage to sacrifice a well-paid office job with regular hours to do such a much-needed job which has little glamor, and which places responsibility on young shoulders. I for one would not. — "Ex-Patient," Berriedale, Tas.

## ROUND ROBIN Adair



## Hair today, goon tomorrow

RECENTLY, a lot of my hair and I came to the parting of the ways.

And thereby hangs a tale, if little else. The hair-raising business all started when people started chipping me about the length of my hair.

The general opinion was that a barber would need a motor-mower to cut it.

Now, I was very attached to my hair (the feeling was mutual). But I can take a hint, so I decided to have it off.

"I'll do it," I said, curling my lip. (Actually, everything round my face was beginning to curl.)

I caught a barber before he could lock me out of his shop and told him to make it brief.

He rather took me at my word.

I ended up with a shorter back and sides than Quasimodo. (You remember him—an American college football player. He played hunchback for Notre Dame.)

Now, that should have been the end of the problem. But oh, no.

The girls who had suggested the change now wanted my head back the way it was!

"You looked so Byronic," said a lass, who previously had told me I looked like a haystack on legs.

"Had your ears lowered?" asked another, whose earlier complaint was that she couldn't see them.

The most unkind cut of all, however, was when—with my new hairdo—I went along to a reception thrown for a visiting French hairdresser.

"Ooh la la!" he said, when we met. "That trouser suit! Magnifique!"

"And your hair! Cherie, just a few freckles on your nose and M. Sinatra would think you were Mia Farrow!"

I left. Maybe my hair is a wee bit short. But I like my French without "dears."

### BEAUTY IN BRIEF

## START WITH A CLEAN FACE

THERE'S nothing better than a soap-and-water facial for freeing young skin from all the stale make-up surface flakes and debris it picks up. It's good for almost any skin type.

Not only that, a soapsuds facial (use a bland soap or baby soap) makes your skin feel so marvellously fresh and clean.

Here's the way to go about it:

First, work up a rich lather and, starting at the base of the throat, work lightly up over the chin to the cheekbones, stroking suds gently into the skin.

From the bridge of your nose, sweep up toward the temples and across the forehead.

The warmer the suds the better the treatment, as warmth helps open skin pores and rids the skin of stale make-up and surface dirt.

Let the suds "set" on your face while you massage your neck and firm up your chin contour. Never, at any time, use downward strokes.

Finish the facial by rinsing with warm then cold water several times or until all soap traces disappear.

—Carolyn Earle

### Without a goal

RECENTLY my only brother, of whom I am very fond, was conscripted to join the Army and go to Vietnam. He is very lonely, and I am sure that many of the other boys over there are, too. I suggest that teenage girls conscript themselves into a correspondence group to write letters to our boys in Vietnam. — "Green Eyes," Brighton, Vic.

A SURVEY was recently held in our form to see what careers we hope to follow when we leave school. The thing which surprised me was the number of students who said that they hadn't decided yet. Although I am only 14, I have made up my mind to become a primary teacher, and this is giving me a goal to strive for. It seems to be true with no goal in mind you fail their exams. — "Margie," North Balwyn, Vic.





## A LADY DOESN'T FUMBLE...

## SHE CLICKS

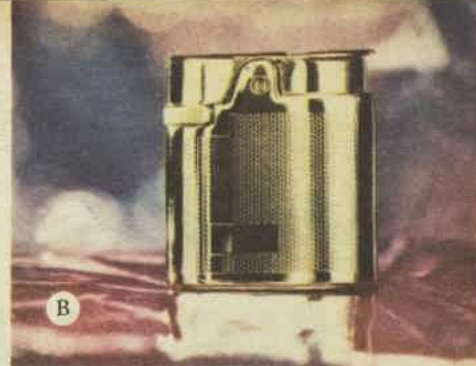
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# RONSON





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like home . . .**

## POP STAR WENT BACK TO MOTHER!

**W**HEN young pop singer Buddy England looks for a wife one thing is certain — she'll have to love the home.

Like the title of his latest disc, 21-year-old Buddy is a "Movin' Man."

He recently moved from his comfortable semi-furnished \$30-a-week flat in South Yarra, Vic., to "go home to Mum and Dad" at Frankston, Vic., after only 12 weeks!

"The real problem of flatting alone was that I didn't have time to do all the necessary things — like cooking, washing, and cleaning," Buddy said.

The young singer decided to rent a flat near the city to save travelling home to Frankston every night after recording and television engagements, which often lasted well into the evening.

At first flatting was fun, Buddy said, and he spent his spare time scrounging round antique shops. One of his favorite possessions is a carved pedestal over 100 years old, which he bought "for a song" at an auction. The pedestal is now in Buddy's bedroom, supporting an old violin he can't bear to part with.

Unlike most boys his age, Buddy is very tidy around the house.

"You can go into his room at any time and there won't be a shoe out of place, and all his clothes will be hung up," said his mother, Mrs. George Kilgower (Buddy's real name is Ian Kilgower).

"There's no sense paying big money like I do for clothes if you don't look after them," Buddy said.

He can well afford expensive clothes. Last year recordings, television, and stage appearances netted him about \$16,000.

Giving pineapple juice to Renie, the white poodle he gave his mother over a year ago, Buddy talked about his flat.

"You know, it was the most marvellous place — big rooms with carpets about 4in. thick, and the kitchen was the sort most women dream about. The flat also had a separate laundry."

### FOOD WAS PROBLEM

Each day Buddy would glide over the carpet with a sweeper and iron his clothes — which he'd washed himself. Meals were the main problem.

"When it was time to prepare dinner," he said, "I'd find myself still in the middle of rehearsals."

Cooking presents no problem, though. Buddy admits to being an old hand at rustling up curries, Hungarian dishes, and "the nice, messy meals — like braised steak and onions."

"Mind you," he said, grinning, "I was the only one eating my concoctions, so you better not say I'm a good cook!"

When asked if he had found flat life lonely, Buddy gave an emphatic "no," adding, "I'm a rather independent type, and even though I was by myself, friends were always popping in."

"I didn't throw any parties, though — I don't like them over much, and I couldn't face all the cleaning up."

At home, Buddy is happy to sit down to the meals prepared by his mother, and happier still not to have to tackle the washing-up.

"It's great to come home and not have to do the chores I did while in the flat," he said, smiling appreciatively at his mother.

Mrs. Kilgower is pleased to have her son back. "The place wasn't the same without him — he's so bright around the house," she said.

These days Buddy finds time to play the guitar and drums, take in some spearfishing, and write songs, which has proved a profitable hobby.

Songs written and recorded by Buddy include "If You'll Stay," "Your Eyes Tell On You," and "Getaway."

The chance to try his luck overseas may come sooner than Buddy expects.

Carol West, manager of vocalist Lynne Randell, who is working in America, took with her records made by Buddy and Marty Christian, another Melbourne pop singer, when she visited Lynne in the States last month.

— LEONIE NEWBERRY



● Breakfast, prepared by his mother, takes on a new flavor for vocalist Buddy England, who recently left his flat to go home to live with his parents.

● One of Buddy England's favorite chores is washing his snappy white sports car. Here, armed with hose and cloth, he gives it "the once over."







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● Rare Delft ware

## COLLECTORS' CORNER

● Our expert, Mr. Stanley Lipscombe, answers readers' queries about their antiques.

I WOULD appreciate information on the plate or platter and mug (photographed). The plate was left to me by an aunt, who had obtained it in Scotland. I have been told that there is a somewhat similar piece in the British Museum. The mug, described to me as a cider mug, came, among other pieces, from the former home of Sir Astley Cooper, who was appointed a surgeon at Guy's Hos-

pital, London, in 1800. — Mrs. N. S. Campbell, Ellinbank, via Warragul, Vic.

The flat, circular dish or plate is an extremely rare example of Delft or Faience ware — that is, tin-glazed pottery. The cane-colored texture of the fractured section is characteristic of some English Delft wares made at Bristol during the early 18th century. Some Scandinavian examples of the same period are also recorded. The mug is of



● English mug

English origin. It is a specimen of Mason's ironstone pottery. Miles Mason, of Lane Delph, took out a patent in July, 1813, for ironstone china. The naive style of decoration on the mug is chiefly encountered on Mason's ironstone. It was made about 1820 to 1840.

I AM asking for information about an old silver plate (below) that has been in my mother's family for several generations. I would be glad to know more about the piece — its age, the origin of the coat of arms, etc. — Mrs. G. J. Hay, Hay, N.S.W.

Your important late seventeenth century silver dish embellished with repoussé and chased floral and grape-vine ornament was made in England during the reign of James II. It bears the London hallmarks — Maker D.G. and the date letter F., which indicates that the dish was made in 1683.



● James II silver

I WOULD like some information about two Wedgwood plaques. They are green and white and have no markings other than the number "28." The figures of the children on the plaques are entirely separated from the angel (in relief). They are supposed to depict some famous Italian painting.

I also have a frog pot. It is very crude and heavy like ironstone. The frog inside the pot is lifesize, green with brown spots. The scenes on the pot are of hunting-men drinking; guns and dogs and birds at their feet. This has been in our family for about 100 years. — Mrs. K. O'Donoghue, South Cronulla, N.S.W.

The pair of Jasperware plaques, although characteristically Wedgwood, could have been made by a Staffordshire or a Continental potter. Original Wedgwood examples usually bear the word "Wedgwood" impressed in the "paste." I would have to inspect your plaques in order to give a final decision.

The fascinating ale or cider mug known as a frog mug is a good example of Staffordshire or Sunderland pottery and was made at the beginning of the Victorian era about 1840.



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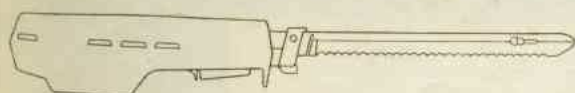


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As a gift for a little girl, make her an apron with a pocket the full width of the hem. Divide pocket into sections, and fill each with a different surprise, such as peanuts, pencils, handkerchief, etc. — Mrs. Nancy McEwan, Serpentine, via Inglewood, Vic.

Plastic tablecloths that have outlived their usefulness can be used in many other ways. Fold several times and use as ground-sheets for young children at picnics, etc.; place on car seats to protect against wet bathing-suits and towels; cut and machine-stitch into strong bags to carry fruit and sandwiches on picnics. — Mrs. P. Chaplin, Charlton St., Nambucca Heads, N.S.W.

Add a dessertspoon of breadcrumbs to scrambled egg mixture for a sandwich filling. This prevents the egg from being too moist and makes it easier to spread. — Mrs. D. Ridgley, P.O. Box 49, Broadway, Brisbane.

When making up small children's hand-knitted sweaters or cardigans, leave the ribbed section of the sleeve seam open, and fasten with snap fasteners at the wrist edge. It is much easier to push small hands through, and the band does not become stretched. — Mrs. A. Swift, 73 Pratt St., Casino, N.S.W.

Discarded 60-denier stockings, of the type worn by schoolgirls, are excellent for cleaning venetian blinds. Slip hand inside stocking, spray lightly with polish, and run along each slat in turn. Keep moving stocking round on your hand and you have a clean part to work with all the time. — Mrs. L. Dyster, 60 Jubilee Highway, Mt. Gambier, S.A.

To avoid shirts tangling in the washing-machine, button them up, then turn them inside out so sleeves are enclosed. — Mrs. Erikson, 15 South St., Fremantle, W.A.

To prevent materials or ash from the incinerator being sucked up by the draught and blown about, make a cover by folding a length of chickenwire into three thicknesses and placing it over the top. If you light materials in the incinerator from the top, it will reduce smoke. — Mrs. L. See, 22 Bousfield St., WallSEND, N.S.W.

Small parboiled onions, rolled in flour, then batter, and fried in deep, boiling fat, are a nice accompaniment to grilled steak instead of the usual fried onions. — Mrs. A. V. Coombe, 18 Mortimer St., Ipswich, Qld.

Mark each piece of your new sewing pattern with the number of the pattern. It is then easily recognised should it go astray among other pattern pieces. — Mrs. J. Murphy, Hallam Rd., Hampton Park, via Dandenong, Vic.

To get rid of perspiration odor from synthetic materials, try the following: Into a small dish place a little cold water and dessertspoonful of bicarbonate of soda. After washing and rinsing the garment in the usual way, rinse underarm portions in this mixture. It will banish any perspiration odor and will keep the garment fresh when it is next worn. — Miss M. Burtwistle, 71 Dunroon St., Hurlstone Park, N.S.W.

## HOUSEHOLD HINTS

● Housewives and mothers of young children will welcome these useful hints sent in by our readers. Each wins a \$2 prize.

If cooking a number of sausages, skewer several together — you can then turn them easily instead of juggling with each one separately. — Mrs. Joan Mitchell, 93A Esdale St., Nunawading, Vic.

Lengthen a girl's skirt by making an overblouse, longer than an ordinary blouse. Attach it to skirt by lapping it about

4 in. to 1 in. over top of skirt; a hem can be left in the skirt. — Mrs. F. Norsworthy, 5 Swann St., Angaston, S.A.

A hint for new mothers: After washing booties, dry them by slipping them by the toes on to a safety pin. They will dry faster and there will be no peg-marks. — Mrs. J. Kite, 8 Glade St., Balgowlah, N.S.W.

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# Cassata cake for dessert

• A delicious Italian-style cassata cake filled with cherries and almonds and layered with ice-cream, wins our main prize of \$10 this week.

## CHERRY-ALMOND CASSATA

1 gallon can vanilla ice-cream  
2 7in. sponge cakes  
4oz. glace cherries (sliced)  
2oz. slivered almonds  
8 tablespoons sweet sherry  
1 tablespoon drinking chocolate  
pink food coloring.

Prepare 8in. cake tin by lining with aluminium foil.

Crumble cake, divide into two bowls. To one add drinking chocolate and half the sherry, mixing until crumbs are thoroughly coated. To remaining crumbs add remainder of sherry and enough pink coloring to make a deep pink shade.

Place a layer of ice-cream in bottom of prepared tin, packing firmly, then chocolate cake mixture, pressing firmly. Over this sprinkle half the cherries and almonds. Next press another layer of ice-cream, then pink cake mixture, again firmly pressing down; then remainder of cherries and almonds. Finally, a last layer of ice-cream.

Place in freezing compartment of refrigerator, overnight if possible. When required gently ease cake out of tin, turn out on to a chilled plate, peel off foil. Chill until required. Serve topped with extra cherries and almonds.

(Will keep indefinitely stored in freezing compartment of refrigerator.)

First prize of \$10 to Mrs. K. James, 26 Nubeena Cres., Taroom, Tas.

## BABHI GOERING

1lb. rump steak  
1lb. cabbage (finely shredded)  
1 cup roasted peanuts  
1 clove garlic (crushed)  
1lb. noodles  
1 teaspoon ground ginger  
4 tablespoons soy sauce  
salt, pepper  
butter or substitute

Cut steak into small cubes. Melt butter in pan, add steak and garlic, and cook until meat is colored. Add cabbage, saute until just half-cooked.

Boil the noodles in salted water until cooked, drain well.

To the meat mixture add cooked noodles, peanuts, salt and pepper to taste, ground ginger, soy sauce; stir together, keep hot until serving.

Consolation prize of \$2 to Mrs. J. Buchanan, 589 Featherston St., Palmerston Nth., N.Z.

## EGGLESS FRUIT CAKE

12oz. mixed fruit (1 pkt.)  
1 cup sugar  
1lb. butter or substitute  
1 1/2 cups cold water  
1 teaspoon cinnamon  
1 teaspoon mixed spice  
1 teaspoon bicarb. soda  
2 cups self-raising flour

Place into saucepan the chopped fruit, sugar, butter or substitute, water, cinnamon, spice, and soda; bring to the boil and boil until butter is melted; cool. When cool, mix in the sifted flour. Place in a greased and lined 8in. cake tin. Bake in moderate oven 1 hour or until skewer inserted in centre comes out clean. Cool in tin.

Consolation prize of \$2 to Mrs. P. Hulse, 94 Cochrane St., Gatton, Qld.

## SAVORY BISCUITS

2oz. butter or substitute  
6 tablespoons wholemeal self-raising flour  
1/2 cup coarsely grated cheese  
1 well-beaten egg  
salt, cayenne pepper  
1 teaspoon meat or vegetable extract  
Mix meat or vegetable extract

with butter. Rub into flour and salt; add cayenne to taste. Add grated cheese, bind well with egg. Roll pieces of mixture into small balls. Place on greased oven slide, flatten with fork. Bake in moderate oven 10 minutes.

Consolation prize of \$2 to Mrs. S. Spencer, 245 Wellington Road, Woolloongabba, Qld.

**CASSATA CAKE**, layered with ice-cream, has a delicious filling of almonds and cherries. The recipe wins our \$10 prize.



# This is the flaky cracker biscuit that doesn't need butter,



# remember?

Not even when you serve them hot like this:



**CORNISH CORN SNACK:** To corn niblets, add chopped ham, chopped green pepper and diced red chili with a seasoned white sauce. Heat and serve. Straight onto a Cornish Wafer. It's a wonderful snack.

**CURRIED PRAWN SNACK:** Heat cleaned prawns in savoury curry sauce, heap on Cornish Wafers, sprinkle with Paprika and garnish with a sprig of parsley. A delightful seafood snack.

MADE IN AUSTRALIA BY PEEK FREAN FROM AN ORIGINAL CORNISH RECIPE



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services which affect financial security and how best to dovetail in with insurance protection. To discover exactly how your family stands, call in an A.M.P. man or visit the nearest A.M.P. office for an A.M.P. Family Security Check-up, free and entirely without obligation.

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A U S T R A L I A N M U T U A L P R O V I D E N T S O C I E T Y





Gently but firmly the man held Marilyn at a distance.

# THE GOLDEN TRAP

First instalment of our two-part mystery serial  
BY HUGH PENTECOST

**T**HE Beaumont, New York City's top luxury hotel, is a small world in itself. Its famous resident manager, Pierre Chambrun, will bridle slightly at the implication that it is not the top luxury hotel in the entire universe. He may be right. The Beaumont, thanks to Chambrun's personal genius, runs with the dazzling efficiency of an intricately engineered Swiss watch.

About two years ago I inherited an office on the fourth floor of the hotel with my name on the door — Mark Haskell, Public Relations. For the first few weeks I congratulated myself on having a good job in a good business with one of the most glamorous and agitating girls you've ever seen as a secretary. Shelda Mason knew more about my job than I did in the beginning, because she'd been secretary to my predecessor. There was every excuse to wine and dine her after hours. I had to learn all the ins and outs of my job, didn't I?

Then, at the end of about a month, I was hit by what Shelda calls "Chambrun fever." I began to feel possessive about the hotel. It was suddenly my town, with its own mayor, its own police force, its own public services, its co-operatively owned apartments, its facilities for transients, its nightclubs, its cafes, its restaurants, its quality shops opening off the lobby, its travel bureaus, its complex human relationships.

It was my town, and I felt jealous of its reputation. I wasn't the only one with the fever. The entire staff had it. In the course of my job I run into a weird assortment of personalities: snobs, bores, the arrogant ones, the grace-

ful and elegant old-timers from another age, the new rich, the Madison Avenue smoothies, the Hollywood show-offs and the Hollywood hideouts, politicians, statesmen, gamblers, cheats, and the new young. I took pleasure in my own skill at handling the variety of people and problems. Each personality became a fascinating exercise in public relations. I had Chambrun fever.

On that April day my particular problem was Marilyn VanZandt. The VanZandt fortune was based on oil, and is staggeringly large. Marilyn VanZandt had her coming-out party at the Beaumont about seventeen years ago, which places her present age in the mid-thirties. She looks older. She has lived hard in those fifteen years. There were three marriages. The first, to the family chauffeur, was annulled after a wild chase around the country by an army of private detectives hired by papa VanZandt.

The Italian prince was second, and ended when he was killed in the Swiss Alps in a motor accident. The third husband was a movie star, and the marriage didn't survive the honeymoon. Marilyn was showing more wear and tear from liquor, chain-smoking, and, one suspected, drugs than she could afford if she wanted to maintain the illusion of mature glamor.

She was so hungry for male attention that I felt embarrassed for her and a little uneasy at being seen with her in the Trapeze Bar for a cocktail at lunchtime.

The Trapeze Bar is suspended in space, like a birdcage, over the foyer to the Grand Ballroom. Its walls are elaborate Florentine grillework. An artist of the Calder school decorated it with mobiles of circus performers

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## THE GOLDEN TRAP

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 71

working on trapezes. They sway slightly in the draught from a concealed air-freshening system, creating the illusion that the whole place is swinging gently in orbit.

My reason for having a drink with Marilyn VanZandt was that she was chairwoman of a charity ball committee and the Beaumont was to be the scene of the crime, at it were. My job was to help with public relations and assist her with the arrangements.

She wasn't too eager to talk business, and she downed two double martinis so fast it made my head spin. She asked questions like was I or had I ever been married, did I have a girl, was I ever free for dinner or lunch or breakfast or any other time? I tried not to look as though I was ducking. In the end, I got her to talk about her party and manoeuvred my way out of trouble. They wanted to reserve two suites for the night of the ball and I said we'd have to discuss it with Mr. Atterbury.

As we headed toward the reservation desk, I saw that Atterbury was involved with a new check-in, a tall man in his late forties or early fifties with a handsome but deeply lined face, very bright blue eyes, and a straight, hard mouth. He wore a loose-fitting burberry and a soft brown hat. He suggested casual elegance. Johnny Thacker, the day bell captain, was guarding three well-used suitcases, all pasted over with foreign travel labels.

The man evidently had a reservation, and Atterbury was handing him a thick-looking business letter that had evidently arrived in advance of the guest.

"Charles!" Marilyn cried out in a high, excited voice. She pronounced it the French way, as though it was spelled "Sharl."

The man looked up, startled, and then his face turned cold and blank.

**M**ARILYN suddenly put her arms around him. "Oh, my darling Charles!" she said.

Gently, but firmly, the man took her arms in his hands and held her away from him. He was smiling now, a small, whimsical smile. "I'm afraid you've made a mistake," he said. "I am not Charles."

Marilyn looked as if he'd struck her.

He lifted his hat, turned to Johnny Thacker, and they headed for the elevator. Marilyn watched him go. She was in a state of shock. Then she turned to me and I saw that her eyes were brimming with tears.

"Why did he do that to me?" she asked, her voice shaking.

Then she threw her arms around me and buried her face in my shoulder, her whole body shaking with sobs. That was when I got a smear of lipstick on my shirt collar.

Johnny Thacker conducted the tall man to Suite B on the tenth floor. The letter, which Atterbury had delivered to him, was addressed:

Mr. George Lovelace,  
Hotel Beaumont,  
By Hand.

The handwriting was bold, enlarged by the use of a black marker pencil. Lovelace still hadn't opened it.

Johnny Thacker came back from the bedroom where he had deposited the bags. He was tipped well but not flamboyantly.

The moment the hall door closed on Johnny Thacker, the tall man put his letter down on the foyer table. Then, as though he had prolonged an anticipated pleasure or a dreaded pain as long as he could, he picked up the envelope and ripped it open.

Inside the envelope was another envelope. It was addressed to Michael O'Hanlon, Lovelace's fingers were quite steady as he opened the second envelope. Inside it was another, slightly smaller envelope addressed to Gregor Bodanzky. Inside that was another addressed to Karl Kessler, and

inside that another to Charles Veauclaire, and inside that, one addressed to John Smith.

This final one was small, like the envelope used for a visiting card. There was a plain card inside it with a message written on it in very small, very precise script:

One of you — Lovelace, or O'Hanlon, or Bodanzky, or Kessler, or Veauclaire, or Smith — is much closer to the final payoff than even you can measure.

A little droop of Lovelace's broad shoulders suggested a bone-deep fatigue. He crossed the room to the telephone on the desk.

"Please connect me with Mr.

Pierre Chambrun," he said.

"My dear George! I hadn't expected you till later in the day."

"It's rather important that I see you, Pierre. I'm in rather a hell of a lot of trouble."

"Second floor. Turn left as you get off the elevator." There was a faint hesitation. "Would you like to have the hotel security officer make the trip downstairs with you, George?"

Lovelace's laugh was bitter. "Not all the king's horses or all the king's men would help — if this is the moment, Pierre."

Pierre Chambrun is a small, dark man, stockily built, with heavy pouches under bright, black eyes that can turn so hard your blood freezes — if you're guilty of a

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## MRS. H. WIFE



"Testing, one, two three . . ."

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**Why the capsules that remember? Because they remember to give you your medicine when you have a cold.**

You see, ordinary cold medicines last about 4 hours. You must take dose after dose to maintain relief. But Contac 500 is the *continuous action* medication that stops sniffles and gently relieves stuffy nose all day and all night long. Here's how it works.

Each Contac 500 capsule contains over 500 tiny time pills that are scientifically set like clocks. Some dissolve fast for fast relief, the rest dissolve slowly, hour after hour — as your system needs them — for continuous relief that lasts up to 12 full hours. Next time you have a cold remember the

capsule that remembers. Contac 500. It's worked wonders for thousands upon thousands of Australians. That's why it's *Australia's leading cold medication*.

**Ask your chemist**



\*Read T.M.

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## THE GOLDEN TRAP

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 73

mistake—or unexpectedly twinkle with humor. He's been in the hotel business for all of his adult life. French by birth, he came to this country as a small boy and he thinks, now, like an American. But his training in the hotel business has often taken him back to Europe.

He can adopt a Continental manner to suit a queen; he is a linguist. He is the sole operating boss of the Beaumont, handling his job without interference from the owner, Mr. George Battle, who spends his life on the French Riviera, presumably counting an inexhaustible supply of money. Chambrun's instinct for handling all people on all levels is not something you can learn from a course in hotel management at Cornell University.

If there is an indispensable member of Chambrun's staff, it is Miss Betsy Ruysdale, his personal secretary. Chambrun has many requirements in a personal secretary. She must be efficient beyond any announced specifications. She must be prepared to forget the eight-hour day or any regularity of working hours. She must be chic, but not disturbing. She must be prepared to eternally anticipate his needs. Miss Ruysdale, by some miracle, managed to meet all these requirements. Her devotion to Chambrun is obviously total.

CHAMBRUN'S private office is not furnished like an office. The Oriental rug is priceless. The flat-topped desk is Florentine, exquisitely carved. The chairs are from the same locale, high-backed, beautiful to look at, and surprisingly comfortable. There is a sideboard by a far wall on which rests the paraphernalia of a coffee service and a Turkish coffee maker.

There is no sign of office; no files, no visible safe — only the little intercom box on his desk which connects with the one on Miss Ruysdale's desk in the outer room, and two telephones, one a private line with an unlisted number and one connected to the hotel switchboard.

It was just a few minutes past one when George Lovelace walked into Miss Ruysdale's office.

She gave him the smile reserved for the specially anointed. "Mr. Chambrun's expecting you, Mr. Lovelace."

His walk was slow, measured, as if it took some control not to look back over his shoulder. He went through the door into Chambrun's office and closed it behind him.

"Hello, Pierre," he said quietly.

Chambrun glanced up from the papers on his desk and was instantly on his feet. His eyes, bright with pleasure, soon clouded.

"Come, sit down. Can I offer you a drink or some coffee?"

Lovelace's mouth moved in a smile. His eyes had spotted the coffee maker on the sideboard. "Still hooked on that incredible Turkish mud?" He sat down and

lit a cigarette. Chambrun resumed his own chair, frowning now.

"Tell it your own way, George," he said.

Lovelace closed his eyes for an instant as he inhaled on his cigarette. "Would you be very distressed, Pierre, if I chose this golden hostelry of yours as the stage setting for my murder?"

Chambrun's black eyes went hard and cold, but his face was expressionless.

"I'm forty-eight years old, Pierre," Lovelace said. "In all that time there have been just three people I have ever called friends and believed myself when I said it. Two women, one man.

One of the women is dead and the other might as well be. That leaves you, Pierre. I've never been a sentimentalist, but about a month ago, when I knew I was going to have to die, I suddenly wanted to be near the one person I knew might care when I was found with my head blown off or my throat cut."

"Who is gunning for you?" Chambrun asked.

"I wish to heaven I knew," Lovelace said. He took the letters from his jacket pocket and slid them across the desk to Chambrun, who glanced quickly through them to the final message on the small, white card.

"It is someone who knows my past well," Lovelace said. "Someone who knows that in New York, I was John Smith; in Berlin, Karl

Kessler; in London, Michael O'Hanlon; in Budapest, Gregor Bodanzky; in France, where you knew me, Charles Veauclair. But who is it who wants me dead? There are a thousand people who might wish it, people who have never seen me in the flesh and whom I have never seen. I can't fight shadows, Pierre, and I'm exhausted from running."

"You've left out one possibility," Chambrun said. "Is there someone who might want George Lovelace dead?"

Lovelace laughed, a small, bitter sound. "George Lovelace is no one; a disguise for a series of disguises. I had hoped George Lovelace would hide me from the past, but he hasn't, as you can see." He gestured to the envelopes on Chambrun's desk. "Can I stay here, Pierre? Will you let me die

in your special little world?"

"I'm damned if I'll let you die here. Perhaps we can turn what you called this 'golden hostelry' into a golden trap."

While this was going on, I was dealing with a shattered Marilyn VanZandt.

"Please, Mark, take me somewhere so that I can get pulled together." It was a genuine cry for help.

I walked her quickly across the lobby to a waiting elevator and up to the fourth floor where my offices are located. Shelda was out to lunch, but the office stenographer guided Marilyn to the little girls' room. I went into my office to look at any messages that might have come in the last hour. I was

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## RIVETS





"My dear Mary Anne . . . from your loving and halfexshonat lover"

# A COURTSHIP OF THE CONVICT DAYS

By JACK MILLAR

EARLY last century, on a farm in Van Diemen's Land — as Tasmania was then called — affection developed between two assigned convict servants.

Then a blow fell. The woman, known to history only as Mary Anne, was suddenly returned to the Hobart Town Female Factory, a harsh establishment which served both as a holding place for convicts awaiting assignment and as a place of punishment.

Poor Mary Anne's beau was heartbroken. At his master's farm at Jericho, 40 miles north of Hobart Town, he bided his time waiting for the first safe opportunity to pen a letter to his beloved. This came when a policeman had to escort a troublesome prisoner back to jail in Hobart Town. Slowly the letter took shape, each word written as it was pronounced, following, of course, the English accent of the times.

The letter was not delivered to Mary Anne but came instead into the hands of the editor of the Hobart Town "Courier." In

the issue of June 7, 1828, he had this to say:

"The following letter was delivered last night at our office in Liverpool Street, we suppose in mistake for the Female Factory. As there exists some difficulty in transmitting letters of business to the inmates of that establishment, we here publish it for the benefit of all concerned."

Here, then, is the letter, which faithfully reflects the sad times of two frustrated lovers:

Jericho, May 28, 1828.

My dear Mary Anne—I sees the furst safe and, since I ave bin eer to ryte to you, which I does by Kunstable — who is going to camp to-morrow morning with poor Jim who has got into trooble. I ave give him a doller with wich he has promessed to by you a drop of summut, which I ope will be sum cumfurt to you in your presant doll cituyashun.

I was very sory my last tryall to got you ought did not succeed. Mr. Locklane found it all ought ass you no. For all that I ope you will not be fals to me, for I ave a plann in ryon by wich I think I shall be able to git back to camp and to git a frind to take you oof. My merster kips a number of milking cows and large diary aul verry reglar, and I expex he will send me to camp with the next lode of butter. He as also a number of marine ships and takes a great deal of pens with the owl, wich he intends to pack up carefooly and send a way by the Call Easter [evidently meaning the ship Callista] now loding in the arbour.

You need niver be jellies of me for I think of nothing but my dear Miss Mary Anne and her lovly fase day nor nyte, from your lov- ing and halfexshonat lover.

Poss Kripp. Do not forget to send a loin by the Kunstable who will be on us gurney back in a boot a week. I ave written some loins of pottery on you wich I will send you next time. Send me a kurrier with the camp noose. Yours till death.

## QUIZ RESULTS

From page 37

- NOW FOR THE FACTS about the man in your life. If you scored:
- 51-60: He's determined and masterful, full of drive and ambition. Sooner or later he'll see you get most of the good things of life, but he'll do things his way, and pleasure, with him, will always take second place to business. Don't expect him to have time for feminine moods and temperament. He's kind after his fashion, but sometimes thoughtless and unsympathetic.
- 39-50: He's almost the ideal male — ambitious yet considerate, masterful yet kind, determined yet thoughtful. A go-getting man who is seldom downhearted and knows how to get the best out of life and marriage.
- 29-38: He's kind, sympathetic, thoughtful, contented. But a teeny bit placid. Don't expect him to be ambitious or go-getting. He isn't. He'll always play safe, always love you, always be faithful. Life with him can be happy and pleasant, but seldom eventful or exciting.
- 20-28: He's temperamental, perhaps artistic, almost certainly devil-may-care, and a trifle irresponsible. He's vain, a bit of a butterfly, fluttering always from one new thing to the next. He likes new places, pretty faces, the bright lights, the good things of life. Life with him is seldom dull — and always unpredictable.

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The most precious stockings  
in the world

# Cantrece<sup>♥</sup>

No wrinkling, no sagging – not even at knees or ankles, where most nylons show up. That's the big difference with Du Pont's new nylon, **Cantrece**. It fits your legs perfectly, just like a silken second skin. What if it costs a trifle more? Your legs deserve this sheer flattery! **Cantrece**...the most precious stockings in the world. Soft, silky-smooth and caressing. Stockings in Cantrece – made by **Hilton...Holeproof...Kayser and Prestige**.



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## Plant these now, for spring flowering



ABOVE: Livingstone daisies (*Mesembryanthemum crinitiflorum*) make a brilliant display in full sun. Seed sown in autumn will flower late winter - early spring.

LEFT: Colorful viola Crystal Giants are set off to perfection by a well-kept lawn.

RIGHT: A glowing bed of rich Blue Gem nemesia. All pictures on this page were taken at Yates Trial Ground at Castle Hill, N.S.W., by staff photographer Ron Berg.



## The garden in May

● Cooler nights and falling leaves remind us winter is not far away—and there are garden tasks to be done.

By ALLAN SEALE

**L**EAFLESS branches might suggest that it is the time to prune, but approach this discreetly. Remember, all deciduous spring-flowering shrubs and trees should not be pruned until immediately after flowering.

Earlier pruning won't harm the plant, but it will result in fewer spring flowers, or perhaps none at all.

So reserve winter pruning for deciduous fruit trees, roses, and a few of the summer flowerers such as crepe myrtle, summer-flowering tamarix, and deciduous hibiscus such as *H. syriacus*. In any case, pruning of these is best left until June or July, or in cold districts as late as August. Evergreen hibiscus *H. rosa sinensis* should not be pruned until spring.

*Cassia candolleana* is in a different category from the other plants mentioned. In most districts this has just finished flowering, and may be pruned now. Shorten back the flowered canes to within about a foot of the main branches, and encourage bushiness by pinching out the tips of these growths when they reach 10 to 12 in. in length. This plant often makes a second flowering, and may again be trimmed back afterwards.

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### INDOOR PLANTS

During cold conditions the soil around indoor plants should be kept on the dry side — or at least dry on the surface, and just damp about  $\frac{1}{4}$  in. down.

Most indoor or house plants hail from tropical or semi-tropical areas where there is little variation between winter and summer, and soil temperatures remain relatively high. In other cases, rainfall is confined to the summer months.

As temperatures fall, excess water makes roots colder and less capable of functioning, and some of these plants will die. They also resent extremes of temperature, such as rooms where temperatures are up to 75 or 80deg. while heaters are in use, then later may be down to 50 or 60deg.

Similar temperature variations may occur where sun penetrates large window areas of north-facing rooms, making daytime room temperatures high. Then at night the temperature drops.

Under these circumstances, foliage can yellow and fall, and the only remedy is to move the plant farther from the glass or heater or to another room.

It is not unusual to find house plants flourishing in cold districts such as Canberra, yet giving indifferent performances in more temperate areas. This is because in colder climates more homes have day-and-night winter heating, and more constant indoor temperatures.

### FOR SPRING COLOR

Most planting for spring color is now completed, but where space is available there are hardy, quick-growing subjects which flower quickly.

Among these are livingstone daisies for any well-drained sunny position; alyssum and virginian stock, hardy in sun or part shade and better where the soil has been limed.

Linaria grows almost anywhere, likewise forget-me-not. Pixie lupins are useful for sunny borders. They grow only 10 in. high, and flower freely. All mentioned so far will grow easily if thinly sown where they are to remain.

Nemesia may also be sown now. Try a few clumps of Blue Gem planted in the foreground of more robust red- and russet-toned varieties such as Carnival.

Now is also a good time to sow lobelia. It makes a rich blue carpet after most spring flowers have finished, and carries through under normal conditions until after Christmas. Alyssum and violas accompany it at least part of the way. Seed of violas is slow to establish at this time of the year, but established seedlings usually are available.

Spring-flowering bulbs may still be planted, and often these late plantings give better results than earlier ones.

Watch for aphids, especially on stocks. The aphids are usually under the foliage, and hard to detect, but their presence is shown in distorted and flattened, rather than healthy and upright centre leaves.

For sure and long-lasting control, water the foliage with meta-systox, which is absorbed and remains lethal for several weeks (don't use on vegetables).

Complete pest killers and rose or cabbage dusts containing lindane also control aphids, but these preparations must be directed at the underside of the foliage.

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### STORE THE DAHLIAS

Dahlia foliage is yellowing off in cool to temperate districts. If it is, cut growth cleanly to within one foot of the ground, then fork well around the plants until they lift easily.

Remove surplus soil, then stand the clumps in some sheltered position away from frosts and excess moisture. A shed with an earthen floor or under a house are good storage places, but the clumps need checking occasionally for slugs, slaters, and other pests.

Dahlias may be moved when still in foliage. In this case lift as much soil as possible with the clumps, and shift them to an out-of-the-way position. Shovel a little extra soil over them to cover exposed roots, then trim them off as already suggested when foliage yellows off.

One point: it is easier to label dahlias without mistakes while some trace of color or foliage still lingers as a reminder of the variety. Once they are cut back, the clumps look rather impersonal!

### RAISE MOWER BLADES FOR GREENER LAWNS

Couch and buffalo lawns will stay green longer if the mower now is raised a little higher. Premature browning often occurs before the frosty weather because the grass is shaved low after growth has ceased.

Longer grass will also deter weed growth, as normally only when the grass is thin are weeds able to establish. Wintergrass can be checked by spraying the lawn with preparations such as Gesa-top. Don't use these if you intend to oversow the lawn or new grass has recently been sown, as these chemicals prevent seeds from germinating.



## THE GOLDEN TRAP

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 74

busy on the phone for about fifteen minutes, when Marilyn came into the room. She'd done a pretty good job at repairing the ravages to her make-up.

"You must think I'm a complete idiot," she said. "I didn't make a mistake. That man is Charles Veauclair."

"How long since you've seen him?" I asked.

"Five years, three months, and twelve days," she said, unsympathetic. "In Paris. He left my apartment, kissed my eyelids, said he would see me for lunch, and disappeared into thin air. He was the one man I ever really loved, Mark."

I just looked at her.

"Oh, I know. You're thinking I've been married three times and had more affairs than you can count. I didn't say Charles was the only man I ever wanted." Her lips trembled.

"Tell me about it if it will help," I said.

"I've tried everything there is to try," she said bitterly. "Only once has anything ever paid off. That was three months with Charles in Paris. And now he looks at me, deadpan, and says, 'I am not Charles.'"

SHE stubbed out her cigarette and promptly lit another.

"Just one time in my whole life I tried to take stock," she said, her voice husky. "I was thirty years old, which seemed perfectly ghastly to me when it happened. I sublet an apartment from an artist friend on the Avenue Kleber in Paris, and I sat down to add things up. Why was I drinking myself blind? Why was I flirting with drugs? Why was I making myself cheap by being available to any man who just flirted with me out of politeness?"

"Well, the second day that I occupied that Paris studio I came home late from some kind of brawl somewhere, alone. I was trying to get my key into the front-door lock; the hall was dark. Suddenly a man was standing right beside me.

"Please don't be frightened," he said.

"What do you want?" I asked the man.

"Ideally, an invitation to join you for a cigarette and a night-cap," he said.

"I couldn't see him clearly in the gloom. He was tall, and looked well dressed, and his voice had a faintly British intonation.

"And if I say no?"

"I shall regret it," he said, "and you may also regret it."

"I don't buy threats!" I said.

"My dear girl," he said, "I'm not threatening you. But unless I can get in out of this hallway I may not live to leave the building. You might regret that."

"I'd had all kinds of approaches made to me in my time. This one was unique. I got the key into the lock and opened the door. 'All right, come in,' I said.

"Providence has watched over me for years," he said, "but rarely in so attractive a form, I'm very grateful."

"You're on the run," I said.

"And a little breathless," he said. "May I introduce myself? I am Charles Veauclair. I know you are Marilyn VanZandt. I was staying at the Beaumont in New York twelve years ago — the night you had your coming-out party."

"Why are you running?" I asked.

"Because there are some gentlemen outside who are quite determined to kill me," he said.

"Over a woman?" I asked.

"You won't believe it, but I actually felt jealous," Marilyn sighed. "He didn't tell me that night or any time later what his trouble really was. We had our drink — our drinks. Instead of telling me about himself I found myself telling him about me. My story wasn't a very pretty one, but he listened with a kind of grave courtesy. Suddenly it was dawn. He went over to the windows and looked out through a tiny slit in the drawn curtains.

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three months. Not because of the men, who evaporated on the fourth day. He stayed because, without words being spoken, we knew we were in love. He came to me gently and tenderly, like a bridegroom. There had never been anything like this in my whole lousy life."

She couldn't go on for a moment.

"After the first week he began going out for a few hours each day 'on business.' I never asked him what it was. I didn't care if he didn't choose to tell me."

"Then — then one morning he got up early. I was half asleep. He bent over me and kissed me gently on the eyelids. 'Don't wake up, my darling,' he said. 'I'll see you — later.' For a minute his freshly shaven cheek was against mine,

and then he was gone. Forever — until today."

"You didn't try to find him?"

"Of course I tried. Oh, how I tried. I have money, Mark. I hired detectives. In all of Paris we never found anyone who would admit knowing Charles Veauclair."

"Who is now registered here as George Lovelace," I said.

"Even the touch of his hands as he pushed me away was familiar. I know the lines in his face. Please, Mark, find him, talk to him, get him to tell you why he turned away from me."

The phone on my desk rang. It was Miss Ruysdale.

"Will you come to Mr. Chamberlain's office at your earliest convenience?" she asked in her cool, efficient voice.

"Right away," I said, and hung

up the phone. I stood up. "I'll do the best I can for you, Marilyn," I said.

After she left, I gathered up some papers I thought Chamberlain might be interested in. Sheldie Mason, my golden blonde secretary, the love of my life, was sitting at her desk in the outer office. Her smile froze as she looked at me.

"You beast!" she said.

"What's the matter with you?" I asked.

"I'm breaking our dinner date," she said. "I'm going out with young Mr. Curtis Dark of the British delegation and I hope he's a wolf!"

"What the hell is the matter with you?" I asked.

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New from

# If you think these

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CHICKEN & VEAL PASTE

Master Foods  
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## THE GOLDEN TRAP

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 78

"Look in the mirror!" She got up and breezed into the powder-room.

I looked in the mirror and saw Marilyn's lipstick on my collar. Ruysdale was standing by her desk in the outer office. With her was Jerry Dodd, the Beaumont's security officer. We don't use the title "house detective" at the Beaumont.

We went into Chambrun's office. Chambrun was at his desk, with Mr. George Lovelace standing by the window at the far end of the room.

We were introduced. We muttered hellos.

"Sit down, please, all of you," Chambrun said.

"What we talk about here and now," Chambrun said, "is top-drawer confidential. You understand?"

We understood.

"I'd like to start by saying that Mr. Lovelace is an old and beloved friend of mine. His life is in danger. It is going to be our job to protect him."

None of us asked the obvious question about police.

"Mr. Lovelace will tell you his story," Chambrun said.

"My name is really George Lovelace," he said. "My father, Roger Lovelace, was in the Diplomatic Corps," he said. "I grew

up in a half a dozen different places as a boy. By the time I was in my early teens I could speak five languages in addition to English. When I was eighteen years old I entered Columbia University here in New York.

"My father was attached to the American Embassy in Warsaw. My mother had died many years earlier. The Germans marched on Poland in 1939, my sophomore year in college. My father managed to get out of Poland unharmed and he was stationed in Paris. When France fell I didn't hear from him for months. There was nothing for me to do but go on with my education — and pray.

"Then Pearl Harbor, and the word I'd dreaded for so long. My father was dead. He had been captured and shot as a spy by Nazi soldiers. All I wanted was to get

into the Army and get to Europe to fight. But certain people had different ideas. I was whisked off to Washington, to the offices of the OSS. I spoke five languages. I knew Europe like the back of my hand. I could be a thousand times more valuable to my country working for them than as a footsoldier in the infantry.

"So I became an agent for the OSS — and later the CIA. I was lucky. I lived through the war. But my job didn't end. Until a year ago I was still in Europe, still working for the CIA.

"But never, in all that time, was I George Lovelace. I assumed a series of identities, and those identities were so solidly created that I actually became those different people for periods of time. I was Michael O'Hanlon in England, Charles Veauclair in France . . ."

He glanced at me. "Karl Kessler in Germany, Gregor Bodanzky in Rumania and other Iron Curtain countries, and plain John Smith here in America."

Chambrun interrupted. "It was in Occupied France in 1943 that I met one Charles Veauclair in the Resistance movement."

"I resigned from service a year ago, and for the first time in twenty-five years I became my real self, George Lovelace." His voice was bitter. "And then a month after I'd rented a little cottage in the South of France and settled down to recover from twenty-five years of exhausting tensions, things began to happen — accidents, I thought at first. A broken steering rod on my car; an almost fatal attack of food poisoning; a self-service elevator that fell; a midnight attack on a dark side street in Rome.

"And then a direct word from an unknown enemy. I had been a hunter for twenty-five years. Now I was to know what it was like to be hunted."

LOVELACE paused, and the office was so still it hurt.

"I tried to fight back," Lovelace said, his voice gone husky. "It was—and is—hopeless. There are so many people in so many places who might hate me and want to revenge themselves — and the relatives of people, and the descendants of people, and the members of organisations I helped to smash. People who, individually, I never knew existed. It . . . it is like looking for a leaf in a forest.

"And so I stopped fighting and tried running. That was no use, either. When I arrived at the hotel today at noon there was a letter already here showing that someone was waiting for me."

He turned away toward the window. Chambrun slid the stack of envelopes across the desk. "His voice was matter-of-fact, 'I don't intend to let it happen here,'" he said.

I put the letters back on Chambrun's desk. "We can surround him with an army of bodyguards," I said.

Lovelace looked at me, his smile

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## IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY By RUDD



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## Master Foods

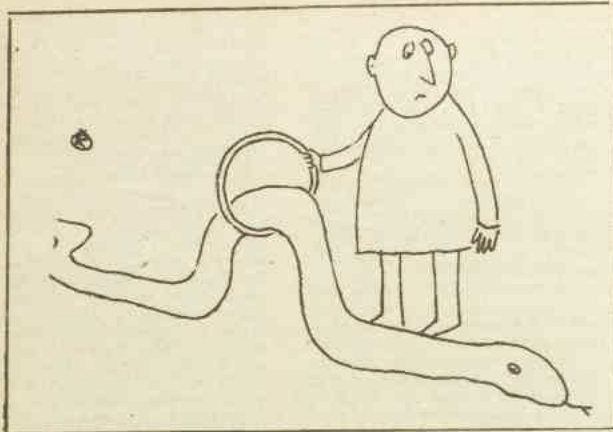
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bitter. "Who will sample my food before I eat it? Test my drinks? Take each step before I take one to search for traps?"

"The man who sent this collection of envelopes, and the message, is very sure of himself," Chambrun said. "He's in no hurry. He wants Lovelace to agonise. So . . . time is on our side."

"I don't intend to spend what little time may be left to me locked in a cupboard," Lovelace said sharply. "I won't be swept under the rug, Pierre, simply to survive. Survival is not living."

"We certainly won't hide you away, George," Chambrun said. "Without you in evidence we have no bait for the trap we're about to discuss."

A private little anger was boiling in me. "How do you propose to dodge the lady who knows damn

well you recognised her in the lobby this morning, Mr. Lovelace? The woman is in love with you."

"What woman?" Chambrun asked.

"Her name is Marilyn Vanzandt," Lovelace said. "She knew me in Paris five years ago as Charles Veauclair."

"I hoped," Lovelace said, "I hoped maybe she was tight and that she'd go away thinking she was mistaken. I don't want her hurt again. I have nothing to give her any more. It isn't safe to know me."

A little red light blinked on the base of Chambrun's hotel phone. He picked up the receiver.

## THE GOLDEN TRAP

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 79

"Yes, Mrs. Veach?" Mrs. Veach is the chief operator for the day shift on the switchboard.

"Mrs. Kniffen, the housekeeper on the tenth floor, reports that you have a visitor, George," Chambrun said. "He's sitting in the armchair in your living-room with a bullet hole between his eyes."

"The man has not been identified," he said. "We may need your help, George."

Lovelace's handsome face was drained of color.

"The police?" Ruysdale asked.

"Try to locate Lieutenant Hardy at Homicide, personally," Hardy had worked with us before.

Mrs. Kniffen, her eyes wide as saucers, was standing outside the door of 10B when we arrived.

"I called you the minute I—I found him, Mr. Chambrun," she said. "I went in to check out the suite—"

"Just wait out here, Mrs. Kniffen," Chambrun said. "We'll get your story from you later. Did you see anyone else coming to or leaving this suite?"

"No, You see, I—"

"Later, Mrs. Kniffen."

Jerry Dodd had already opened the door with his passkey and gone in.

A square, thickset man sat in the armchair facing the door. His dark eyebrows were raised in an expression of surprise. A little black hole, flecked with red, was midway between them.

**J**ERRY DODD was kneeling beside the chair. "No gun," he said. His fingers opened the dead man's coat. He exposed a shoulder holster. With his handkerchief he removed the gun from it and sniffed the barrel. "Not fired," he said. He gave Lovelace an odd little glance. "His name is John Smith," he said. Room 10B. In the hotel business, we take a little extra notice of the John Smiths. Know him, Mr. Lovelace?"

"I never saw him before in my life," he said.

"Anything in here disturbed?" Chambrun asked.

Lovelace shook his head.

Jerry Dodd tapped a cigarette thoughtfully on the back of his hand. "Looks like our friend Smith came to pay a call on you, Mr. Lovelace; let himself in somehow and, when you weren't here, sat down to wait for you. Someone else opened the door and shot him dead before he could even lift a hand toward his own gun." He hesitated. "Do you have a cigarette?"

Lovelace's face was suddenly a mask. He unbuttoned his jacket and spread it wide. He, too, was wearing a shoulder holster. "Help yourself," he said.

Chambrun turned to me. "We'll have to find other accommodation for Mr. Lovelace, Mark."

"There's an extra bed in my apartment," I said.

Lovelace's tight smile was better. "Do you want to run that risk? You see what happens around me."

Mrs. Kniffen's story had nothing in it to help us. Each morning she gets a checklist from the desk telling her which rooms will be given up that day and which will be occupied by a new guest. The checklist showed that Mr. Lovelace would be arriving in the middle- or late-afternoon. He actually arrived earlier. The suite was ready, but Mrs. Kniffen hadn't inspected it herself.

Shortly after one o'clock she saw Lovelace leave his suite and head for the elevator. Mrs. Kniffen finished a linen count she was making and then started down the hall toward 10B. She was waylaid by one of her maids, who seemed to be mildly hysterical. The maid had gone into 1027 to make the room up fresh.

"Someone had drawn—well—dirty pictures on the wall with some kind of a red pencil, maybe a lipstick," Mrs. Kniffen said.

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Home is a ragged teddy bear  
Home is a squeaky rocking chair  
Home is the cup of tea that mum makes  
Home is a bowl of Kellogg's Corn Flakes



It's all the goodness Kellogg's pack into Corn Flakes that makes 'em taste so good and homey. And crisp, like they came fresh from your own oven. Reach for the Kellogg's pack—and get real Corn Flakes. The big flakes with the BIG FLAVOUR

KM4E



# Knit these his and her jackets

● This basic design for a casual jacket will suit both men and women. Knitting directions for 32 to 44in. chest or bust measurements are given on this page.



**MATCHING JACKETS** (above) have crew necks and raglan sleeves. The jackets, knitted in a variation of the popular honeycomb-stitch, are identical—only the button-through openings are reversed.

**Materials:** 21 (23, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29) balls Emu Scotch Double Knitting, Emu Double Crepe, Emu Romany Double Knitting, Emu Bri-Nylon Double Knitting, or Emu Sports (3 extra balls); 1 pair each Nos. 8 and 10 needles; 8 buttons.  
**Measurements:** To fit 32 (34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44) in. chest/bust (actual measurements will be 2in. larger for easy fit); length, 22½ (23½, 24½, 25, 25½, 26, 26½) in.; sleeve seam, 17 (17½, 17½, 18, 18, 18½, 18½) in.  
**Tension:** 7 sts. and 8 rows to 1 sq. in. over patt.

## BACK

With No. 10 needles, cast on 96 (100, 106, 112, 120, 124, 128) sts. and work in k 1, p 1 rib for 2in., ending with a right-side row.

**Next Row:** Rib 1 (3, 2, 1, 5, 7, 1), \* work twice in next st., rib 3, rep. from \* to last 3 (5, 4, 3, 7, 9, 3), work twice in next st., rib 2 (4, 3, 2, 6, 8, 2). 120 (124, 132, 140, 148, 152, 160) sts. Change to No. 8 needles and patt.:  
**1st Row:** \* K 1, p 1, rep. from \* to end.  
**2nd Row:** \* K 1, p 1, rep. from \* to end.  
**3rd Row:** \* P 1, k 3, rep. from \* to end.  
**4th Row:** \* P 3, k 1, rep. from \* to end. **5th Row:** As 1st row.  
**6th Row:** As 1st row.  
**7th Row:** K 2, \* p 1, k 3, rep. from \* to last 2 sts., p 1, k 1.

**8th Row:** P 1, k 1, \* p 3, k 1, rep. from \* to last 2 sts., p 2. These 8 rows form patt. Cont. in patt. until work measures 13 (13½, 14½, 14½, 14½, 15) in. or required length, ending wrong-side row.

**To Shape Raglan Armholes:** Keeping patt., cast off 4 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows. Dec. 1 st. at each end of every following row until 98 (102, 102, 106, 106, 114, 114) sts. rem. Now dec. 1 st. at each end of every following alt. row until 32 (34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44) sts. rem. Leave these sts. on spare needle.

## LEFT FRONT

With No. 10 needles, cast on 48 (50, 52, 56, 58, 62, 64) sts. and work in k 1, p 1 rib for 2in., ending right-side row.  
**Next Row:** Rib 1 (5, 3, 5, 3, 5, 3), \* work twice in next st., rib 3 (2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2), rep. from \* to last 3 (6, 4, 6,

4, 6, 4), work twice in next st., rib 2 (5, 3, 5, 3, 5, 3). 60 (64, 68, 72, 76, 80, 84) sts.

Change to No. 8 needles and patt. as back, and cont. until work measures as back to armhole, ending wrong-side row.

**To Shape Raglan Armhole—Next Row:** Cast off 4 sts., patt. to end. **Next Row:** Patt. to end. Dec. 1 st. at armhole edge on every row until 49 (49, 49, 51, 51, 53, 53) sts. rem. Work 1 row. Now dec. 1 st. at armhole edge on next and every foll. alt. row until 25 (26, 27, 29, 30, 31, 33) sts. rem., ending at neck edge.

**To Shape Neck:** Cast off 7 (8, 9, 9, 10, 11, 11) sts., patt. to end. Dec. 1 st. at each end of next and every foll. alt. row until 2 sts. rem. K 2 tog. Fasten off.

## RIGHT FRONT

Work to match left front, reversing all shapings.

## SLEEVES

With No. 10 needles, cast on 44 (44, 46, 48, 52, 52, 56) sts. and work in k 1, p 1 rib for 2½in., ending right-side row.

**Next Row:** Rib 5 (5, 3, 1, 3, 3, 6), \* work twice in next st., rib 2 (2, 2, 3, 3, 2, 3), rep. from \* to last 6 (6, 4, 3, 5, 4, 6), work twice in next st., rib 5 (5, 3, 2, 4, 3, 5). 56 (56, 60, 60, 64, 68, 68) sts. Change to No. 8 needles and patt. inc. and working into patt. 1 st. at each end of 5th and every foll. 6th (5th, 5th, 5th, 5th, 5th) row until 92 (98, 102, 106, 110, 112, 116) sts. on needle. Cont. without further shaping until work measures 17 (17½, 17½, 18, 18, 18½, 18½) in. from beg., ending wrong-side row.

**To Shape Raglan Top:** Cast off 2 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows, dec. 1 st. at each end of every foll. row until 74 (76, 76, 80, 84, 90, 90) sts. rem. Work 1 row. Now dec. 1 st. at each end of next and every foll. alt. row until 8 (10, 10, 12, 12, 12) sts. rem. Leave these sts. on safety-pin.

## NECKBAND

Using a bk-st., join raglan seams. Right side facing and with No. 10 needles, pick up and k 7 (8, 9, 9, 10, 11, 11) sts. from front neck and 14 (14, 14, 15, 15, 16, 17) sts. up right side of neck, k 8 (10, 10, 10, 12, 12, 12) sts. across top of right sleeve, k 15 (16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21), k 2 tog., k 15 (16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21) sts. across back neck and 8 (10, 10, 10, 12, 12, 12) sts. across top of left sleeve, pick up and k 14 (14, 14, 15, 15, 16, 17) sts. down left side of neck and 7 (8, 9, 9, 10, 11, 11) sts. from front neck. 89 (97, 101, 105, 113, 119, 123) sts.

**Next Row:** K 1, \* p 1, k 1, rep. from \* to end. **Next Row:** P 1, \* k 1, p 1, rep. from \* to end. Rep. the last 2 rows for 1½in. Cast off in rib.

## BUTTONHOLE BAND

With No. 10 needles, cast on 13 sts. **Next Row:** K 1, \* p 1, k 1, rep. from \* to end.

**Next Row:** P 1, \* k 1, p 1, rep. from \* to end. Rep. these 2 rows for ½ (1, ½, ½, 1, 1, 1) in.

**1st Buttonhole Row:** Rib 5, cast off 3, rib 5, incl. st. used in casting off.

**2nd Buttonhole Row:** Rib, casting on over sts. cast off on previous row. Work 7 more buttonholes at intervals of 2½ (2½, 3, 3, 3, 3, 3) in., measured from base of previous buttonhole. Work further ½in. Cast off.

## BUTTON BAND

Work to match buttonhole band, omitting buttonholes.

## TO MAKE UP

Pin out to correct measurements and press with warm iron over damp cloth, omitting ribbing. If Bri-Nylon has been used, press with a dry cloth instead of a damp one. Using bk-st., join side and sleeve seams. Sew on front bands. Neaten buttonholes. Sew on buttons.



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## NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS



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Slim skirt with one seam and elasticised waist is available cut out to make in Black Watch, McGregor, or Royal Canadian Air Force tartan wool. Blouse is available cut out to make in white poplin.  
Skirt: Sizes 34 and 36in. hip, \$3.49; 38 and 40in. hip, \$3.69; 42in. hip, \$3.89. Postage and dispatch 20 cents extra.  
Blouse: 32 and 34in. bust, \$2.15; 36 and 38in. bust, \$2.35. Postage and dispatch 15 cents extra.

**No. 579—SET OF THREE DOILIES**  
Pretty doilies with lace edging supplied are available traced ready to sew in cream, white, blue, green, or pink pure Irish linen. Price per set of three is 70 cents plus 5 cents postage and dispatch.

**No. 580—GIRL'S TENNIS FROCK**  
Girl's tennis frock is available cut out to make in white poplin. Sizes 8 to 10 years, \$2.75; 12 to 14 years, \$2.95. Postage and dispatch 15 cents extra.

\* Needlework Notions may be obtained from Fashion House, 344/6 Sussex Street, Sydney. Postal address, Fashion Frocks, Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney. No C.O.D. orders accepted.



## THE GOLDEN TRAP

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 80

"The man in 10B was murdered."

"My heavens!" Mrs. Knif-fen said.

My apartment is on the fourth floor, down the hall from the PR office. It consists of two bedrooms, a sitting-room, and a kitchenette.

Lovlace didn't speak a word on the way. His face had a kind of grey, exhausted pallor to it. I offered him a drink as soon as we'd let ourselves into the apartment.

"I would like," he said, "to get smotheringly plastered if it's all right with you. If you have some scotch—"

"I know you're not doing this for me," he said. "Pierre's people have always gone all out for him." His hands weren't quite steady as he lit a cigarette. "Were you in the war?"

"Korea," I said.

"There's a difference between that and the situation I'm in," he said. "In a war you know who the enemy is." He held out his empty glass to me.

I poured him another drink, not quite so stiff. I had an idea he was a gent who could hold his liquor, but Lieutenant Hardy would give him a hard time if he thought he was loaded.

"Marilyn spoke kindly of me?" he asked.

"She spoke like a woman in love," I said. "Were you just using her, that time in Paris, as a hiding place?"

"Only the first few days," he said. "But that doesn't matter, Mark." He used my first name as though we were old friends. "She mustn't be allowed to imagine that it can start all over. She will only be hurt again."

"You don't care anything for her now?"

HE turned his head from side to side like a man in pain. "I can't feel anything now for anyone but myself. Isn't that a hell of a thing? For twenty-five years, when every day could so easily be the last one in my life, I cared for other people. I could be concerned about them, feel for them. I could love. And now, I can't feel anything except a kind of outrage. Outrage—and fear because I'm too tired to fight and too tired to run."

I had the feeling all kinds of things were bottled up in this man who had lived so dangerously for so long and was being tortured now by a new kind of fear.

"It was a long time ago — 1945," he said. "Her name was Carole, Carole Schwartz." He held up his glass, staring at the ice cubes floating in the pale scotch. "It was in Berlin; a Berlin being bombed into rubble by Allied planes. It was a hell of a place for an American to be, because I was in hourly danger of being blown to pieces by my own friends. One thing I've never cared for is irony. It was my job to stay there and act as part of the Underground that helped shot-down fliers back to our lines."

"One black night, stabbed at by the flames of exploding bombs, I was hurrying along a side street, toward a good shelter I knew of, when I was knocked suddenly into a concrete hole — that had once been the cellar of a house — by an incendiary bomb that lighted not twenty yards from where I'd been walking. I landed on top of someone else — a girl."

"I guess I was knocked half senseless because I was shouting up at the sky in English — a language it wasn't safe to use — 'Why don't you look where you're going, you dumb fool!' A cool hand went over my mouth and I found myself staring at a blonde girl, her lovely face smeared with dirt, her trench coat torn and grimy."

"You're English?" she whispered in English as good as mine.

"I only swear in English," I said in German. "I want to school there."

He turned to the window looking out over the East River. "I realised in the first thirty seconds that this girl was on my side of the fence. She had tried to protect me from the danger of speaking my own language."

"We lay there, huddled close, her breath on my cheek, my arm tight around her shoulders, which shook a little. You're not ashamed of physical fear when it's saving death on you. After a long time, the planes were gone. We could see each other clearly then because there were bright fires all around."

"I did what was a reckless thing to do in my business. I gave a stranger an opening to destroy me."

"You are right about me," I said, watching her face. "And you're not German either."

"My name is Carole Schwartz," she said, her face expressionless. "My husband is Colonel Kurt Schwartz, in command of the SS in this area."

"I'd walked right into it. Colonel Schwartz was well-known to me; a cruel, relentless officer who had me somewhere close to the top of his list of enemies."

"But I am American," the girl said. "I married my husband just before the attack on Poland. I was in Berlin studying music. We have a son six years old."

"Perhaps we should say goodbye at this point," I said, getting to my feet.

To page 84

(Advertisement)



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- |  |  |
|--|--|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Exciting colours.         | <input type="checkbox"/> Creamy texture.               |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Smooth and easy to apply. | <input type="checkbox"/> Attractive cases.             |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Long lasting.             | <input type="checkbox"/> Stays on well.                |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Pleasant perfume.         | <input type="checkbox"/> Moisturised—Doesn't dry lips. |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Doesn't change colour.    |  |

### Second step

This wild new nail enamel is Dorothy Gray's latest colour. See it at your Dorothy Gray counter when you buy your lipstick. We'd like you to help us find it a name. My suggested name for this new Dorothy Gray nail enamel is

### Last step

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Pharmacy Name

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Write your Dorothy Gray Lipstick colour here.

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**CONDITIONS OF ENTRY:** 1. Entry forms must be posted to Dorothy Gray Pty. Limited, Post Office Box 303, Crown Street, Sydney. 2. Contest closes on 23rd June, 1967, and all entries must be post-marked not later than this date. 3. There is no limit to the number of entries which can be sent, but each entry must be in a separate envelope and must be accompanied by a Dorothy Gray label from the lipstick cap of a Dorothy Gray lipstick. (Not required from any State where this would contravene State Law.) 4. Entries must include the full name and address of the entrant. 5. Chance plays no part in determining the winner and each entry will be examined on its merits by a qualified panel of judges. To qualify, entries must include the correct answer to the order of preferences of the listed statements. From the entries that qualify the winners will be determined on the basis of originality, aptness and neatness in naming the nail enamel colour and completing the entry form. 6. All entries received become the property of Dorothy Gray Pty. Limited and none will be returned. 7. Winners will be notified by registered mail at the conclusion of the contest. A complete list of winners will be published. 8. Employees of Dorothy Gray Pty. Limited, their advertising agents and relatives of both, are ineligible to enter. 9. Judges' decision is final and no correspondence will be entered into.







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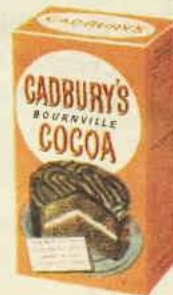
*Tangy swirls of orange and rich chocolate make it a roaring success with the kids!*

**Ingredients:** 12 oz. self raising flour, 6 oz. butter or substitute, 6 oz. sugar,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon salt, 3 large eggs, 6 oz. milk, grated rind of 1 orange (reserve one teaspoon of this for Marshmallow topping), 2 tablespoons orange juice, 1 tablespoon Cadbury's Bournville Cocoa blended with 2 tablespoons boiling water, 1 teaspoon yellow food colouring.

**Method:** Cream shortening and sugar until light and fluffy, beat in the whisked eggs a little at a time. Sift flour and salt and stir in alternately with the milk. Divide into two, stir the cocoa into one portion and the orange juice, rind and food colouring into the second portion. Place alternate spoonfuls in an 8" round tin, greased and lined on the bottom with paper. Bake in a moderate oven, 350° or Regulo 3 Gas, 375° Electric for 1 $\frac{1}{4}$  to 1 $\frac{1}{2}$  hours.

**Marshmallow Topping . . . Ingredients:** 1 cup (8 oz.) sugar,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup boiling water, 1 dessertspoon gelatine,  $\frac{1}{2}$  packet chopped Pascall Marshmallows, 1 teaspoon grated orange rind, yellow food colouring.

**Method:** Place the ingredients (except the food colouring and orange rind) in a saucepan, bring to the boil and stir until sugar is dissolved. Cool until lukewarm then beat until stiff; colour a deep orange with the food colouring and add the orange rind. Spread over top and sides of cake. When set, dribble a little chocolate Glace Icing over the top. Make by mixing 1 tablespoon icing sugar with 1 teaspoon Cadbury's Bournville Cocoa and 1 dessertspoon warm water. Stir over gentle heat until just warm. Use at once.



**CADBURY'S  
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COCOA**



# FORGET BIRTHDAYS

BY ISABEL JOHNSTON

ILLUSTRATED BY BOOTHROYD



Madge paused when she saw Dirk and Ethel in the jewellery department.

**M**OST wives make sure their husbands remember their birthdays. Weeks before the date they drop hints about the bracelet, the negligee—or if they are practical women—the washing machine they'd like as a birthday gift.

Or they innocently mention that they haven't been to a nightclub—not since that birthday celebration last year. After all, a busy executive can't be expected to remember sentimental dates.

Madge's husband, Dirk, was a hard-driving executive—and just as forgetful as most husbands. It was Madge's birthday. Dirk kissed her goodbye and went off to work without mentioning it. Madge gave a great sigh of relief. Unlike most wives, Madge didn't want her husband to remember her birthday. She hoped the date would slip by, completely unnoticed.

Nonetheless, Madge was depressed—and with good reason. Dirk was several years younger than Madge and looked it. Dirk's hair was the same dark brown it had always been, and his waistline was as thin as ever. Madge hadn't grown fat, but her hair was greying.

Even if it would have been fun to celebrate, she didn't want to remind Dirk of the difference in their ages. After all, she could celebrate her birthday by herself. She'd go downtown shopping, and, yes, she'd get Dirk to take her to lunch.

In the reception-room of his office, Ethel, Dirk's young, pretty secretary, greeted her.

"Is my husband busy?" she asked.

"Yes, but he always is," Ethel said. "Go right in."

Dirk was surrounded by a mountain of papers. He greeted Madge with his usual cordial but abstracted grin.

"Are you too busy to take me to lunch?"

"Gosh, dear, gosh," Dirk floundered, glancing helplessly from Madge to his work-cluttered table.

"If you're planning to have sandwiches brought in, that's all right," Madge said quickly. "I just came downtown for some shopping and dropped in on impulse."

"If you don't mind..." Dirk apologised.

"I only mind having you work so hard," Madge gave him a light kiss and left.

To cheer herself up, Madge shopped for a new dress. In the fitting-room she gazed at her reflection critically. With her greying hair, the short skirts of the new styles did look rather silly.

"Isn't this dress a bit short?" she asked.

"You are fortunate in keeping so slim," the salesgirl said tactfully.

Madge couldn't help resenting the implication that a woman of her age was fortunate not to be overweight. Trying on dresses was a mistake on a birthday, Madge decided. Every gay, short-skirted frock she put on made her more and more aware that her greying hair called for matronly clothes. She ended up thanking the salesgirl and buying nothing.

In the jewellery department there'd be no long mirror to taunt her with the absurdity of short skirts at her age. There'd only be a small mirror. And she'd steer clear of necklaces that would emphasise the hint of lines in her neck. Her hands were still young and

smooth. Before she went to lunch she'd buy herself a bracelet.

Approaching the jewellery department she saw them—Dirk and Ethel—at the counter. Madge stopped short. She watched as Dirk slipped a bracelet on Ethel's wrist, then took it off and asked to see another one. They were so absorbed, neither of them noticed her.

So that's why Dirk couldn't take her to lunch! He already had a date with his secretary!

To avoid being seen, Madge slipped out of sight. She tried to tell herself that Dirk was just giving Ethel a present for some extra work she'd done. Madge couldn't convince herself of that, not with Ethel so pretty, so young. In any case, she'd never tell Dirk she'd seen them—but she wasn't going to give him up without a fight.

At lunch in the coffee shop she planned her campaign. This very afternoon she'd go to the beauty shop and give herself the works, a facial, a hair dye, everything to make her look younger again.

Her session at the beauty parlor gave her courage enough to buy herself a fetching dress. Touching up her make-up for Dirk's homecoming, she told herself that now she looked younger than Dirk did. With her new glamor, she was sure she could give Ethel, or any other designing female, a stiff battle!

She waited till she heard Dirk make his usual noisy entrance. She waited till she heard him slump down in his favorite chair. Then, like a star making an entrance, she glided into the living-room. Dirk was leaning back in his chair, his eyes half closed, a hard-driven executive, glad to relax. She went over and kissed him, then stood back so he could get the full effect.

"How do I look?" she asked.

He glanced up casually.

"As beautiful as ever," he made his usual pat response.

"Don't you notice—any change?" she asked.

"You women always worrying about your age," he grumbled, then suddenly, wide awake, he jumped to his feet and began fumbling in his pocket. "I almost forgot something."

He drew out a small package and triumphantly handed it to her.

"I've been so rushed. I admit Ethel had to remind me it was your birthday," he explained, "but I'm not like most husbands. Work or no work, I didn't send my secretary out to buy something. I went out myself! Just to be sure it was what the girls were wearing, I took Ethel along," he admitted. "But I picked it out myself!"

She opened the box and took out the bracelet.

"It's beautiful," she murmured.

"Not as beautiful as you are," he said.

She looked up and saw him gazing at her, very proud of himself and his selection—and, yes, still very much in love. Her hands trembled as Dirk slipped the bracelet on her wrist. Why, Dirk loved her so much he didn't even notice how she looked, what she wore, or even the new tint of her hair. In his eyes she would always be the same Madge she'd been the day he married her.

(Copyright)



she's appealing...  
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## THE GOLDEN TRAP

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 84

Lieutenant Hardy is not impressive at first glance. He's a big, broad-shouldered blond who looks like a somewhat dim-witted full-back.

"You vouch for Lovelace?" he asked.

"I vouch for him," Chambrun said.

"And Smith means nothing to you?"

"Nothing."

"Senator Maxim's office never heard of him," Hardy said, "and the Senator is —"

"— somewhere between here and Honolulu."

"We've sent Smith's fingerprints to the FBI," Hardy said. "We've done a ballistics test on his gun. It may match up with some unfinished business somewhere. Likewise Lovelace's gun — which he wants back! You planning to turn this place into a shooting gallery?"

"I don't plan to turn him out on to the street."

Hardy nodded. "I understand you've got a thousand guests in the hotel. I want Lovelace to go over the entire list and check off everyone he knows or has ever heard of."

**C**HAMBRUN glanced at Atterbury, who went silently across the thick rug and out of the office.

It was nearly five o'clock when I got back to my office on the fourth floor. My girl Shelda was putting the place to bed for the night. Shelda is disconcerting because she is so damned beautiful. She belongs on a magazine cover and not shut away in a fourth-floor office. She is highly efficient, but she disrupts my life because she knows how to make me constantly unsure that she really is my girl. "You have had three telephone calls from Marilyn VanZandt," she said.

"About that lipstick smear —" I said.

"She's reserved a table in the Blue Lagoon for dinner. You're to be sure to check in with her. I have a date with Curtis Dark in the Trapeze in ten minutes, unless there is an emergency."

"There is no emergency involving you," I said. "I wouldn't dream of making you late for a date with Dark. As for the lipstick —"

"You wretch!" she said.

"The woman was crying, right in the lobby," I said. "She put her head on my shoulder and her mouth came off on my collar."

"Who cares about your collar?" she said. "What's going on in this place, Mark? Half the police force has been coming and going. Who's the man in your apartment?"

"It's too complicated to tell you in ten minutes," I said, suddenly

enjoying myself. "I wouldn't have you keep Mr. Dark waiting."

"Oh, Mark, don't be a miserable jealous jerk!"

I was still telling Shelda, between moments of delightful intimacy, about the murder of John Smith and Lovelace's problems, when I got a call from Miss Ruysdale asking me to go to my apartment on the double.

I found Chambrun and Hardy with Lovelace, who seemed almost glassy-eyed with fatigue. He'd been going through a massive card-index file that I recognised as the property of Atterbury. It was the constantly changing list of hotel guests.

"There are twenty-two people registered in the hotel whom George knows," Chambrun said. "Five of them may deserve our special attention." He took the top five cards off a little stack and handed them to me.

I looked at the cards. The top one bore the name of Louis Martine: credit unlimited, the small code letter d for diplomat, and a note indicating he was head of the French delegation to the United Nations. I'd done a press release on him when he'd registered with his wife, one-time film star Collette Cardone. She was still quite something to look at, with that husky, low voice typical of so many Frenchwomen. The Martines were a very elegant, very distinguished couple.

"Louis Martine was in the Resistance with George and me," Cham-

brun said. "He has every reason to remember George with gratitude and affection. Madame Martine may be something else again."

I looked up at Lovelace.

"Collette Cardone was a collaborator with the Nazis in Paris," Lovelace said in a flat, toneless voice. "She had no connection with Louis Martine in those days. Collette was winned and dined by the Nazis. She made propaganda films for them. There were many French people caught one way or another in that trap and they were forgiven for it later."

"But Collette's father, also a collaborator, was something else again. He was a part of the German secret police, betraying his supposed friends right and left." Lovelace drew a deep breath. "I killed him."

My mouth felt dry. He said it so casually.

"I don't imagine Collette has ever forgiven me," Lovelace said.

"And Monsieur Martine?" Lovelace shrugged. "He is married to her. He loves her."

When I turned to the next card, I saw information on a Dr. Charles Zimmerman. He rates a code "a" for alcoholism, an "o" for over his-head financially.

"Zimmerman was a doctor at the Auschwitz death camp," Lovelace said. "He was an experimenter on live human beings, a cold-blooded brute. He was tried for war crimes after the peace and the evidence of Karl Kessler — sent him to prison for a long term. He hasn't forgotten, of course, what I did to him."

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## MOTHER'S DAY

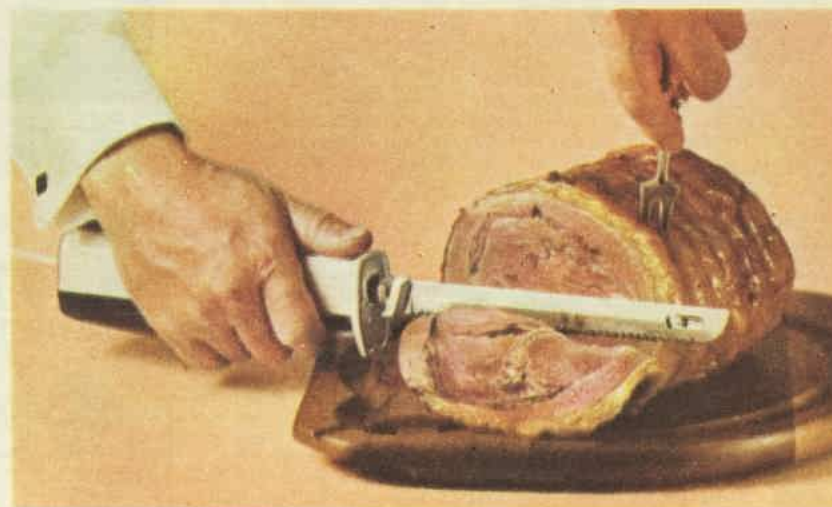
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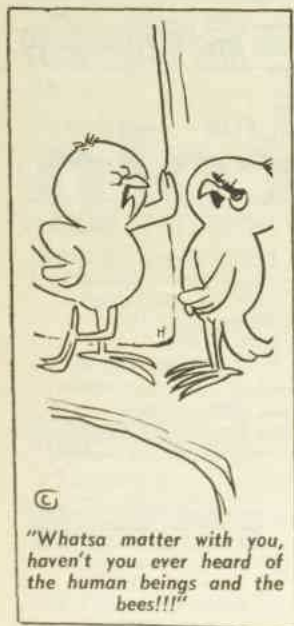
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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — May 10, 1964





# A CARD FOR HER "OTHER MOTHER"

● Every year, when Mother's Day comes around, the pleasure of my gift-buying is tinged with a little sadness. The card I buy reads "To My 'Other Mother'."

By KATHY HOOD,  
who writes of the love  
and devotion of an aunt  
who filled a mother's  
role in her life . . .

MY memories of my mother are dim — a child of seven doesn't remember very much, and that's how old I was when my mother died.

But, even though we lost something very precious, my brother and I had someone who loved and cared for us just as much as any mother could.

I suppose all families have

one of those wonderful people who spend all their time looking after everyone else. In my family, my mother's elder sister Alice fills this role.

We never called her "Auntie"—

that was too formal somehow for someone like her.

Alice never married — not for the want of offers — she just had too many other people to worry about before herself.

The rest of her family married and had lives of their own. Alice looked after her mother and then took over the care of two motherless children.

During those first frightening days when all I asked was "Where's Mummy?" it was Alice who comforted me and sat with me till I fell asleep.

No two children could have had a better substitute mother. There was nothing she didn't do for us.

She would sit up till late at night making clothes for me, spend hours washing and brushing my long hair. She arranged the most wonderful birthday parties for us and made quite sure that nothing was missing from our lives.

And worked six days a week as well.

As we grew up, Alice had all the trouble parents of teenagers have. She went through broken romances, bad skin, way-out clothes, and teenage sulks right along with us. She was always there to listen to our troubles, and, quite naturally, she was mother confessor to most of our friends as well.

The older we grew, the more she became our "mother." She sat up and waited for us when we were out at night, cooked countless meals for our new "loves," and nursed me through more than one quite serious illness.

## Closer than ever

Her pride in her two children was never so obvious as when she sat with my father as the bridegroom's "mother" and watched her boy married. And, later at the reception, when she fussed over me as bridesmaid in my first long frock.

And like any proud grandmother she lovingly sewed the layette when my brother's first child was expected.

With all she's done for us, she's had plenty of troubles of her own. She's the most accident-prone person imaginable, her latest accident resulting in a long stay in hospital and partial loss of the use of her left hand.

Since my brother married and left home, Alice and I have become closer than ever. She's always doing all the last-minute things I should do for myself.

Like pressing my dress when I'm running late, and polishing my ballet shoes five minutes before I leave for a physical culture display.

Nobody I know can sew such beautiful baby clothes, or create such delicate cake decorations. But ask her to set her own hair — you may as well ask her to climb Mt. Everest.

With my own marriage approaching, Alice is having a wonderful time buying things for my glory-box and planning my wedding.

So once again for Mother's Day I'll buy my "other mother" card. It's not quite the same for me, I haven't got a mother, but thank goodness I've got Alice.

## SHOPPING GUIDE

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I looked at the next card made out to Anton Rogoff, a Rumanian businessman.

"He knew me as Gregor Bodanzky," Lovelace said. "He manufactured munitions during the war. He sold to both sides, without either side knowing it. I exposed him to the Russians, our ally at the time, and he just missed being put up against the wall and shot."

I glanced at the last card. It was for one Hilary Carleton: credit excellent, a "d" for diplomat, a note indicating he was on the British delegation to the United Nations and that he did not want his military title to Colonel used. A second note caught my attention. See Curtis Dark, Carleton's personal secretary. At that moment Shelda was having a drink with Dark. I asked about him.

"He's twenty-five or twenty-six," Chambrun said. "He was an infant when Carleton had his contact with George."

"Which was?"

"I was Michael O'Hanlon,

a wild Irishman living in London during the blitz," Lovelace said. "I was temporarily assigned to the British. There was a leak somewhere about bomber flights. Hilary Carleton was a Colonel officer in the RAF. His younger brother, Digby, had been wounded early in the war, no longer able to fly, and had been assigned to Hilary's staff. He was an embittered, hard-drinking, woman-chasing, charming young man.

"It was my job to make friends with him. As Michael O'Hanlon, I drank with Digby and chased girls with him, and listened to his uncontrolled, drunken talk. Eventually I had the goods on him, and I confronted him with it one night when he was pub-crawling with me. The words were only just out of my mouth when he pulled a gun. I thought I was done for.

## THE GOLDEN TRAP

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 88

But instead of firing at me he put the muzzle in his mouth and blew the top of his head off.

"The official line was that he had been AWL, missed an important assignment, and killed himself. At the inquest, Carleton told me, in his cold British way, that if it took all his life he would find a way to even the score with me."

"An interesting cast of characters," I said.

"Interesting," Chambrun said, "and to be closely watched. I can handle the Martines. Louis is almost as close a friend as George is. I should think you might take on Mr. Carleton, Mark." He smiled very faintly. "I understand your secretary," he managed to underline the word, "is at this moment having a drink in the Trapeze with Dark, Carleton's secretary."

I felt a little color rise in my cheeks.

"You could bring up the subject of Carleton's brother," Chambrun said. "Rogoff and the doctor I will handle."

I glanced at Lovelace. "There's Marilyn VanZandt," I said. "She's dining in the Blue Lagoon."

"She has to be faced sooner or later," Lovelace said, his face a grey mask. "Could we dine there, too, Mark? I'd rather not be alone with her, and she's going to see to it that we meet."

The phone rang and I answered. It was Miss Ruysdale. One of Hardy's men was trying to locate him. He had a ballistics report.

"The bullet that killed John Smith didn't come from Lovelace's gun or from his own," Hardy said, when he hung up. "That means we don't have the murder weapon."

"And it means George is in the clear," Chambrun said.

Lovelace took a swig of his scotch. He wasn't drinking carefully any more. "So you see, Lieutenant, it is, to coin a phrase, open season on good old George!"

The Trapeze Bar in the early evening is a way-station for people going on to private parties or to one of the hotel's dining areas. When I got there, looking for Shelda and Curtis Dark, the Trapeze was doing a rushing business. Mr. Del Greco, the maitre d', and an assistant were moving about among the tables helping the waiters to take orders.

TWO of the half-dozen people in the room not yet dressed for the evening were Shelda and young Curtis Dark. I paused in the entrance, watching them. To me they stood out like neon signs in the dark. Shelda is Shelda, her golden hair shimmering in the lights from the glass chandeliers, her basic-black dress revealing all the soft and lovely curves of her body. I wondered how much the blankness in the faces of the older men who looked at her, pretending not to notice too much, hid a sudden

hunger for lost youth and adventure.

Dark was tall, slender, with the almost beautiful face of an Apollo on a coin. His eyes were blue, and bright with excitement. His laugh was relaxed and charming. He was very young, which I envied, and male, and bubbling with energy.

The faintest kind of a cloud crossed the Apollo face as I touched Shelda's shoulder, and instantly disappeared when Shelda said: "Curtis, this is my boss, Mark Haskell."

"Lucky boss," the young man said. His handshake was firm but not overdone.

Shelda's eyes were dancing. She saw that I recognized a threat in young Dark and it pleased her.

I thought I shouldn't miss the chance he'd given me. "I'm a great admirer of your boss," I said.

Dark seemed genuinely pleased. "You know the Colonel?"

Not too fast, I told myself. I turned to Shelda. "When I saw you two together I hoped there wasn't a Hollywood producer in the room, or both the bosses might be in danger of losing their prize employees."

"I've been tempted many times," Dark said. "The lot is so enormous if you happen to ring even a small bell. But I can't leave the Colonel as long as I'm useful to him."

"In the familiar struggle of loyalty v. loot, loyalty doesn't often win," I said.

"My situation isn't usual," Dark said. There was something appealingly warm in the way he said it. "You see, I am the Colonel's adopted son."

"I didn't know," I said.

"My parents were both killed in the blitz," he said gravely. "I never knew them. I was in an institution along with hundreds of other war orphans. The Colonel was going through the place one day, saw me, and for some reason hooked me out of the place and took me into his home."

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Olive



# TODDLER'S DRESS

● Bodice and a wide lower band on the skirt of this dress are in a lacy stitch; the rest is knitted in a ribbed stitch.

NARROW roll collar and cuffs trim this pretty winter dress for a little girl. Knitting directions are for 22 and 24in. chest measurements.



**Materials:** 8 (9) balls Woolworths 5-ply Nylo-Crepe wool; 1 pair each Nos. 11 and 9 needles; No. 10 crochet needle; 4 buttons; 1½ yards ribbon.

**Measurements:** To fit 22 (24) in. chest; length from shoulder, 17 (18½) in.; length of sleeve, 8½ (10) in.

**Tension:** 13½ sts. to 2in. over st-st.

## BACK

Using No. 9 needles, cast on 131 (137) sts. **1st Row:** K 2, p 1, k 1, \* w.fwd., sl. 1, k 2 tog., p.s.s.o., w.fwd., k 1, p 1, k 1, rep. from \* to last st., k 1.

**2nd Row:** K 1, p 1, k 1, \* p 5, k 1, rep. from \* to last 2 sts., p 1, k 1. Rep. last 2 rows twice.

**7th Row:** K 1, \* w.fwd., sl. 1, k 2 tog., p.s.s.o., w.fwd., k 1, p 1, k 1, rep. from \* to last 4 sts., w.fwd., sl. 1, k 2 tog., p.s.s.o., w.fwd., k 1.

**8th Row:** P 5, \* k 1, p 5, rep. from \* to end. Rep. last 2 rows twice. These 12 rows form patt. Rep. 12 patt. rows 3 times.

**Next Row:** P 2, \* k 1, p 2, rep. from \* to end.

**Next Row:** K 2, \* p 1, k 2, rep. from \* to end. Rep. last 2 rows until work measures 11 (11½) in.

**Next Row:** Right side facing, k 3, (6) \* k 2 tog. 6 times, k 2, rep. from \* to last 2 (5) sts., k 2 (5). 77 (83) sts. **Next Row:** Purl. Cont. working 12 patt. rows until work measures 12½ (13½) in.

**To Shape Armholes:** Right side facing, keeping patt. correct cast off 3 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows. Dec. 1 st. each end of next 6 rows, \*\* 59 (65) sts.

**Next Row:** R.s.f., patt. 28 (31) sts., k 2 tog., turn work on these 29 (32) sts. only, leaving rem. sts. on holder. Cont. in patt. until armhole measures 4½ (5) in. on straight.

**To Shape Shoulder:** R.s.f., cast off 8 (9) sts. at beg. of next row and 8 (10) sts. at beg. of next alt. row. Leave rem. sts. on holder for collar. Ret. to rem. sts. and work to correspond with first side in reverse.

## FRONT

Work as back to \*\*. Cont. in patt. until armhole measures 3 (3½) in. on straight.

**To Shape Neck:** R.s.f., patt. 22 (25) sts., cast off 15 sts., work patt. to end.

**Next Row:** Work patt. 20 (23) sts., p 2 tog., turn. Work on this side only leaving rem. sts. on holder. Cont. in patt., dec. 1 st. at neck edge every row until 16 (19) sts. rem. Cont. in patt. until armhole measures 4½ (5) in. on straight.

**To Shape Shoulder:** With wrong side facing, cast off 8 (9) sts. at beg. of next row and 8 (10) sts. at beg. of next alt. row. Return to sts. on holder and work to correspond with first side in reverse.

## SLEEVE

Using No. 11 needles, cast on 44 (46) sts. and work in k 1, p 1 rib for 1½ in.

**Next Row:** R.s.f., k, inc. sts. evenly along row to 50 (53) sts.

**Next Row:** K 2, \* p 1, k 2, rep. from \* to end.

**Next Row:** P 2, \* k 1, p 2, rep. from \* to end. Rep. last 2 rows for 1 in. Cont. in this rib, inc. 1 st. each end of next and every 10th foll. row to 58 (63) sts. Cont. in rib until work measures 9½ (10½) in.

**To Shape Top:** R.s.f., cast off 2 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows. Cont. in rib, dec. 1 st. each end of every alt. row 4 times, then every row until 22 (23) sts. rem. Cast off.

## COLLAR

Seam shoulders. Using No. 11 needles, r.s.f., k 13 sts. from left-back neck, pick up and k 43 sts. evenly around front of neck, then k 13 right-back sts. (69 sts.). K 2 rows.

**Next Row:** K 4, \* k in front and back of next st., k 5, rep. from \* to last 5 sts., k in back and front of next st., k 4. (80 sts.) K 4 rows. Change to No. 8 needles and k every row until collar measures 2½ in. Cast off. Using crochet needle, work row of d.c. around back opening, working 4 loops on right-side back for buttonholes.

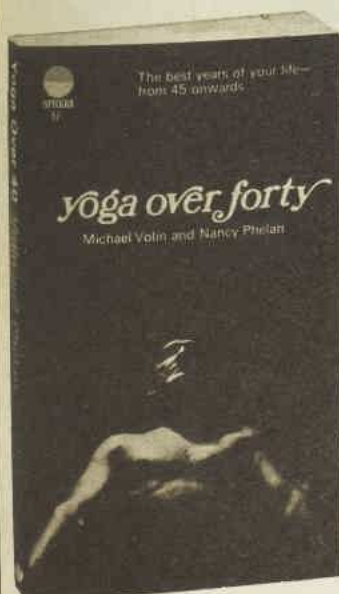
## TO MAKE UP

Lightly press on wrong side with warm iron over damp cloth. Seam sides. Seam sleeves and set in armholes. Press all seams. Sew on buttons to correspond with loops. Tie ribbon around waist.

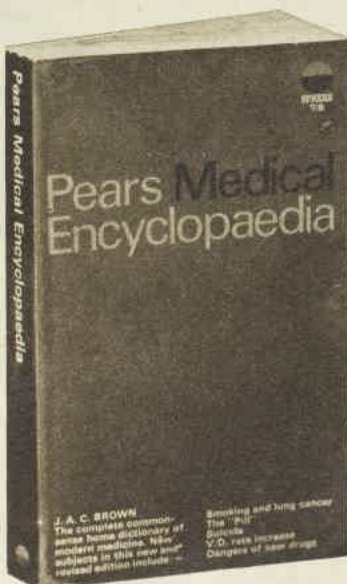
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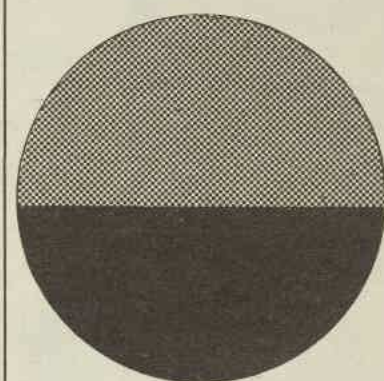
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"How lucky for you," Shelda said.

"You have no idea how lucky," Dark said. "But maybe it was good for him, too. His wife, his young son, and his only brother were killed in the war. He seemed to need someone to look out for."

"I didn't know the Colonel had a brother," I said, as off-handedly as I could.

"Killed in the war," Dark said. "They were very close."

Nothing in his face or the way he conveyed the information suggested he was aware of the true story, the story of treachery and suicide.

And then Dark stood up, abruptly, a warm smile moving his mouth. I turned and saw a tall, elegant man in

## THE GOLDEN TRAP

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 90

dinner jacket coming toward the table. It was Hilary Carleton.

Carleton was, I suppose, in his late fifties. He moved with the grace of a fine actor.

"Hello, sir," Dark said. "Won't you join us?"

Carleton gave us a polite, questioning look.

"Please do join us," Shelda said.

Dark introduced us.

Carleton took the chair Del Greco magically produced. He looked appreciatively at Shelda. "You make this a very pleasant way to end an exhausting day, Miss Mason."

"Thank you, sir," she said, obviously pleased.

Carleton gave me a quizzical little smile. "This place is seething with rumors, Mr. Haskell."

"Oh?" I said innocently.

"My suite is on the tenth floor," he said. "I'd failed to notice that on his card. 'The place has been swarming with police. Weren't you aware of that, Curtis?'"

Young Dark grinned. "Yes, sir, but I was sure if it was a matter of public knowledge, Haskell or Miss Mason would mention it."

"I stand rebuked," Carleton said.

"There's no reason to feel rebuked, sir," I said. "A man was murdered in 10B."

"How was he killed?" Carleton asked. His frown seemed to harden his handsome face.

"Shot between the eyes," I said. "The police haven't found the murder weapon or identified the man. He registered under the unimaginative name of John Smith."

"Who was registered in the room?" Carleton asked.

I tried it on for size, as blandly as I could. "Fellow by the name of George Lovelace," I said.

Nothing happened. The Englishman shook his head, almost imperceptibly, indicating the name meant nothing to him. His frown relaxed.

"You young people dining and dancing somewhere? I have to go to a dinner for the head of the Pakistani delegation. Damn bore!"

Dark's eyes were brightly on Shelda. "I have hopes," he said.

Shelda was waiting for me to say something, and, reluctantly, I did. "I have been delegated to hold Mr. George Lovelace's hand for dinner," I said.

"Oh, bad luck!" Dark said, not taking his eyes off Shelda. "I say, would you consider acting as a tourist guide to some of the brighter nighteries, Miss Mason?"

Shelda gave me a wicked look. "I think it would be fun," she said. "I'd have to go home and dress. If you'll take me downstairs and get

me a taxi. I'll tell you where to pick me up. See you tomorrow morning, boss."

Shelda sailed out and Dark said hurried goodbyes and followed her. I heard a low chuckle at my elbow.

"Mind a personal observation, Haskell?" Carleton asked. "The young lady is trying to get you jealous."

"I hope so, sir," I said.

"Sorry, but I must toddle along," Carleton said. "Pakistan, you know." He stood up and was almost knocked off his feet by a burly man in an ill-fitting dinner jacket who was headed across the room.

The burly man apologized in a guttural voice. Then he recognised the Englishman.

"My dear Carleton, be so kind as to forgive my clumsiness!" he said. His accent was thick.

"Oh, hello, Rogoff," Carleton said.

Here was another of the listed possibilities — Anton Rogoff, the Rumanian businessman.

"I have been hoping to have a chat with you one of these days, Carleton," Rogoff said, ignoring me.

"The sessions at the United Nations and their social offshoots are unpredictable," Carleton said. "I can't name a time in advance. Sorry, he seeing you around, Haskell." He gave us a polite little bow and walked off toward the exit.

**R**OGOFF'S eyes glittered like two little black shoe buttons. "The British make a fetish of casualness," he said. "It is perhaps an unintentional rudeness. Perhaps!" He gave me the little heel click again and marched away.

I watched him go, wondering which man I'd least like to have for an enemy: the suave Englishman with his impeccable manners or the bull-necked Rumanian with the cruel eyes...

Chambrun was, at that moment, closeted in his office with an old friend, Louis Martine, of the French delegation to the United Nations, a distinguished-looking, black-bearded gent.

He had come to Chambrun's office in answer to a request from his old friend of the Resistance days. He was wearing white tie and tails, with a bright red ribbon of honor across his starched shirt front.

He had been served a dry martini in a chilled glass at the portable bar in the corner of the office.

"I wish I might spend the evening with you here, Pierre, remembering the old days," Martine said, "but, alas, there is this dull Pakistani dinner at which the food will be execrable and the wine intolerable. And to be late is to be guilty of an international insult."

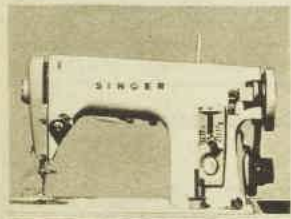
"Louis, I need to ask you a simple but painful question," Chambrun said. His face was expressionless. "What would happen if Collette came face to face, here in the hall, with Charles Veauclaire?"

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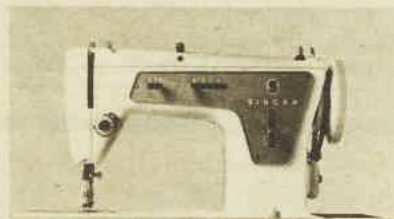
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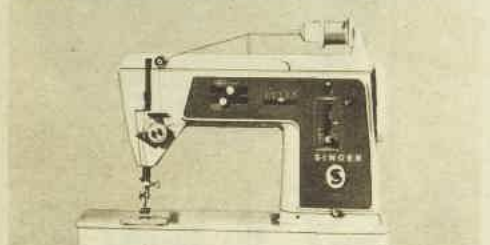
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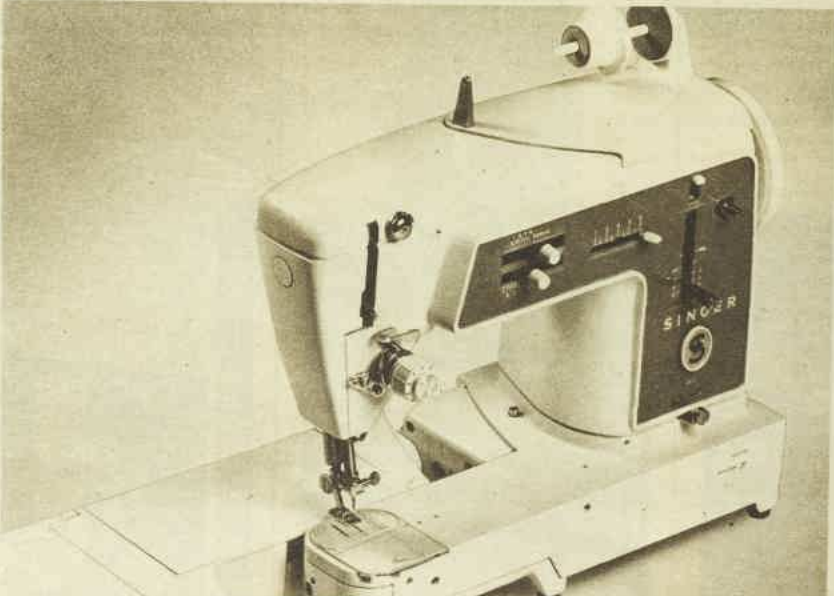
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## THE GOLDEN TRAP

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 92

Martine's black beard seemed to stiffen. "It is the one wound from the past that has never healed. Collette and her father were like this!" He crossed two slender fingers. "Anything that reminds her of that horror changes her from a gentle, witty, charming woman into an enraged animal."

"And you?" Chambrun asked.

"Frankly I do not know the answer to that, Pierre," Martine said. "There was a time, as you know, when I loved Charles, trusted him, literally placed my life in his hands. But I don't know."

"Because of Collette?"

"As you are aware, Pierre, I did not know Collette in those days. We did not meet until after the war. We fell in love, and in the end, like most lovers, we told each other the whole truth about each other. Men in Collette's life, women in mine. We could not resent what had happened before we knew each other. But our affair was almost terminated the night I told her about my activities in the Resistance. She realised that I had belonged to that particular cell which had included Charles Veauclair, her father's killer."

"Charles had no choice," Chambrun said.

"Ah, but is that true?" Martine's voice was harsh. "Collette swore to me that she hadn't been a collaborator, nor her father. She played the role of collaborator openly; she allowed herself to be wine and dined by the Germans, she submitted to repulsive advances, but all the time, she swore to me, she was working with another cell in the Resistance. She swore that her father, too, was working for France and not the enemy."

"Did you check?"

"It turned out to be a matter of impossibility, Pierre," Martine said. "The entire cell with which she had been affiliated had been wiped out in the last days of the Occupation. There wasn't a single one left who could verify Collette's story."

"But you believed it?"

"I came to believe it, Pierre. I came to believe that Charles made a terrible mistake about Collette's father. I came to believe something about Charles."

Chambrun didn't speak. His hooded eyes seemed to be closed.

"I know what happens to men under the kind of tensions that surrounded us, Pierre. We were burning with hatred. We all became what you call in this country 'trigger-happy.' Judgments became unreliable because of a thirst for revenge."

"Charles was a professional agent," Chambrun said.

"Even professionals can

crack. I think Charles was gun-hungry."

"I don't believe it," Chambrun said flatly.

"I have caught glimpses of his career in the twenty years that followed," Martine said. "He is a brilliant agent, but he has lived by the gun, Pierre. There is an incredible trail of death behind him. The men at the top who pull the strings may admire this in Charles, but how many deaths were senseless?"

Chambrun took time to light one of his Egyptian cigarettes. "Charles retired a little less than a year ago," he said. He watched the pale blue smoke spiral toward the ceiling. "Now he is the one who is being hunted. He has been warned. He has fought and he has run and he has finally come to stay here in my hotel."

Martine swore softly under his breath.

"A man was murdered in Charles' suite this afternoon. A killer is prowling the corridors of this place. The police have a list of names of people who may hate Charles, who, by the way, is here under his real name, George Lovelace. You and Collette are on that list."

I GOT a play-by-play from Chambrun on that encounter with Martine later in the evening, but while it was going on I was headed back to my quarters to take over the job of nursemaid to Lovelace.

I found him in my living-room playing games with his gun, which had been returned to him by Hardy. He had dressed for dinner, but he wasn't wearing his dinner jacket. It was hung over the back of my desk chair. The harness and gun holster hung from his left shoulder.

The particular game he was playing rather took my breath away. As I opened the door with my key and walked in, he was standing across the room, his back half turned. He spun around and the gun came out of the holster and into his right hand so fast that it aimed at me like a striking snake.

I held awfully damn still, fighting the impulse to dive into the corner. I was mad as hell at having been scared out of ten years' growth. "You could get a job in television playing Westerns," I said.

"For twenty years, being fast has kept me from having the back of my head blown off," he said. He stroked the gun with his long fingers and slid it, gently, into the holster. The corner of his mouth gave a little spasmodic twitch. "Shall we go down and face Marilyn?" he asked.

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## AS I READ THE STARS

By ELSA MURRAY:  
Week starting May 3



### ARIES

MAR. 21-APR. 20  
\* Lucky number this week, 7.  
\* Gambling colors, black, red.  
\* Lucky days, Friday, Monday.



### TAURUS

APR. 21-MAY 20  
\* Lucky number this week, 4.  
\* Gambling colors, rose, lilac.  
\* Lucky days, Wed., Friday.



### GEMINI

MAY 21-JUNE 21  
\* Lucky number this week, 9.  
\* Gambling colors, blue, green.  
\* Lucky days, Sat., Monday.



### CANCER

JUNE 22-JULY 22  
\* Lucky number this week, 2.  
\* Gambling colors, orange, tan.  
\* Lucky days, Thurs., Monday.



### LEO

JULY 23-AUG. 22  
\* Lucky number this week, 1.  
\* Gambling colors, pink, navy.  
\* Lucky days, Sunday, Tuesday.



### VIRGO

AUG. 23-SEPT. 22  
\* Lucky number this week, 8.  
\* Gambling colors, tricolors.  
\* Lucky days, Wed., Thursday.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.]

\* A good several weeks lie ahead. There's opportunity to enhance finances in an unusual way, 8th-10th, perhaps lottery-wise. Watch out for a soupcon of muddle and deception, 4th and 9th.

\* You are still in your prestige cycle, so make the most of the next two weeks — you've got the "walk" sign. The 8th-10th favors expansion in personal affairs, and you could extend your horizon.

\* You can let your mercurial head go. Apart from patches of muddle and misunderstanding, it's a favoring week. Good for matters matrimonial, betrothals, and partnerships.

\* If you are contemplating purchasing that dream allotment, now's the time, preferably the 9th. Good stars, but there could be a few blind spots — 4th and 8th. Cupid could be deceptive.

\* There could be marriage mix-up, 4th and 8th, but it's a good and unusual week. If you have a plan in mind, 9th is a good time to initiate it, so don't be faint-hearted.

\* Interesting things could happen to personal life. It's an unusual but favorable week — apart from muddle spots, 4th and 8th. You could make friends with a fascinating person.



### LIBRA

SEPT. 24-OCT. 23  
\* Lucky number this week, 3.  
\* Gambling colors, blue, grey.  
\* Lucky days, Wed., Friday.



### SCORPIO

OCT. 24-NOV. 22  
\* Lucky number this week, 5.  
\* Gambling colors, red, yellow.  
\* Lucky days, Wed., Monday.



### SAGITTARIUS

NOV. 23-DEC. 21  
\* Lucky number this week, 8.  
\* Gambling colors, green, white.  
\* Lucky days, Monday, Tuesday.



### CAPRICORN

DEC. 22-JAN. 20  
\* Lucky number this week, 6.  
\* Gambling colors, lilac, grey.  
\* Lucky days, Friday, Monday.



### AQUARIUS

JAN. 21-FEB. 19  
\* Lucky number this week, 7.  
\* Gambling colors, green, brown.  
\* Lucky days, Wed., Monday.



### PISCES

FEB. 20-MAR. 20  
\* Lucky number this week, 2.  
\* Gambling colors, violet, red.  
\* Lucky days, Thurs., Sunday.

\* Calmer water this week — and a favoring wind. Good for communications, writing letters, signing contracts. Watch out for deceptive conditions, 4th and 8th. Don't lend money to friends.

\* Personal matters could get snarled up, 4th and 8th, otherwise good planets assist in escalating success in career and status. The 9th is ideal for furthering ambition.

\* The busy Sagittarian — and what Sagittarian doesn't like being occupied? — will have plenty of scope for enterprise, and lottery luck, 9th-10th. Mental lines could be crossed on the 8th.

\* Although romance might not loom large in the eyes of the soberminded and practical Capricornian, there will be some unusual meetings. On the 8th there could be confusion Cupid-wise.

\* Romance is under smiling stars, and all to do with marriage and betrothal comes beneath beneficial influences. Muddled moments, 4th and 8th, otherwise you have a green light.

\* It's a time for the usually diffident Piscean to push stocks on the job and career-wise. Some ambition could be surprisingly fulfilled. However, the 4th and 8th are deceptive.

## Community

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## LULUBELLE



Elisa

"Mervyn . . . you shouldn't have!"

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — May 10, 1967





"It'll take me ten minutes to dress," I said.

When I'd got into my dinner clothes I called Jerry Dodd's office and told him Lovelace and I were about to head down to the Blue Lagoon for dinner.

"Stop in my office on the way," Jerry said. "One of my guys is polishing brass around the elevators on your floor. Tell him you're headed to see me."

There was no one in the hall outside but the brass polisher.

The elevator let us out at the main floor and we walked briskly through the lobby traffic to Jerry's office.

Jerry wasn't alone. Hardy was with him. There was another man I'd never seen before. He sat in one of the office armchairs, facing the door as we came in. Thick,

black glasses turned his face into an expressionless mask. It was instantly apparent that he was in charge at the moment, but neither Jerry Dodd nor Hardy introduced him.

"If someone had asked you a year ago what your name was and what your business was, Mr. Lovelace, how would you have answered?" The black glasses were fixed steadily on Lovelace, the voice crisp and efficient.

Lovelace hesitated. "I would have said I was Michael O'Hanlon, Irish journalist," he said.

"So I tell you, Mr. Lovelace," the man with the black glasses said, "that I am Henry Kline,

certified public accountant with offices on Wall Street, and it is no more true than your O'Hanlon cover."

Lovelace nodded slowly.

"And I tell you that John Smith was no more John Smith than you are O'Hanlon or I am Kline," he said. "About an hour ago I had a long-distance call from Senator Maxim. That's why I am here; I know who John Smith was."

"Who was he?" Lovelace asked.

"We will continue to call him John Smith," Kline said. "You told Lieutenant Hardy and Mr. Dodd that you'd never seen him before. Would it surprise you to know that John Smith has, in

effect, been living with you for the past eight months?"

I saw that little twitch at the corner of Lovelace's mouth. "It would surprise me," he said. "Why was he tailing me?"

"Shortly after you retired last summer we became aware of what was happening to you," Kline said. "The near-accidents, the threats. Our concern was, very frankly, not with what might happen to you. You were no longer one of us, no longer useful to us. But we were very much interested to find out who was out to get you. That person might be dangerous to others who were still useful to us."

"Smith was given the assignment to try to identify the man or woman who was on your trail. He went where you went. But in all this time he'd not been able to make the critical identification."

"About ten minutes before you checked in here today, he called me to say that he had the Beaumont. Staked out. Half an hour later he called again. I had gone out on other business. My secretary tells me that he sounded excited. He told her to tell me that he thought he'd identified the person he'd been looking for."

"Who?" Lovelace asked, his voice husky.

"He didn't tell my secretary. Quite properly. I am a certified public accountant. My secretary knows nothing about my other activities. He said he had identified the person we were interested in and he'd call me back. He never did. Obviously he couldn't."

"What was he doing in my room?" Lovelace asked.

"I think he must have gone there to warn you," Kline said. "He'd identified your enemy. He followed the human impulse to try to put you on guard. He let himself into your room to wait for you. When someone opened the door he'd expected it would be you. He'd let down his guard for perhaps the first time in his career."

I saw there were little beads of sweat on Lovelace's forehead. "Didn't Smith indicate to your secretary whether it was a man or a woman?"

"No. As for what's next, someone else will take over for Smith. He's being briefed now. He will arrive at the hotel in the next hour or so. He'll be pointed out to me by Mr. Hardy or Mr. Dodd."

"The new man's name?" Lovelace asked.

"John Smith," Kline said.

LOVELACE laughed. It was a small, bitter sound.

"I know from these gentlemen that you have no direct suspicions," Kline said. "I have the list of names of people registered here in the hotel who might have reason to want to get even with you. With your experience I'd be inclined to pay attention to your hunches."

Jerry Dodd had instructions for us.

"I'd like it if you two guys would go to the Trapeze for a drink," he said, "before you go to dinner. I want to parade a few of the staff who haven't met Mr. Lovelace, so they'll be sure they know who they're covering."

Mr. Del Greco greeted us in the Trapeze. A small table had been reserved for us not too far from the entrance.

"If Mr. Lovelace would be so good as to sit facing the door I can point him out without too far to the others," Del Greco said. "What would you gentlemen like to drink?"

"A double scotch," Lovelace said. His bright blue eyes were searching the room, his right hand stroking the satin lapel of his dinner jacket.

"I have the feeling there are eyes watching me I can't locate," Lovelace said uneasily.

"Don't make a point of looking, but the handsome gent at the end of the bar who looks like the ambassador to the court of St. James is Mr. Cardora, captain of the Blue Lagoon Room."

To be concluded



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## MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN

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## THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

### ACROSS

1. A tune lets in officers (11).
8. An undeveloped seed (5).
10. Rod-like bacteria (7).
11. Gives up (7).
12. He cat to impart knowledge (5).
13. Persons authorised to transact business for others (6).
15. Master river (6).
18. Act as a volcano may do (5).
20. A short "o" in Athens (7).
22. Sauntered with odd inside (7).
23. Scorch with matches in Geneva (5).
24. Inexperienced dealer in vegetables? (11).

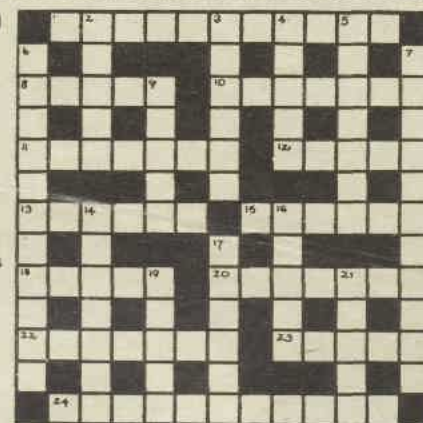
WASTENESS SOL  
I MARCH ZOT I  
B A E O P B  
LIMBLESS AGES  
E R E S A  
SCALES STAPLE  
C D G R L  
NARD PARADISE  
A O S R I D V  
BABYLON GHANA  
O A U E H T  
BAT GETATABLE

Solution of last week's crossword.

Solution will be published next week.

### DOWN

2. Run in to entomb (5).
3. Raise in relief, placing the master at the end (6).
4. On its Heath there is a famous racecourse (5).
5. Lay an impost on lofty duration of life (7).
6. Contests in skill involving a number of competitors and a series of games with our name included (11).
7. Justly disposed, and public ally not a revolutionary (5-6).
9. That which happens in a smooth tea (5).
14. A duce or a South American republic (7).
16. Stumbles in excursions (5).
17. Fiery canine creature for sausage served in roll (3, 3).
19. Diacritical sign over the letter "n" (5).
21. Set in a row with anger (5).





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the one!"**



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